

# *The* ARMENIAN REVIEW

**WINTER, 1955-56**

**SPECIAL**

**ARMENIA AND  
THE ARMENIANS**

Translated By

**EDWARD ALEXANDER**

also

Simon Vratzian

Dr. George P. Rice, Jr.

Reuben Darbinian

Hovsep Pushman

P. K. Thomajan

John Meghrian

Diana Der Hovhanessian

Armen Saninian

Rita Jerrehian

Vaughan Hekimian

Nuver Koumyan

Arsen Yerkat

**Volume Eight, Number Four—32**

## THE ARMENIAN REVIEW

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*The* **ARMENIAN** **REVIEW**

# THE ARMENIAN REVIEW

WINTER, 1955-56

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# *The* ARMENIAN REVIEW

VOLUME EIGHT, NUMBER 4-32

WINTER: DECEMBER, 1955-56

● A "REVIEW" FIRST:

## I. ARMENIA AND THE ARMENIANS

Translated by Edward Alexander



### A PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR

*These articles, which will appear over three REVIEW issues, were published collectively in 1941 in German by the Bulgarian-Armenian Committee in Sofia, with Prof. Vahan To'omiantz as editor. They are for the most part brief treatises which first appeared in publications of the German-Armenian Society in Berlin between the two World Wars. Certain elements of information may appear dated, but the stimulating and comprehensive aspect of the articles override any lack of contemporaneity they may have, dealing as they do with times past.*

*Perhaps the most striking feature of these pieces is that they are predominantly by non-Armenian scholars. It must be admitted that this contributed to the thought of*

*their translation. It is always difficult to explain why foreign evaluation — particularly German — is held in higher esteem. It could be that foreigners are believed to approach Armenian problems with greater objectivity and detachment. It could also be a form of national vanity which takes greater pleasure in reading an occasional opinion by a European rather than the abundant views of Armenian writers.*

*The purpose in translating these articles is that Americans learn something of an inspired phoenix-li' e people.*

*But possibly even more, it is that the new generation, stranger to it's heritage, awaken to a sense of the Armenian past.*

E. A.

Haines Falls, N. Y.  
1954

## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ARMENIANS

PROF. DR. KARL ROTH

It is certainly a fact that one can sooner find various works on the Maoris of New Zealand or some semi-primitive Indian tribe, than even one on Armenia and its people. And this despite the fact that the Armenian people have belonged to our western culture for centuries. One is often tempted to inquire after the reason for such a dearth of interest. The reason is certainly not that in the history of the Christian Church, the Armenian nation was the first to accept Christianity; nor that the Armenians can look back on a rich heritage of the past. The history of the Armenian State is often closely interlocked with the history of European States. When the ancient East Armenian capital of Ani, the last residence of the kings of the House of Bagraduni, was destroyed in 1064 by the Seljuk \* Sultan Alp Arslan, there immediately arose on the soil of Cilicia, under the dynasty of the Rupenides, a new Armenian kingdom, which and for a long time remained a firm mainstay for the Crusaders. Its entire life changed, patterned now after the west.

Armenia remained in closest touch with the courts of the western princes, and stronger trade relations bound the country and the people firmly to the West. Genoa and Venice had in all significant Armenian cities their Fondachi \*\* their courts and churches. Cilician Armenia became for the West eventually the only secure port of entry into the powerful Mongol empire, which willingly opened its doors to western merchants.

Germany also had important relations

\* *The Seljuks are early Turks, forerunners of the modern Osmanlis*

\*\* *Mercantile headquarters for foreign traders.*

with this empire. First of all there was Friedrich Barbarossa, who died on Armenian soil. Later, Germany played a prominent role when the Armenian Baron Leon II took the first steps in restoring the Armenian Kingdom. He wished to take his crown from the hands of the German Emperor Heinrich VI. And it was a member of the Bavarian house of Wittelsbach, Konrad, Archbishop of Mainz who as representative of the German Emperor in 1198 on Epiphany Day at Tarsus administered the oath of allegiance to Leon and set the crown on his head and gave to him — in connection with his name — a banner decorated with a rearing lion.

Until the 16th century political relations with the West continued even with German Kings and Emperors, until the interest of Western Europe in Oriental Christendom ceased and with it the last traces of Armenian political sovereignty.

At the beginning of the 18th century it was again a Wittelsbacher, Johann Wilhelm, Elector of Pfalz, who declared himself ready to place the Armenian crown on his head. But the dream of restoration remained a dream. General political conditions preventing its realization. At this time, incidentally, there arose a new Bavarian aristocratic line, of Armenian origin — the family of Aretin, which stems from an Armenian Harutun.

Thus, the past is too rich to make us believe that interest in Armenia is really not too great. The fact that following the loss of its state sovereignty Armenia was nothing more than a geographical concept, whose name appeared only on maps cannot be sufficient grounds either because, if the Armenian people no longer had a politi-

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cal history, did they not live on in the world of the spirit? Have they not produced a rich valuable literature? But who knows it? And who knows its language? No one. Only a very few scholars. And so Armenia was banished to the quiet chambers of scholars, and the name itself reached the public only when the newspapers reported of the martyrdom that this unfortunate people had to endure again in the recent past, which almost took from it its final life force.

Thus, Armenia stands somewhat in the shadows. And yet, from some scholar's research there may emanate a light which illuminates our knowledge. Thus, an obsolete language may throw such rays on darker pre-historic periods, and give us new insight into the mass migrations of peoples in ancient times, which are not myths but historic facts tying our past of the world (W. Europe) closely to the Middle East. Fossils and ceramic remains are not sufficient to inform us of these early times; but philology — the science of languages can help us. In this field too, despite considerable progress, there is a great deal yet to do.

The Armenian language is certainly indogermanic. However, the phrygian — Armenian tribes which poured into the Middle East from the Balkan peninsula upon the numerous people already settled there — themselves comprised of various ethnic components — absorbed much from the language of these original settlers which crystallized.

That there are parallels between Armenian and Basque is not surprising. The Basques in the area of the Pyrenees are the surviving remains of a powerful chain of peoples which pushed forward from the Middle East over the Balkan peninsula and the Alps to the Atlantic Ocean in waves lasting for centuries.

And these masses belong certainly to this ancient early-settled Middle Eastern population on which indo-germanic Armeniandom piled up, and out of this contact came the parallels, which one can confirm between the two languages, parallels which became greater in number as one explores the problem further. This wave of Basquoid tribes moreover also has not been without its influence on the naming of South German areas. Not only the Vosges Mts. indicate the presence of Basquoid migration in these districts, but also the names of rivers and mountains, for which one could previously find either unsuitable or no explanation. These can, however, also be explained by the Armenian language, from words which have gone over into the Armenian from the language of the Middle Eastern early peoples.

There are various similarities between the Basque and Armenian languages. The Basque gutturals correspond to the Armenian sibilant — aspirate sounds. The Basquoid strain makes itself strongly evident in historical Armenian. Much in Armenian can be explained etymologically by Basque just as conversely Basque can be explained by Armenian.

There may also have been once an Armenoid migration westwards. Armenoid tribes must not only have settled on the Balkan peninsula and in Illyria, but must also have pressed on to the Alps. There are certainly linguistic grounds for this. In the old German sound displacement, we must quite definitely accept an influencing of the high German dialect through an Armenoid substratum. Armenian sound displacement has its genuine analogy in wonderful ways.

These are but a few thoughts. But even they reveal how much Armenia has contributed to and illumined the relations and movements of peoples in ancient times.

## II

## ARMENIAN HISTORY

DR. PAUL ROHRBACH

The name Armenia first appears in the old Persian Royal inscriptions, around 500 B.C. There may be some connection between this and the notation Thogarma in the Old Testament. Its meaning and origin are not known.

Armenian is an indo-germanic language, thus going back to the same roots as the Greek, Latin, Sanskrit and Old German. We know, however, from old Assyrian reports that the Assyrian Kings waged constant war with a strong people from the 13th to the 9th century B.C., who lived in the mountainous lands north of Mesopotamia, and whose rulers left behind countless inscriptions. These people were the Khaldeans who are probably related to the present day Caucasian peoples, but who were not, in any case, indo-german. The Khaldeans disappeared later on, and in the 6th century B. C. in their place we meet the Armenians, subjected by the Persian Empire founded by Cyrus.

About a century earlier, we know that there took place a great invasion of the Middle East by indo-german tribes, known in history as the "Cymmerian Storm." Because of this, a transformation took effect in the ethnographic makeup of the Armenian and in part the Iranian Highland. We also know that the Medes, the second most numerous people in the old Persian Empire, pressed on towards Iran and were superimposed on the already settled population. A parallel civilization to this, in all probability, is the Armenian people. The mixing with the earlier peoples was inevitable, while the strength of the indo-germanic migration is revealed in the fact that the language of the conqueror and not of the conquered became dominant.

Up until the end of the Persian Empire, Armenia was a Persian Governorship. Around 400 B.C., in his famous report on the retreat of the 10,000 Greek soldiers to the Black Sea following the Battle of Kunaxa in Babylon, Xenophon gives us a perceptive description of the country. Much of it is very charming and as fresh as though it were seen and described today. The empire of Alexander the Great had not yet extended to Armenia. Native princes ruled independently until in the East the Parthian, and in the West the Roman Great Empires arose and Armenia became the object of conflict between them. Under Parthian supremacy Armenians reigned over their country. Then, around 300 A.D. Armenia was liberated from all domination by King Tiridates for a period; he became a Christian and introduced Christianity as the state religion even before Constantine the Great did the same in the Roman Empire. Under Tiridates' rule, Gregory the Illuminator the Apostle of Armenia and Father of the Armenian Church performed his works.

In the year 388 A.D., the Romans and Parthians (now called New-Persians) came to an understanding with respect to the partitioning of Armenia, which thus lost its sovereignty for several centuries. Part of it, however, remained a province of the Byzantine Empire. Through their military ability the Armenians succeeded in returning to the Emperor's throne in Byzantium.

In the 9th century, the Arabs won domination over Armenia but relinquished it to a native dynasty, the Bagratids, who enjoyed an extended rule. They reigned for some two centuries. Their capital was Ani, in the Transcaucasus, the ruins of which today cover a spacious field in the vicinity

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of Alexandropol (now Leninakan).

A Bagratid, Ruben, at the end of the 11th century formed the so-called Lesser Armenian Empire in the mountain areas of the West Taurus, and on both sides of the Upper Euphrates; Cilicia and a part of the Mediterranean Sea coast also belonged to it. A successor of Ruben, Leon, subjected himself to the German Emperor Henry VI. The Emperor died, however, before commencing with his planned crusade in which he wanted to bring the might of the German Emperor to embrace the Orient.

Lesser Armenia remained an independent Christian state until the end of the 14th century, when it fell before the overpowering might of Islam. Greater Armenia under the Bagratids had already fallen to the Mongolian hordes. The Seljuks, Turkmen and Persians fought over it until, in the year 1514, the Sultan of the Turks, Selim I, conquered most of Armenia. The remainder was kept by the Persians until 1828, when they ceded it to the Russians. Since then, there has existed three divisions: two-thirds of Armenia belongs to the Turks, and of the remaining third, the greater part belongs to Russia, the lesser to Persia.

With the establishment of Turkish and Persian domination, the Armenian people disappeared from the European horizon. When the Armenian intellectual renaissance began, it was due chiefly to two main well-springs: the Order of Mekhitarists, and the German University at Dorpat.

Mekhitar, the founder of the Congregation of Mekhitarists, was a monk in the Armenian Monastery of the Holy Cross in Sivas, Asia Minor. He became friendly with Latin missionaries, joined Rome ecclesiastically, and in 1701 worked in Constantinople towards the union of the Armenian Church with Rome. He had to leave Turkey finally and arrived at the island of San Lazzaro near Venice in the year 1717. The great Mekhitarist Monastery still stands there today. A group of the

Mekhitarists migrated later to Trieste and in 1810 to Vienna where their hostel flourishes also to this day. The Mekhitarists are united with Rome, but have remained Armenians in their hearts, and have made tremendous contributions to the advancement in knowledge of Armenian literature and of Armeniandom in Europe, and to the education of their own people. Since Classical Armenian is no longer understood by modern Armenians, the Mekhitarists center their attention on the creation of works in all fields of knowledge and translations from European literature in the new Armenian language.

A similar move took place in Russian Armenia, wherein young Armenians were educated at the German-Baltic University at Dorpat, founded by Emperor Alexander I, at the beginning of the 19th century. Until the Russification of Dorpat, many Armenians studied there in the course of 90 years. Naturally, the effects of Russian schooling and education slowly took hold on the people, but as a consequence of the earlier connection with German education, Armenians, among them members of the Etchmiadzin Monastery in search of higher ecclesiastical careers, found their way to German universities. The ancient monastery of Etchmiadzin at the foot of Mt. Ararat, is the seat of the head of the Armenian Church who, since the introduction of Christianity in Armenia, has held the title of *Catholicos*.

The shocking impact of Turkish might on neighboring countries, especially Russia, naturally enough contributed to the rebirth of Armenian national consciousness. The Armenian people in their native land between the Caucasus and the Mediterranean were a peasant people in a patriarchal society. But the Armenians have a moving spirit, are industrious and hungry for knowledge, exceptionally receptive to languages, and the meagreness of living space in the homeland drove a segment of the people into



the dispersion. In Christian Byzantium, Armenians could become soldiers, generals and emperors; under Turkish rule however, business and trade became the chief fields in which they could develop their talents. However, the more their horizons widened, the heavier became the pressure of the Turkish rulers on the Armenians: the persecution of intellectuals, the lawlessness, the heavy taxes and the violence of the Mohammedan Kurds who neighbored on and intermingled with the Armenians. Protection from them was to be found neither in Constantinople nor with the provincial authorities.

The relation of the Armenian people to the Turks was politically and morally no different than that of the Serbs, Greeks, Rumanians and Bulgarians, who had one after the other been freed from Turkish domination through the sympathy and sometimes active help of Christian Europe, when that domination appeared no longer tolerable. Those peoples, however, were geographically closer to Europe, better known, and played a greater role in the interests of various European regimes than the remote Armenians.

The desire for liberation in the Armenians, or at least a certain amount of autonomy under the Sultan, was condemned by him, who had no understanding whatsoever of the yearning for freedom of an old Christian people.

Following the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8, the late Catholicos Khrimian — known among his people as "Hairig" (Little Father) — brought up the Armenian grievances and desires unofficially before the Congress of Berlin. He was listened to with good will but did not succeed in obtaining positive promises that the Powers would receive Armenians from Turkey. Subsequently, when he was reproached by Armenians with respect to this matter, he replied: "You do me an injustice; the others had iron spoons with which to stir, my

spoon was of paper!"

In the years following the Congress of Berlin nothing happened to remedy the grievances of the Armenians. And the pressure increased: Kurds, calling themselves Hamidites (after Sultan Abdul Hamid) formed a military organization well-armed and with permission to suppress the Armenians still more. Article 61 of the Acts of the Congress of Berlin, in which Turkey was ordered to institute certain reforms in Armenia was not recognized by her. Attempts by the Armenians at armed resistance could not achieve much success because of the disproportion of forces. Finally, Armenian patriots in Constantinople undertook the dangerous example of a demonstration in the form of the Ottoman Bank bombing of 1895.\*

This gave rise to the organized massacres by the Turkish Government, with the help of the regular army and the Kurds, wherein the lives of hundreds of thousands of Armenians, regardless of age and sex, were sacrificed, and which became known in Europe as the "Armenian Horror." An intervention, and a weak one at that, by the Powers led to no noticeable improvement. The plundering and murder continued, leading in 1909, at Adana and Cilicia, to wholesale slaughters.

Not until 1914, finally, did matters reach the point where one might have spoken of the beginning of a true reform in Armenia. The Turkish Government agreed that two foreign commissions, Norwegian and Dutch, with political authority should be installed in a specific area inhabited overwhelmingly by Armenians. Before it reached this stage, however, World War I broke out and the reform naturally did not go through. It was the purpose of the Russians during

\* This famous event was not merely a bombing but the actual occupation of the Bank by a group of Armenians who by holding out for 3 days hoped to attract the attention of the world to the plight of their countrymen.

the war to carry all of Armenia off as booty, including even the earlier area of Lesser Armenia up to the Gulf of Alexandrette. But Russia had already felt the pressure of an increasing movement for national freedom among her Armenian subjects in the Transcaucasus, as she had already with the Finns, Poles and Ukrainians.

The terrible phrase "Armenia without Armenians" was transformed into a horrible truth by the Turks. Before the war, Armenians in Turkey had numbered some one and one-half million, most of them from the Armenian *vilayets*, i. e. in their ancient places of origin. The official Turkish census of 1927 announced the figure of 64,740 Ar-

menians in the whole of Turkey, of which 45,200 alone lived in Constantinople.

In 1918, after the collapse of Russia, Russian Armenia declared itself an independent republic and was recognized as such by the Allies in 1920. The capital was — and is — Erivan. The territory covers 31,000 sq. km. the population about one and a quarter million, 90 per cent of which is Armenian, the remainder Tartars and Russians.

The independence of the Armenian Republic was of short duration. In 1920 it was seized by military force by the Bolshevik Government of Moscow, sovietized, and made part of the Soviet Union.

### III

## THE ECONOMIC SIGNIFICANCE OF ARMENIA AND THE ARMENIANS

PROF. V. TOTOMIANTZ

The widespread idea that Armenians occupy themselves predominantly with trade proves to be, upon closer examination of the facts, completely erroneous. This misconception could only have arisen because many Armenians in the larger European cities and in the Levant belong to the merchant class thereby giving rise to the generalization concerning the entire nation.

Armenia has been at all times and is still an agricultural land without large cities. Actually some 80% of all Armenians occupy themselves with agriculture and of the remaining 20% a good part turn to the professions either as artisans workers or officials.

Among emigre Armenians hardly more than 10% are engaged in trade. Because of their efficiency and nimbleness, creative spirit of enterprise, alertness and language facility, they often exert a strong influence

on economic life, extending even deep into Asia.

But as significant as the Armenian merchant class is in itself, it represents only a small segment of the nation, which consists predominantly of peasants. An Armenian landed nobility was practically nonexistent — found neither in Turkish nor Caucasian Armenia. The Armenian farmer is industrious, intelligent, receptive to innovations, peace-loving, and serious, cherishing his love of family and soil.

The Armenian farmer looks upon his labor as a religious rite. He sows in four directions, in the shape of the cross: the first handful is for God, the second for the poor, the third for birds, and the last for himself.

Armenian artisans enjoy the reputation throughout the Orient of great skill. In Turkey, and deep within Mesopotamia and

Syria, handicrafts are practised mostly by Armenians. When early in 1915, all Armenians including women, children and the old, were displaced through exile, only Armenian artisans were excluded from deportation — evidence of their indispensability. But this was not the case often enough, so that replacements had to be sent to Constantinople from the remote districts of the empire. In Iran and even Russia, Armenian artisans were often given titles, and in Tabriz (Iran), as in many other areas, they enjoyed exemption from taxes. In weaving, which they introduced in Southern Russia, rugweaving (Turkey) and above all in architecture, the Armenians achieved a high degree of excellence. Quite apart from the superiority of architectural works in the Armenian homeland, it was Armenians who erected several of the prominent buildings of Constantinople.

In the professions, Armenians stood and stand today in first place in Asia Minor and the Caucasus. The number of academic scholars among them is relatively large and many are found on the faculties of European universities. As artists they have produced among others a painter such as Aivazovsky; statesmen such as Loris Melikov, Mirza Melkon Khan, Nubar Pasha; commanders such as in ancient times Nerses, and in modern times strategists such as Prince Argutinski, Der Ghugasov, Lazarev, Yeprem Khan and others.

But even more significant is the use to which Armenia has put its minerals and natural resources in world trade.

Turkish Armenia is predominantly mountainous land, rich in mineral deposits and especially favorable for agriculture. Salt, copper, iron, silver, lead and hard coal are available in great quantity but await exploitation. Oil is to be found here and there on the surface, and in the vicinity of Van forms a small lake. The variety of agricultural produce is as manifold as the variety of the topography. Some parts of the country even

yield sub-tropical products. However, in general, the plants, as a result of the high ground, closely approximate those of the lands to the north.

Part of the Armenian mountains are devoid of plants because of volcanic springs, while other sections are covered with rich and bountiful pastures and meadows, which offer favorable opportunity for the development of cattle. A great deal of cattle comes from Armenia, chiefly sheep. The number of head of cattle shipped to Constantinople annually totalled one and one-half million at the beginning of the 19th century. Corn ripens within two months and grows to a height not seen anywhere in Europe. The country abounds in medicinal herbs and honey, and the richness and value of the fruit is widely known. According to Elisee Reclus\* Armenia yields the best grapes, pears and apricots, and Pliny called the last named "Armenian plums." In the neither regions and Lesser Armenia and Cilicia, cotton, sesame, tangerines, citron and even sugar cane are grown. Cilicia exports cotton in large quantities.

Caucasian Armenia — composed of the plateaus of Gokcha, Akhalkalak, Alexandropol (now Leninakan), Lori, Sharur-Daralagiaz, Karabagh and the slopes of Ararat (with an average height of 1550 meters, i. e. about 5000 ft.), separated from lesser land by massive mountain peaks — is also well suited to agriculture. In the valleys and on the Ararat slopes there thrive cotton, rice, tobacco and wine-making, fruit and silkworm breeding. On the middle heights corn growing is predominant while the pastures of the upper regions favor cattle breeding. Well developed farms are to be found in the Bortshalu district, richly endowed by Nature, while in the valley of the Arax River fruit in extraordinary plenitude is produced by artificial irrigation as well as rice and cotton in abundance.

\* A well-known French geographer.

In the vicinity of Erivan an annual average of 13 million kilograms of pure cotton is grown, a quantity which has mounted still higher owing to irrigation projects in the Arax Valley.

In recent times electrotechnical industries have been developed in Soviet Armenia. The Armenian highland, because of its Alpine topography and countless waterways, lends itself to all types of possibilities in electric power. Lake Sevan — renowned for its beauty and its abundance of fish (trout) — represents a reservoir of the greatest value. Lake Sevan not only delivers power for engines and light, but also water for the irrigation canals which have made possible the growing of cotton, tobacco and fruit in the arid districts of Armenia.

In the industrial field, the newly erected synthetic india-rubber plant is prominent as the largest in the Soviet Union. Armenia is likewise indebted to its abundant electric power for having built up an important electrochemical industry which, together with the large available amounts of lime and coal, has developed a modern total industry.

In the past Caucasian Armenian industry had confined itself mainly to the manufacture of soap, fruit preserves, wine and cognac in the vineyard districts of Erivan and Etchmiadzin, and to a few tanneries, all of local significance only. Only the Erivan cognac and in part the wine had won a larger market in Russia. In the districts of Shooshi and Zangezur, 20 silk-spinning factories operated before the war, which since have more than doubled.

In the field of cooperatives the Armenian peasant has also made much progress. Since ancient times, village cooperatives of an original type have existed in Armenia, whose supporters were the Armenian women. They preoccupied themselves mostly with Dairy Cooperatives which were found not only in Transcaucasia but also in the

Turkish vilayets of Armenia, such as Van, Erzerum and Moosh. The present author has described in the Russian press, over 40 years ago, the ancient dairy cooperatives in the village of Igdir.

In order to collect provisions and save coal, which is very scarce in Armenia, the Armenian women formed a Dairy Farmers Association which worked as follows:

Whenever anyone needed a supply of cheese, butter or yoghurt, all the women gathered, bringing similar shaped pots of milk, and since some did not deliver full pots, the milk was measured with rods on which someone made nicks with a knife, showing the level of milk. The rods were kept in order to know how much each woman had brought. The products made from this—the entire village's milk—were not distributed, but remained as the property of one woman and her family. Then, in sequence, the women brought their milk to some other woman of the village. The milk was again utilized in the same manner, thus to reach eventually every woman. This program was carried out every Spring and because milk is scarce then, the process was begun with the richest woman. She was thus in the position of having the smallest quantity of products from the delivered milk.

The modern cooperative movement begins in Russian Armenia at the beginning of the 20th century with the founding of the Peoples Bank in Erivan. A network of credit cooperatives and consumer unions covered the entire Caucasus and immediately before and after the February Revolution in Russia in 1917, they formed the central organization "Haicoop" (Armenian Cooperative Union) comprised of countless unions and thousands of members. Large scale markets were concentrated in its hands as well as land produce. "Haicoop" had fruit preserves, soap, cigarettes and many other products. "Haicoop" as well as individual consumer unions often

administered to the needs of schools and other cultural institutions. Furthermore, the central organization of Armenian cooperatives had its own press, called "Hayastani

Cooperatzia." The "Haicoop" exists still today as the Central Organization of Provincial Consumer and Produce Cooperatives of Soviet Armenia.

## P o e m s

DIANA DER HOVANESSIAN

### FOR THEIR OWN

*On the other side of the valley  
Death plays a different role  
Thief, no more, but restorer  
To those who want his toll.*

### MARO'S KISS

*Brief rain on a leaf  
Snow petal in spring  
The swift silent may-bird  
Leaves a print of her wing*

### NO KEY

*Enter by arch of sun-drenched rose  
Enter by pit of sullen-suppose  
There is no key to buy or sell  
To gates of paradise or hell.*

### FUTILE TEARS

*Futile tears,  
What will your sodden silver buy?  
Yesterday is deaf. No bribe turns  
Death's somber march.*

*Futile tears,  
Like cries for Absalom,  
Voiceless wet or dry.  
God has quenched all thirst  
Will he let the greatest quest stay parched?*



● THE SOVIET GAME:

# THE NATIONAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL CRISIS OF THE ARMENIAN PEOPLE

SIMON VRATZIAN

With the question of electing new incumbents to the vacant thrones of Antilias and Etchmiadzin, the crisis of the Armenian Church has entered a new phase. \*

After three years of fruitless floundering and bickerings, finally, last July, the supreme spiritual authority of Antilias decided to go through with the election of a new Catholicos, designating October 14 as the date of the election. Notices to this effect immediately were sent to the Cilician dioceses. The good news which would put an end to the chaotic situation of Antilias naturally was hailed with joy by every Armenian who cherishes his church. It must

be supposed that Etchmiadzin, too, received the news with great satisfaction as proved by its manifest lack of opposition for approximately one and a half months.

Mysteriously enough, on the very eve of the election a telegram was received from Etchmiadzin instructing Antilias to postpone the election in view of the fact that a conclave would be held in Etchmiadzin in September to elect a Catholicos of All Armenians. And without paying any attention to the objections of Antilias, a second telegram set the date at September 25-30 and instructed Antilias to send its lay and clergy delegates to the Etchmiadzin assembly.

Etchmiadzin's preceding intervention clearly proves that the pacification of Antilias is not desirable to the Soviet rulers who stand behind Etchmiadzin. The Soviet clearly wishes to perpetuate the present anarchy in Antilias and to keep the community in turmoil in order to fish in muddy waters. Unable to subordinate the Catholicosate of Antilias, the Soviet intends to postpone that election until Etchmiadzin is endowed with an incumbent who is acceptable to Moscow and through him to settle the affairs of Antilias. This alone can explain Etchmiadzin's eleventh hour decision to push its own election. Another cause of Etchmiadzin's haste was no doubt its

\* At present the Armenian church maintains two Catholicosates. The first of these is the Catholicosate of Etchmiadzin, direct successor of Gregory the Illuminator, founder of the Armenian church, and recognized throughout the world as the Supreme Spiritual Authority of the Armenian Church. The second is the Catholicosate of Antilias, variously referred to as the Catholicosate of Cilicia, of Sis, or Antilias, which traces its origin back to the era of the Crusades when a new church center was established in the City of Sis, capital of Cilician Armenia. After the Turkish deportations of 1915 this seat was moved to Antilias, Lebanon. This Catholicosate is supposed to be completely independent of Etchmiadzin and has jurisdiction over Lebanon, Syria and the Island of Cyprus. While the two seats have been completely independent of each other administratively nevertheless they have been in full union sacramentally. It is the Soviet effort to subordinate Antilias to the authority of Soviet-dominated Etchmiadzin which has brought the two outstanding Armenian hierarchies into conflict. — ED.

fear that the new incumbent of the throne of Antilias might refuse to become a puppet of the Soviet government.

The Soviet game is plain, as confirmed by the hue and cry which has been raised by the pro-Soviet elements of abroad. The Soviet's intention is to put on the throne of Etchmiadzin a man like the late Catholicos Cheurekjian with the "unanimous approval" of the Armenians of abroad and through him to insure the loyalty of both Antilias and the entire communities of the Armenian dispersion. What the Soviet failed to accomplish through the late Catholicos Cheurekjian and Hovsepian, it hopes to realize through their successors. And few is not the number of the Armenian clergymen who are disposed to play this very role.\*

The Catholicosate of Antilias, on the other hand, if its existence shall have any meaning or value, must retain its identity. It must not become the tail of Etchmiadzin. To preserve this identity does not necessarily mean to counterpose, oppose or to compete with Etchmiadzin nor to curtail the latter's prerogatives. These prerogatives already have been limited by the Soviet. On the contrary, even the most extreme anti-Etchmiadzinists of abroad, if such an Armenian really exists, are more particular about the preservation of the rights and privileges of Etchmiadzin than the Soviet Government under whose rule the Catholicos of All Armenians has been reduced to a mere name without content or authority, an obedient servant of the Soviet government.

According to the Soviet Constitution the church is tolerated only on a Communist level. The Soviet law does not recognize the church as a legal institution and the Catholicosate of All Armenians has no existence before the Soviet law. Following the

\* Since the writing of Mr. Vratzian's article his anticipation has come true Bishop Vazgen Baljian, former Prelate of Rumania Armenians, and a man acceptable to the Soviet was elected Catholicos of Etchmiadzin on September 30. — ED.

last war the Soviet created a government agency to watch over all church affairs and to render the church a subservient body to serve the Soviet policy. The name of the Armenian Catholicos is retained only to exploit the Armenian communities of the dispersion.

Through the Armenian Catholicos the Soviet strives to hold the Armenians of abroad in subjection, the clergy in particular, and to make them serve its political objectives. This being the case — and no one can insist on the contrary, it is readily understood why Antilias strives to retain its identity and independence. It is equally understood that, by postponing the election set for October 14th, Antilias will become subservient to Etchmiadzin — the victim of Soviet obstructionism.

### The Significance of Etchmiadzin Elections

The crisis of the Armenian church is one facet of the Armenian national crisis which, in turn, is a part of the world crisis. Ever since the establishment of the Soviet regime in Russia the world has been divided into two hostile camps. This division has also engulfed the Armenian people, including the church, and Etchmiadzin, the Supreme Spiritual Authority of All Armenians, by virtue of its geographical position, has fallen into the Soviet camp as opposed to the side which repudiates the Soviet.

As matters now stand, can it be hoped that the Soviet will leave Etchmiadzin alone to function as a free Catholicosate? Of course not. Only infants or incorrigible hypocrites would assert the contrary. As long as the Soviet regime stands, at perpetual war against the capitalist world, against democratic ideals and order, Etchmiadzin too, like all other religious denominations, will be kept as an auxiliary force for the prosecution of Soviet policy.

Consequently, the struggle between the two worlds will be continued. It is quite

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possible that this struggle, for one reason or another, temporarily will relax and an interim of peaceful-coexistence will prevail as happened in the days of the celebrated NEP — the Soviet's new economic policy of the late 20's. Such a development is both desirable and possible, although not probable just now, and yet it will not mean the end of the fight between the two worlds. Nor will it mean that the Soviet will leave the Armenian church alone.

The Armenians of the Soviet Union have no alternative but to submit to Soviet's policy and this is true of the church. This means, Etchmiadzin, too, will be forced to serve the Soviet policy as it has done to-date. The question is, should the Armenians who live in the free world follow that same Soviet policy, or can they? Of course not. The indication that the American diocese of the Armenian church under former Prelate Archbishop Tiran Nersoyan rejected submission to Etchmiadzin's political directives, and the prohibition of observances of Armenia's sovietization in Armenian churches is proof of that fact.

The Armenians of abroad not only will not want to submit to Etchmiadzin's political directives but they will be forced to fight against it. Peaceful co-existence, to say nothing of mutual co-operation between the Armenians of the dispersion and Etchmiadzin, therefore, is out of the question.

Writing in an Armenian paper some time ago one Armenian smart Aleck had drawn an analogy between Etchmiadzin and the Vatican. Since the Vatican managed to preserve its independence under the Fascist dictatorship of Mussolini, why can't Etchmiadzin do the same under the Soviet dictatorship, he argued.

The fallacy of this line of reasoning is obvious. First, fascism was not an anti-religious doctrine; Bolshevism is an enemy of religion and the church. Upon seizing the power in Italy, the fascist party did not des-

troy the churches nor liquidate the clergy; on the contrary it signed a treaty with the Vatican as an equal. Under the Soviet regime the church has no legal standing and the Catholicos of All Armenians does not legally exist. Actually he has been reduced to a nonentity. Under the circumstances, it is absurd to compare Etchmiadzin with the Vatican.

Psychologically, the feelings of the Armenians abroad are easily understood. Their boundless longing and nostalgia for the fatherland and Etchmiadzin which is the heart of that fatherland cloud their vision, and wishful thinking prevents them from seeing the grim reality. It's no wonder, therefore, that men see things where there are none, create illusions for themselves, and force their wishful thinking upon others.

The Soviet Constitution explicitly states that religion is not free in the Soviet Union but is merely tolerated; the teaching of religion is forbidden but anti-religious propaganda is legal and is encouraged; the law does not recognize the church as an organization nor does it recognize the Armenian Catholicosate. The church is kept under strict governmental surveillance, tightly controlled by the Soviet procurator. The Armenian churches of abroad have no legal authority and factually are deprived of any influence or the possibility of sharing the church life in Armenia. For all practical purposes Etchmiadzin is merely tolerated to exert its influence over the churches of abroad in the interests of Soviet policy.

### Vain Dreams and Vain Hopes

The hue and cry and the vociferous anxiety raised by the Armenians of abroad are psychologically understandable, and in a sense pardonable, as the expression of patriotic nostalgia. But sentiment is blind and instinctive, compelling men to see not the reality but what is pleasing to them.

What then is the Soviet's real aim in

manipulating the election of the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin in the way it does? Can we believe that the Soviet is really concerned with the interests of the Armenian people and their church?

To answer this question we must keep in mind the Soviet's experiment during the past 35 years, the Communist party creed in Soviet-controlled countries, the expressed opinions of Soviet ringleaders and the Soviet internal and external policies especially in regard to the church and questions pertaining to Armenian expatriation. It's impossible to adduce one fact or event which would lead us to believe that there has been any basic change or evolution in Communist ideology or current policy. Religion is again viewed as the opiate which poisons men's minds. The church continues merely to be tolerated, devoid of general organization. The doors of Armenia are closed to Armenians of the dispersion and the Armenian expatriates are the object of contempt and hatred; no type of bond, physical or spiritual, is tolerated between the Armenians of abroad and the fatherland.

The Soviet design in obviating the election of the Catholicos of Cilicia by perpetual postponements obviously aims first to insure an acceptable candidate on the throne of Etchmiadzin (This has already been accomplished through the election of Catholicos Vazgen Balian — ED. A. R.) and through him to influence the Antilias election. The Soviet will be satisfied with nothing short of placing on the throne of Antilias an ecclesiastical who shall be acceptable to itself.

It is an irrefutable fact that the more the authority of Etchmiadzin diminishes in the sight of the Armenians of the dispersion, to a corresponding degree the prestige of the Catholicosate of Antilias gains stature, and this is the last thing the Soviet wants. The Soviet will never tolerate on the throne of Antilias a man who is independent-minded

and is exclusively devoted to the best interests of the Armenian church.

We may be certain, therefore, that one of the first steps of the new Catholicos of Etchmiadzin will be to interfere in the affairs of the Cilician Catholicosate. Should this succeed — something which is unlikely — the spiritual life of the Armenians of the dispersion will fall under the Soviet's control. In the contrary event, Antilias will become the ideological center of all freedom-loving Armenians. Thereafter, it will depend on Etchmiadzin and the Soviet government whether there shall be war or peaceful co-existence between the two Catholicos thrones.

Judging from appearances, the Soviet is determined to take a more vigorous hand in the life of Armenian communities of abroad and will make full use of the new Catholicos at Etchmiadzin to subordinate the anti-Soviet masses of the Armenian dispersion. Should this happen, the life of the Armenian dispersion will turn into a stormy petrel.

It is not a pleasant thing to be pessimistic but the grim reality excludes sentimental prognostication. The grim fact is, like the whole world, the Armenians too are divided into two camps by the Iron Curtain, not only geographically but on the spiritual and ideological plane as well. On one side stand the pro-Soviets with their own ideology, mode of life and methods; on the other side stand the freedom-loving Armenians with their own ideology and mode of life. As long as the Iron Curtain stands, as long as the Soviet has not abandoned its subversive methods, its atheism and its tyranny, it is in vain to hope that any thing has been changed under Armenian skies.

### The Question of National Unity

In a divided world with a divided people, can national unity be restored and how can it be preserved? That is the question which confronts the Armenian people, a

question which cannot be resolved by wishful thinking or lyrical ebullitions.

The unity of a nation can be established and maintained only through its constituent elements. Foremost among these is the fatherland. Then come the state, the history, the religion, and especially its culture. In the course of history the Armenian people has survived by leaning against one, a combination of several, or all these factors combined. What is the situation today in the light of these factors?

To some, the fatherland continues to remain the foundation stone of national unity; to others, it is merely a gravitational force. The fatherland, however, involuntarily, has isolated itself from an important segment of her children. To some it still stands as a living memory of the past; for others it is merely a spiritual reliving, sentimental and intangible, especially for the new generation. Despite this unfortunate fact, Armenia, as the fatherland, is and must remain one of the principal factors of national unity, and all Armenians in a united effort must strive to make that fatherland the property of all her children.

Some Armenians maintain that today we have an Armenian national state and try to make that state the rallying point of national unity. A state, however, has three absolute attributes: the territory, the people, and control of the government. Although Armenia has the territory and the people, even if not fully integrated, but lacking control of the government it cannot be regarded as an independent state in the full sense of the word. Granting, even with some reservations, that Armenia is a state, again its government is not national either in origin or ideology, and especially it is not accepted by the Armenians as their national government by the very admission of that government: "We are not a government of all the Armenians."

Moreover, the present government even fights against the realization of a truly re-

presentative government for all Armenians. Consequently, the present government of Armenia not only is not a rallying point of national unity but on the contrary is the principal source of national disunity, division and civil conflict.

The history of the past no doubt is very dear to all Armenian hearts and constitutes one of the foundation stones of national unity, but even in this area, again, there is no general agreement between the present regime and a great segment of the Armenian people. Consciousness of past history is exceedingly weak in the new generation of the dispersion. Nevertheless, it continues to remain a factor to be reckoned with.

Religion in the past has been the principal factor of national unity, especially after the overthrow of Armenian independence. However, the Armenian people today are also divided in this area. To regard the Armenian Apostolic Church as the foundation of unity means to exclude the Catholic and Protestant denominations. Can it be contended that a Catholic Alishan or a Daniel Varoujean are any less Armenian than the *Lousavorchakan* Khrimian or Vahan Derian? This denominational segregation naturally is regrettable. We should strive to protect, preserve and strengthen the church, but it is never pardonable to exclude the non-*Lousavorchakan*s from the body of the Armenians. We say nothing as to the deplorable fact that even this *Lousavorchakan* (Apostolic) church today is divided among itself and has become a plaything under the Soviet regime, especially thanks to the incompetency of a large part of the Armenian high clergy.

And lastly, we have our culture — the crystallized expression of the Armenian mind and soul. Nations are nations pre-eminently by virtue of their cultures. The fatherland, the language, the history, the state and the religion are important factors which constitute the nation, but the greatest attribute of nationality is the indivi-

dual's consciousness of belonging to a nation. That consciousness finds its expression through a people's culture. The Armenian is Armenian not because he has been christened with the Apostolic holy oil but because he has been baptized in the basin of Armenian culture.

And culture is universal — all-national. The Bolsheviks tried to replace national culture in Armenia with anti-national culture but they failed miserably. After a long and bloody struggle they were forced to bow before the might of Armenian culture. Only the voluntary blind will not see today some advances in Armenian culture in Armenia despite the fanaticism of the Communist regime. Similarly, no one can deny the desire for a rapprochement between the cultural segments of Armenia and the dispersion, again despite the will of the Soviet regime.

Under the circumstances, the present Armenian state is a negative factor for national unity. The fatherland's charm over the dispersion has suffered because of the regime. The religio-ecclesiastical factor is equally deteriorated. All that is left is our culture. It is still possible to rebuild national unity around this powerful factor.

What are the prospects in this connection? Unfortunately, there are no glimmering signs on the horizon as yet. The controversy around the Etchmiadzin and Antilias Catholicos elections is ample proof that the Armenians have not grasped the full import of the mortal danger which threatens them and they are not psychologically ready for national unity.

A high ranking Armenian clergyman who professes ignorance of party affairs but who recently edited a secret informatory letter to the American authorities against the Dashnaks, for instance, maintained that the present Armenian crisis could be remedied if only the political parties disbanded and Armenians rallied around the church. Others, more direct, demanded

the dissolution of the Dashnaks only, while preserving the rest of the parties. And still others think our problem will be solved once we elect a Catholicos of All Armenians.

None of these are the solution of the problem. The real solution is ignored by all — the role of the Soviet. To restore any kind of Armenian unity it is first necessary to rid Armenian life of the Soviet's interferences and intrigues, making all realize that, Sovietophilism is not Armenophilism, but that, on the contrary, it is quite possible at once to love Armenia passionately but to hate its regime. We may endure the regime, but how can we endure the filth of the street which we must cross, without at the same time identifying the fatherland with the regime.

Secondly, it is imperative that a segment of Armenian communities abroad, headed by an Armenian clergy and actively supported by so-called Armenian political parties, stop its cooperation with and support of the Soviet Government which has been disrupting the Armenian community and has been reducing it to a shamble, and stop identifying patriotism with Sovietophilism. By playing upon the affection of these men for the fatherland, the church and the party, the Soviet strives to reduce the life of the Armenians to a state of anarchy in order to fish in muddy waters.

Is it possible to put a stop to these Soviet intrigues and to the voluntary allegiance of some Armenians to the service of the Bolsheviks? If we can do this, it will be easy enough to re-establish unity and cooperation in Armenian life. If not, unity in the present objective and psychological setting is nothing but an illusion.

For the coordination of a people's vital forces, for mutual cooperation, the realization of national unity is a precious boon, desirable and necessary for the continued existence, the security, the development and the progress of a nation. But this unity

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can be achieved neither under a tyrannical rule or its threat, nor by repudiating national sanctities, nor by mutual hatred and recriminations, and most of all, through high ranking clergymen's secret information to non-Armenian governments.

### Our Only Alternative

As long as the Soviet continues to disturb the life of the Armenians, it is meaningless to speak of national unity. But if we cannot accomplish what we want, we can want what is in our power to accomplish. Let us try to define our position in regard to some of the burning issues of the day.

**Armenia** — We love our fatherland and are proud of the people of Armenia for their endurance, patriotism and creative energy. We deeply regret that we are denied the possibility of sharing her joys and sorrows and the right to help her. We watch with keen interest and unmingled joy some achievements of our kinsmen in the homeland, rejoice in their successes and mourn their misfortunes. We sincerely wish that Armenia shall become a real fatherland for all her children and we will be ready to defend and preserve her at the cost of our lives. What more can the Armenian this side of the Iron Curtain do to prove his patriotism?

**Etchmiadzin** — The Armenian church is the sanctuary of all Armenians, the object of their sacred affection. Etchmiadzin is the centuries-old center of the Armenian national church, although today it has been stripped of its rights and splendor and has become a tool of the Soviet government. It is our fervent hope that that institution shall never be extinguished as a symbol of the past and the hope of the future. Nevertheless, we repudiate and renounce Bolshevik actions through its instrumentality which are detrimental to the nation. We should keep Etchmiadzin as a moral factor, without accepting its political authority which ultimately stems from the Soviet.

If this view is correct — and who will dare assert the contrary? — it follows that the Soviet demand through Etchmiadzin to impose the absolute authority of a Soviet Catholicos on all Armenians of the dispersion is at once irrelevant and absurd. The Catholicos of All Armenians, under the Soviet rule, is a mere name, a mere reminder of the past and the hope of the future.

**Antilias** — The malicious slander that the Dashnaks want to make Antilias a rival institution of Etchmiadzin is, of course, ridiculous. That idea has deliberately been promoted by the Soviet, realizing no doubt that such an eventuality may be the direct result of its policy. At all events, suffice it to say, the Dashnaks have no such plan in their program.

True, there have been public expressions to this effect not long ago. There was a time, for instance, when the Ramgavar press advocated the idea of establishing a national-ecclesiastical center outside of Etchmiadzin, but seeing the determined opposition of the Dashnak press, it desisted from this course. There were some high ranking Armenian clergymen of abroad who openly or secretly supported the idea, and even plans to this effect were drafted and published, but the Dashnaks never took part in any program of creating two rival church institutions and their position today is unaltered.

The Catholicosate of Cilicia is a historic institution to which, by virtue of fast-moving events, an important role is reserved in Armenian life today. Precisely in what form that role shall be unfolded, the future will show. At all events, this much can be said now, that the moral presence of Antilias is providential for the approximately one million Armenian expatriates who live in the free world. There is absolutely no need of its becoming a "rival" throne to Etchmiadzin. The presence of the Catholicosate of Cilicia in itself is enough as a



national-administrative center and as a source of inspiration for the preservation of the Armenian spirit, not only for the Armenians of Lebanon and Syria, but for all Armenians of the free world.

It is necessary, however, that we grasp the significance of this historic role and devise the needed means to put an end to the present chaotic state as soon as possible. This means, the election of the new Catholicos should be held on the promised date without any interference from Etchmiadzin for further postponements.

*The National Life* — We should preserve and develop our national institutions — the church, the schools, the charitable and cultural organizations, by coordinating and mobilizing all our reconstructive resources. Can we have an all-national, collective life? Can we create a central church body under

a national leadership, through the cooperation of all the segments of the nation? Under the present condition of conflicting tendencies and passions, when sectional divisions are deeply rooted, can the grandiloquent public utterances in favor of reconciliation, and the impassioned sermons for national unity; even from the lips of our disruptors, have any meaning other than mere oratorical outbursts?

Isolated cases of local communal understanding, centering on mutual cooperation in local activities and carried on in a spirit of tolerance, and the establishment of a State of peaceful co-existence among the divergent factions is the most that can be expected under the circumstances. This minimum is imperative and no longer subject to postponement, otherwise the Armenian communities of the dispersion will disappear under the blows of time.

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● WHY GOOD GOHAR NEVER GOT HER OWN HOME:

# THE HOUSE OF OUSTA HACOB

(AN OLD COUNTRY STORY)

ARSEN YERGAT

He himself did not know how many houses he had built for others, and yet he did not have even a hut of his own.

"Woman, God willing, next year I will build a house of our own," Ousta, the master mason, would say to his wife.

"Why not?" Lady Gohar would reply with a note of nostalgia in her voice. "You built the house of Kartj Tagcukentz, the house you built in the vineyard of Poghosentz is a veritable palace. Each house you have built has a touch of God's blessing in it."

"You are right, Gohar my wife, you are quite right," Ousta would say, "the houses I have built are not merely timber and brick. There is something from my own soul in each of them. What that something is, I do not know. Ask God."

Ousta Hacob was the great master mason of the city, often called upon from distant cities. Once he spent a full year in Zileh, Tokat, and Marzovan. Another year he was called to Samsun, to build the palace of a wealthy Greek named Bandili.

In spite of his fame, Ousta was a very modest person. In the evenings when he returned home tired and weary, the first thing he did was to stand at prayer. A devout good man, he was respected and loved by all the people of his ward.

Ousta and his wife were tenants. They had no children. Their first born child had

died at a very early age, before he was able to walk. The second was a girl, and she, too, had died early.

"It seems it was God's will that we should be childless, we are a desolate family, Gohar my wife."

"You are my husband, my son, my all. You are part and parcel of my heart," Lady Gohar would assure her husband.

"And you are my daughter, my priceless jewel," Ousta would murmur, pressing his wife's head to his heart with infinite tenderness. He was so much taller than his wife.

The two would look into each other's eyes with warm affection. She would look up at him, while he looked down on her with a gaze which was mingled with passion and tear drops.

"When the winter is gone, in the spring, if God willing, we will build the house, our house, Gohar my wife. I have already decided on the spot, near the Church of Holy Astvatzatzin. You know where it is, don't you? The blessing of Father Oukhtanes shall always be upon us. I will take you there some day, so you can see."

That year the autumn came a little early. the palm-sized leaves of quince trees already had turned yellow, and Ousta Hacob's orchard was covered with a large golden carpet when the fruit was harvested. Each house was filled with lilting laughter



and the maddening aroma of grapes which follows the harvest of the vineyards. The sweet sausage and the preserve were an inseparable part of each family in Amasia. Ousta's wife, too, would fill his glass, toasting the guests who surrounded him.

"To your health! God grant we shall have another day like this next year."

This always happened on the day of Saint Hacob, when, as the saying went in Amasia, the beard of the Patriarch of Medzbin turned gray.

The snow, too, like the purple leaves of autumn, fell early that year from the cloudy skies.

One evening Ousta came home accompanied by someone else. They retired into a room and closed the door behind them. Their conversation could hardly be heard from the outside. Several times Gohar listened to the conversation, and from the broken words she understood that Ousta was talking about the plot of their house.

"The plot is very suitable. But, bring down the price just a little, Mahtesi Khachatur. We are not strangers, we are like brothers," Ousta was saying.

Then the voices were lowered still, and Gohar heard the jingle of gold pieces which Ousta was counting as the advance pay. The price had been agreed upon.

Ecstatic with joy, the wife began to dance like a little girl in front of the door. Raising her arms in the air, she pirouetted to the opposite wall where her head struck the banister of the staircase to the second story, and yet she felt no pain. It was a light blow compared to the thrill of her life which was so deep and powerful enough to burst her heart.

A few minutes later Mahtesi Khachatur, the gold pieces jingling in his pocket, was taking his leave.

"When shall we eat the *madagh*, Ousta Hacob?" he asked in parting. The *Madagh* was the sacrificial meat which people partook of when celebrating an important

event, in this case the building of Ousta Hacob's house.

"When the cherries redden, after the Easter," Ousta replied.

That year the cherries of Dervend, Jizja and Ayvasli turned red unusually early. But, alas, no one enjoyed them. Something mysterious seemed to be going on in nature. The tops of the clouds and the motions of the rain were being madly swept off by a lightning and precipitous cosmic force. Dreams and hopes, mingled with the premature spring, set the hearts of men on fire.

"Let's go and take a look at the place, the stones were supposed to be brought there yesterday," Ousta said to his wife one morning.

The wife dressed quickly, and when they reached the quarter of Savayit near the church she noticed Father Oukhtanes in the distance, headed toward them.

The Priest stopped before the pile of unhewn stones, and raising his hands to heaven, he prayed:

"God grant all your hearts' desires, my children. May you live happily in the house which shall be built of these stones."

The two bowed low and kissed the Priest's right hand.

"Tomorrow we shall start fashioning the stones," Ousta said fervently. "The two sons of Torosen's will work with me."

"They are good masons," the Priest confirmed. "Before laying the foundation, come to me and I will give you a small prayer book which you will place under the corner stone."

"I will come, Father. I won't forget."

When the Priest was gone, the two sat on the stones and looked into each other's eyes fondly and long.

"What do you say, Gohar my wife? Which side will your room be? Do you want it to look on the church or the open road?"

"Let it look on the church, so that I may see the Holy Virgin each morning and we

two may bask in her love till we die."

"We shall also have a garden," Ousta said, with many fruit trees. A cherry tree like a blushing young bride, an apple tree like a woman with lovely breasts, and a quince tree with the dignity of a middle-aged mother-in-law. In a corner of the garden we shall keep three beehives so that the home of Ousta Hacob shall never lack the honey. God willing, we shall move to our new home before next winter. Next year we shall purchase a vineyard from Derwend, will spend the cherry season there, will harvest the grapes, then will return home. Why don't you say something, Gohar my wife?"

Ousta put his hands on his wife's shoulders and shook her vigorously. Like one aroused from a trance, Gohar opened her eyes wide and looked into the eyes of Ousta.

"What should I say? I have a strange fear in my heart."

"What kind of fear are you talking about?"

"I don't know. That evening —"

"What evening?"

"That evening when you were counting the gold pieces to Mahtesi, I heard you from the outside and started to dance from joy. I turned and turned around and my head struck the banister of the staircase."

"Then what?"

"That night I could not sleep, I don't know whether it was from joy or some other cause. Now that I saw these stones, these white lovely stones from the mountain, my heart is again filled with some mysterious fear."

"What are you saying, Gohar, my wife? We shall hew these stones tomorrow. They shall shine like mirrors under the sun, and the Holy Virgin will look down upon them and will bless them. What are you afraid of? These many years I have sweated blood to save a little money so that some day I could build a house here, at the shadow of

the church. Come, snap out of it. Do not disturb my soul."

Ousta again seized his wife by the shoulders and shook her out of her trance. Wide eyed, the woman this time started to cry.

"Why are you crying? What has happened to make you cry?" Ousta pressed.

"I myself do not know, I could not control my tears," Gohar stood up and grasping her husband's hand, she begged, "Let's go home, my head is spinning."

They did not talk on the way. Both were plunged into a deep abyss. Both were trying to complete the picture of their new home with the eyes of the dreamer but the effort was futile.

When they reached home they found an oppressive silence there. The water in the courtyard had been cut off by their next door neighbor who was having his washday. The leaves of the apricot tree which stood like a faithful servant near the door were petrified, as it were, not moving even by the wind. There was something new and changed in the house, like the spilled wine from an inverted glass, its last drop of joy drained and dried.

"You have given my heart a start, my wife. How can I get up early in the morning and go to hew those stones? The sons of Toros will be there, I have hired Gaspar and Haroutyune to finish the hewing of the stone, until we lay the foundation."

"You will lay the foundation and will build the house, if no evil befall us."

"Mercy, Mercy to God, what are you saying, woman? Whom have I ever wronged that God should punish me? Mercy, mercy, O Lord."

Ousta crossed himself, and filling a small glass from the whiskey bottle which rested on the fireplace mantle, he drank it down. Then, taking out the tobacco pouch from his pocket he wrapped himself a cigaret, and offered one to his wife:

"Shall I wrap one for you, too?"

"All right, wrap me one."

And the two, seated side by side in front of the window, started to smoke silently. Outside, the water of the fountain again started to gurgle like a newly awakened baby. The painful silence in the home seemed to have disappeared by now.

The memory of his wife's tears was still fresh in his mind when early the next morning, his noon lunch tucked under his arm and the hewing implements on his shoulder, Ousta Hacob started off for Savayit. He entered the church to utter a brief prayer and to light a candle. His heart thus unburdened, he reached the plot of his house. Sarkis' sons had not yet arrived, but it was not late yet. The opposite windows were not yet opened, and the golden rays of the sun were playing peek-a-boo among the trembling leaves of a poplar tree which shot up into the sky in a neighboring garden. Seated on a boulder, Ousta waited for his hired men who soon after loomed forth around the corner of the street.

"Good morning, Ousta Hacob," both greeted in unison as they threw down the leather bags which carried their implements.

"Good morning, my sons," Ousta replied, rising to his feet.

"We hope we are not late, Ousta Hacob."

"It was I who came early. I went to church to pray, I lit a candle so our work will go well and we shall build the house."

"God grant you success, Ousta Hacob," Gaspar, the elder brother, who had a broad scar on his forehead, intoned fervently.

The younger brother never talked, especially when there was work to be done. He already had taken off his coat, and mallet in hand was waiting.

"This job will take us one week. By the time we finish this off there will be three more wagonloads of unhewn stone. One month later it will be the festival of Astvatzatzin — the blessing of the grapes — when

Father Oukhanes can also bless our new home."

Ousta had taken his hammer out and was crossing himself.

"Let us start, boys. Some day I will come over to hew your stones. God's justice demands that we build homes for all, until every family has a roof over their heads."

"We will, Ousta, we all will have our own homes," the two workers repeated in unison.

Ousta and his hired men set to work, pounding against the rocks. At times sparks flew under the blows of the hammers, scintillating in the light like particles of gold.

Toward noon the two brothers had to go home for lunch. They lived a little way off the church. They invited Ousta to join them but he refused.

"I have brought my own lunch. Let's see what my wife has prepared for us today."

He opened the lunch box. A piece of cheese, some dried beef, a few nuts, and some home made bread.

"I will get the water from the fountain of Ghoukas over yonder."

Ghoukas was a deacon of the church.

"You go on now, and take your time," he ordered the boys.

Alone, Ousta enjoyed his lunch with a great appetite. Then he began to crush the nuts one by one in his powerful seely palm, sending a blessing to his wife Gohar with each cracking of the nut.

On his return from Ghoukas' fountain, he saw that his hired men already were at work.

"You have come too early, my boys. Why didn't you rest a while?" Ousta chided them with a paternal smile.

In the evening when the church bells called the devout to prayer they cast their hammers aside.

"Thank God," exclaimed Ousta, "we did a good day's work."

Together the three of them hurried to

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church where they stood at prayer side by side. Ousta was standing in the middle, so that the observer would think they were father and sons, so devout and exalted in spirit. The faces of all three were serene and illuminated with a glow which comes from the inner satisfaction of a just labor justly earned.

A few days later Ousta was working on the structure, laying the hewn stones one upon another until the wall reached his height. There were some three to four cartloads of unhewn stone which would arrive soon. As he hugged each hewn stone and deposited it in the proper place, it seemed his heart would burst from sheer joy. It seemed he imparted to that inanimate matter something which had been plucked from his own bosom, measuring with the beating of his heart, and a spirit which was in secret harmony with that heartbeat. He did not feel the weight of the stone, as if it were as light as a pitcherful of glistening wine.

When he put the last stone on the structure, he looked around, and retreating a few steps, proudly watched his handiwork, as well as the handiwork of his two hired men. Enraptured by his inward thrill, he did not notice that Father Oukhtanes was standing beside him.

He blushed like a little boy caught in a misbehavior, and in a shaking voice he acknowledged the priest's presence: "Bless, Father."

"God bless you, my son. May evil be always far from you, from us all, from you, from us all, from our people. Complete your house, and may I have the good fortune of blessing it."

"I will build it, Father. Put plenty of incense in your censor so that the souls of the dead may break out in laughter with the intoxication."

"Why the dead, Ousta Hacob? May God preserve the living, they are the ones who need salvation."

"You are hiding something, Father. Speak openly."

"What should I say, blessed one? There is evil news. The Governor has summoned our Prelate who will go to see him tomorrow. The dogs are mad again. We must rely on God, there is no other way. They have drafted the youth into the army, and we are all alone. Who else is there we can trust?"

Ousta kissed the Priest's hand and the two separated. It was the doleful hour of evening. The sun sank behind the peak of the mountain as if some invisible hand had seized it and flung it into the abysmal darkness on the other side. In the street, the candles were lit from house to house, and the voices sheltered behind the closed doors, having joined the gurgle of the fountains, were weaving a deeply-moving strain.

Ousta was walking along pensively, a heavy incomprehensible ache oppressing his soul. When he reached home the door was open, and his wife Gohar, like a longing shadow, was standing at the threshold, waiting for him.

That day in the Armenian quarter of the town the topic of conversation was the Governor's summons of the Prelate. Like the coils of a black snake writhing in all corners, terror had sneaked inside all the Armenian homes. That night was unlike all the nights which had preceded each other. It seemed like the cold hard crumbling of a huge rock which buried underneath everything, each vision which symbolized life.

At daybreak the bells of the three churches of the city started to toll an awesome, pitiful strain. The warning kept ringing until the churches were filled with an overflowing multitude. Ousta and his wife, too, were there.

Father Oukhtanes read the Governor's order. The city was to be vacated of its Armenian population. To insure their physical safety, the Armenians were to be moved to the more secure interior, as far as Mala-

tia and even farther. This deportation, it was said, was only temporary. When the war was over, they all would return to their homes.

Three days later the caravan started to move. It was a beautiful spring morning. The carts, the carriages, the pack horses and those who walked raised a thick cloud of dust on the road.

When the multitude reached the shrine of Saint Hovhannes, a cry rose from thousands of lips: "Saint Hovhannes, come to our rescue!"

The mountains echoed the cry.

The caravan kept creeping on. As the vineyards of Amassia slowly disappeared from view, tears flowed down from myriads of eyes — bitter tears of desperation.

Ousta had bought himself a horse on which he had mounted his wife Gohar. Holding the reins, he kept walking, not noticing the dust around him. He did not notice that Ghookas, the church deacon, was walking beside him, accompanied by his son and his wife who held in her arms her suckling baby.

When they were quite a little way off the city, those who looked behind saw that all the Armenian chimneys were extinguished. Those who still laid hopes in their fire rearmend themselves with new courage and they did not feel the weariness of that day's Golgotha. But those who had despaired, visualized the dried fountains, not a drop of which could quench their burning thirst.

They trekked on like this until evening.

Night fell, the first night on the road to the unknown. But it had been said that Malaia would be their final stop. Like Amassia, that fertile valley surrounded by rich vineyards, had become a constantly receding vision, farther and farther away. The night was peaceful in the mountain pass where the captain of the gendarmes had ordered the caravan to camp. Suddenly, like a hailstorm, countless riders descended from the hills. It was ordered to separate

the men and the young lads from the womenfolk. Those who resisted were to be punished by death.

"Are there those among you who carry arms? We are going to search you."

Ousta carried no weapons, but he carried several hundred gold pieces in his belt which he intended to use for building his home. He took off his belt and handed it to his wife.

"Gohar, my wife, hold this tight to your waist when I am gone. God is great, the guardian of the just. Don't cry, why are you crying? You know that I carry no arms, why are you afraid?"

But the wife could not restrain her tears.

It was a night of crying and wailing, the darkness of which thickened in the terrible pass. The only light was a faint flicker which came from the stars touching the mountain top.

When the menfolk and the lads were assembled, the gendarmes tied them hand to hand and turned them over to the riders who were bloodthirsty Circassians.

A piercing wail rang out from a thousand throats. Thousands of hands raised heavenward wielded the most importunate, the most anguished and the most hopeless prayer of all time. Like victims being led to the slaughter, crestfallen and silent, the doomed people came out of the mountain pass.

It was an endless trek to the distant plain with a lone village perched at the extreme end. Inside the houses the lamps were flickering through the trees like golden eyes.

Ousta wanted to know to whose hand he had been chained. He saw that his left hand had been chained to the hand of Father Oukhdanes.

"Bless Thou, Father," he said.

"God bless you, my son. May God save us all."

Ousta turned to his right and saw that his other hand had been tied to the hand of a lad.



"Who are you, my son?" he asked. "Have no fear, we all shall be saved soon."

"I am not afraid," the lad said. "My mother shed many tears when they separated us. They tied my father too, I don't know where he is."

"Whose son are you?"

"I am the son of Choukas."

"Is your father a deacon?"

"Yes."

"I have drunk water from your fountain," Ousta said.

And suddenly his eyes darkened and he no longer could see around him. From all sides the Circassians fell upon their victims and hacked them with their axes.

That terrible night, until the dawn, one could hear the moaning of the dying. Ousta

was dying with a deep gash in his forehead. Before giving up the ghost he opened his eyes and looked around. In that look, far in the distance, he saw the vision of his white house. The windows were shimmering under the sunlight. He tried to rise to a sitting position, to watch the house endlessly, one of whose rooms looked on the church of Astvatzatzin.

"Goharl" he murmured with his lips which by now were closed by death's cold seal. His head fell on the blood stained soil.

His fingers scratched the wet soil which he kissed so longingly.

That soil was the concrete with which he would build his house, a thick concrete into which he had put his very life, the last drop of his dying body.



## *Musings on Life and Art*

BY HOVSEP PUSHMAN

*Inevitably I brush a part of myself and my experiences into each canvas.*

*A painting should be an entire volume expressed on one page.*

*A signature is hardly necessary, for the identity of the painter should be evident in every detail.*

*When I plunge into a canvas and splash around in color, I descend into subconscious depths. Sometimes I come up with pearly inspirations . . . other times . . . with just sand in my hands.*

*As we advance in art, the teachers become fewer and fewer until the time comes when we must appoint ourselves to this task . . . this is the severest of responsibilities.*

*You must have something to offer before God will help you . . . you must make the effort to plough the ground, to plant the seed . . . then God sends rain and the sunshine.*

*The aura of each subject becomes a part of my palette.*



*To animate a still life and cause it to glow  
demands the most concentrated transfusion of self.*

*Color becomes purified through impassioned  
intensity of use . . . thus one secures golden golds  
and white whites.*

*The Oriental eye through its inheritance of  
suffering perceives with an enriched vision.*

*The pathos and ecstasy of life are mirrored in a  
drooping rose.*

*The siren whispers of Chinese frescoes contribute  
faint melodies to my backgrounds.*

*Faith and reverence . . . these are the virtues that  
keep the candle of conscience burning brightly.*

*At intervals, my spirit feels the urge to enter  
an Armenian church on some quiet  
afternoon. Then, my soul hears muted Gregorian  
chants . . . inhales sacred incense and once again  
I fall into full harmony with myself and God.*



MR. HOVSEP PUSHMAN is one of the nation's truly great painters. Born in Armenia, he studied at the Royal Academy of Art, Constantinople, and later with Lefebvre, Fleury and Dechenaud, Paris. He was awarded medals in 1914 and 1921 Paris exhibitions, and is represented in the collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and many other American museums and galleries. He presently maintains a studio in New York City.

# THE HAPPY COBBLER

HOVHANNES TOUMANIAN

(Famous Armenian Poet of the  
Nineteenth Century)

Once upon a time in the City of Baghdad there lived a king who name was Haroun El-Reschid. This king had a habit of disguising himself and making the rounds of the city to find out what was going on in his capital. And one night, dressed like a Dervish, as he was passing through an obscure street, he heard the sounds of song and music coming from a poor man's home. He paused a moment thinking, then curious, he boldly entered inside and saw that it was an empty, desolate home. On a carpet spread in front of the fireplace, huddled around a plain table, the owner of the house, and the musicians were playing, singing and having a great time.

"Greetings on you, happy man," he bowed low to the man of the house.

"A thousand welcomes, Papa Dervish. Pray, join us. Let us eat the morsel of bread God has given us together, and together let us be happy," begged the landlord, and having seated the Dervish with them, together they kept on their merriment.

Late in the night the landlord paid his musicians and sent them home. After their departure the Dervish asked the landlord.

"What is your name, friend?"

"My name is Hassan," the man replied.

"I trust you won't think me impertinent, Brother Hassan, if I ask you what your occupation is, and how much money you make to be able to have such a good time."

"One does not need much money to enjoy himself," replied the landlord, one

can enjoy life even with a most modest income. I am a cobbler, I mend shoes, what I earn a day is but a trifle. I come home in the evenings, I spend part of my earnings for food, the rest I give to the musicians as you have seen. We sit together and enjoy ourselves. But if God should send us a guest like you, all the better."

"May joy and happiness be always with you, Hassan. But if suddenly the source of your meager income should dry up, then what will you do?"

"Why should it dry up? Dervish Baba?"

"For instance, suppose someday the king had a whim and suddenly issued an edict forbidding all cobbling?"

"The King is too busy with far more important worries to think of the cobblers. What have the cobblers done to the King that he should punish them thus? No need of worrying about such things now. When such a thing happens there will be time enough to think about it. God is merciful. Now let us retire for the night, Dervish Baba. Have no worries. The world is always thus, as you take a grip so it goes. He who wants to enjoy himself there's always plenty to enjoy with."

Early in the morning the Dervish was off to his shop, and soon after the streets and the public squares of Baghdad were filled with town criers shouting the King's new edict. The cobblers were ordered to close their shops, and from that day on no one was permitted to practice the trade.

Those who disobeyed the King's order would be beheaded.

They took away poor Hassan's awl and planting a resounding slap on his face they threw him out of his shop and locked the door.

The next night Haroun El-Reschid again dressed like a Dervish made the rounds of the city. He again passed by Hassan's home, and hearing the sound of music and singing, he entered inside.

"Oh, Greetings, Greetings, Dervish Babal Pray take your seat."

They sat down, ate and drank, played and sang and had a merry time until midnight. At midnight the minstrels took their pay and departed, leaving behind the landlord and the Dervish.

"Do you know what happened to me today, Dervish Baba?"

"What?"

"What you predicted last night came true. Today the King issued an edict forbidding our trade."

"What is that you say?" the guest said surprised. "Then where did you get the money for tonight's merriment?"

"I found a clay jug and now I peddle water. Part of my earnings I allot for food, the rest for the musicians. I again have my good time."

"But if the King should forbid peddling water too, then what will you do?"

"How can we harm the King by selling water that he should forbid it? Should he do so, there will be time enough to think about it. Have no fear, my friend, there will always be a piece of bread and a cozy corner where I can enjoy myself."

"May Allah prosper your home, Hassan," said the Dervish and parted.

Early next morning the voice of the town criers shook the city of Baghdad, announcing that Haroun El-Reschid the King had forbidden the peddling of water in the streets, that water belonged to God, and that from that day on no one had a right

to sell it for money. They seized poor Hassan's clay jug and shattered it to a thousand pieces and sent him empty-handed from the water fountain.

The next night the King in his disguise of the Dervish again made the rounds of the city and approached Hassan's home. Once again hearing the sound of merriment inside, he entered the home.

"Oh ho, it's you, Dervish Baba. Pray take a seat and let us enjoy ourselves. Let us stretch the day and shorten the night. Let us be gay, Dervish Baba, it is better to be gay than to be sad."

"Of course it is better to be gay since we all shall die some day. He who can let him be gay," saying it, the Dervish took his seat beside Hassan.

Late in the night the minstrels took their pay and departed, leaving the Dervish and Hassan alone.

"Brother Hassan, they said today the King had forbidden the sale of water, I wonder if that's true?"

"How no? They shattered all our water jugs. Man alive, you must be a prophet, whatever you say comes true."

"Then where did you get the money for tonight's party?"

"May money be the least of your worries; it's very easy to find money, Dervish Baba. I entered the service of an employer, he pays me by the day, a part of my pay goes to living expenses, the other part to the musicians to amuse me. The thing which matters is a man's heart, Dervish Baba."

"You are a man after my heart, Hassan. With a heart like that you are worthy of being the King's courtier," exclaimed the Dervish.

"My God, Dervish! What you say always comes true, I trust this one, to, will come true."

"Why not? There's nothing impossible in this world." Saying it, the Dervish took his leave.

Early next morning the King's officers surrounded Hassan's home.

"Is this the home of Hassan, the man who loves a gay time?"

"Yes, I am Hassan," Hassan replied surprised.

"In the name of the King follow us."

And they took Hassan straight to the King's palace where he was told that the King had given him a position in the palace. They dressed him like a courtier, buckled a sword from his waist, and made him stand guard at one of the gates of the palace. All day Hassan stood at his post doing nothing and in the evening they sent him home empty-handed, ordering him to report in the morning.

That night Haroun El-Reschid in his disguise once again made the rounds of the city. Approaching Hassan's home he listened in and, much to his surprise, he again heard the sound of music and song.

"Dervish, Dervish, may your candle burn long! Come in and take a seat. Your prediction of last night again came true. The King gave me a post in his palace."

"You don't say."

"God is my witness!"

"And he apparently gave you money."

"No, what money? He didn't even give me a piaster. They sent me home empty-handed."

"Then where did you get the money for tonight's party?"

"Sit down and I will tell you. They gave me a sword to wear. When I came home I thought the matter over. I was not going to kill a man, after all. So, I sold the steel of the sword, and replaced it with a wooden blade. I put it on and came home. I used the money to stage the party. Didn't I do the right thing, Dervish? It is better to have a good time than have a sword to kill."

"Ha. Ha, Ha," the Dervish chuckled. "You have done well to do good, Hassan."

But if the King should order you tomorrow to cut off the head of a criminal, then what are you going to do?"

"A plague on your lip, Oh sinister Dervish," Hassan was angry. "Unfortunately, every thing you say comes true. Can't you utter something good?"

Hassan was deeply offended. He could not sleep all night from his fear.

And as a matter of fact, the next day the King summoned Hassan and ordered him to behead a criminal.

"Unsheath your sword and cut off this criminal's head."

"May God give you a long life, great King," replied Hassan horrified. "I have never beheaded a man in all my life, I can't do it now. You have many experienced men in your palace, order someone else to behead the man."

"I am commanding you," barked the King. "If you hesitate one moment your head will fly off. Unsheath your sword."

Upon this word poor Hassan approached the doomed man and raising his hands to heaven he cried:

"O God, Thou knowest the sinner and the just. If this man is guilty, give me the strength to cut off his head in one blow; if he is just, let my sword turn into wood."

With the words he drew his sword, and lo and behold, it was a wooden sword! The courtiers were astounded at the miracle.

King Haroun El-Reschid burst into a hearty chuckle and told his courtiers the whole story. Joining in the laughter, the courtiers praised the fun-loving Hassan and the King. Even the doomed man who was kneeling, his head bent low waiting for the blow, started to laugh. The King pardoned the prisoner, then turning to Hassan, he proclaimed him his favorite man in all the kingdom, and gave him a position in his palace so that he could keep on living gay and happy and to teach the fine art of happy living to all the world.

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### III. The Right to Know and the, Right to Talk Under International Law <sup>1</sup>

GEORGE P. RICE, JR., PH. D.

*"Real consent on the part of the representatives of a state concluding a treaty is a condition of its validity."*

— OPPENHEIM, 1499.

*What Scholars and Publicists Think.* A great deal of weight must be given to the views of scholars and publicists in judging the problem of the extent to which revision of the Human Rights section of the United Nations Charter is both practical and desirable. A general and successful application of international law to the affairs of nations and their people must be predicated upon the supposition that all are willing to cooperate, to accept jurisdiction and judgment in proper cases and controversies, and that a high degree of good faith will be observed by all parties concerned. The existence of these conditions will improve both international and domestic justice, and will mean further the easy progress of travellers into foreign lands for educational and other purposes. It should mean that modern media of communication en masse

will be used for the information and entertainment of all men. It will promote opportunity to discuss men and events with ready access to sources of data of all kinds. It will also mean, I take it, that the use of music, the ballet, and international gymkhana will be for aesthetic and sports value to individuals and goodwill value to nations, rather than for the dissemination of propaganda or the exhibitibon of national pride of place.

While the aims of the proponents of human rights under the Charter are far from Utopian, their realization in the immediate future cannot be promised. <sup>2</sup> A chief obstacle, as usual, is the attitude of the Soviet Union. The recent economic and political difficulties occurring within the Soviet Union and its consequent lessening of hot and cold war pressures upon the nations outside the Iron Curtain cannot be

<sup>1</sup> This is the third in a series of five articles by Dr. Rice, contributing editor of *The Review*, dealing with human rights under international law. The whole, in turn, is subordinate to the general theme of civil and political liberty he has developed during the past three years.

<sup>2</sup> W. W. Kulski, "The Soviet Attitude Towards International Law and Relations," *The American Journal of International Law*, January, 1954, pp. 148-151.



regarded with optimism either by the judicious or those blessed with good memories.

The Soviet spokesman, Vishinsky, has said: "The interpretation of statutes is impossible, if one does not approach it from the view of political motivation."<sup>3</sup> It is impossible, he goes on to say, because statutes are a form of politics, and statutes like any law are instruments of politics. The reasonable interpretation of these words is that the Soviets hold political expediency the source of interpretation of international law, rather than international standards of morality.

The "anti-human rights" point of view is further found in the attitude of Mr. S. Borisov, the Soviet expert on the International Court of Justice. In discussing the recent British-Iranian oil dispute and the American-French case on the rights of American nationals in Morocco, he observed: "The Court was forced in these two cases to clash with the interests of colonial and semi-colonial countries. In both cases the Court declined to decide democratically the substance of the problems submitted to it. In the British-Iranian case the Court did not want to examine the question whether the nationalization was a State domestic matter. In the French-American dispute the Court even sanctioned the continuation of capitulations."<sup>4</sup>

Finally, he wrote.

"The decision of the Court taken as a whole legalized the consular jurisdiction of the Americans who were placed in the position of "masters" above the native population of Morocco; it is one of the most reactionary decisions in the jurisprudence of the International Court."<sup>5</sup>

These are but two of many instances which could be cited to show the hostile attitude of the Soviets directed against

the use of international law and the misuse of a seat on the Bench of its court. They underline some of the obstacles in the way of world-wide acceptance of international law as a means of defining and protecting human rights everywhere on the globe.

The free enterprise members of the United Nations approach the problem of international law in relation to human rights from an entirely different point of view.<sup>6</sup> Their fundamental assumptions include the following:

1. The formation of a world community of states must be governed in its organizational aims by the requirements of common welfare.

2. The law of such a community is international law.

3. The conduct of each state in its relations with other states is subject to the rules of international law and the sovereignty of each state is subject to international law.

4. Failure of any state to carry out obligations governed by international law is the concern of all other states.

The more enlightened among the members of the community of nations have found their international law among the classical sources — international conventions, international customs, general principles of law commonly recognized among civilized peoples, and in the judicial decision and teachings of the best minds of the several nations. Thus, Sir H. Pollock: "The Law of Nations, or International Law, is a body of rules recognized as binding on civilized independent states in their dealings with one another and with one another's subjects."<sup>7</sup>

Through the instrumentality of treaties, the High Contracting Parties may add, subtract, amend, define, and otherwise in-

<sup>3</sup> *ibid.*, p. 149.

<sup>4</sup> *ibid.*, p. 150

<sup>5</sup> *ibid.*, p. 151.

<sup>6</sup> L. B. Orfield, lecture, Indiana University School of Law, June 22, 1954.

<sup>7</sup> H. Pollock, "The Sources of International Law," 2 *Columbia Law Review* pp. 511-12, 1901

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fluence existing international law. The great versatility of the instrument demands the finest precision in its use. It is amply evident, further, that law made by international treaty can exert very little binding force unless the moral bent of the signers is high.

From the sixteenth century, at least, the idea of international custom tested by fitness of procedure to problem had been known and applied among nations. Custom is but usage which has achieved a general respect and acceptance. To achieve the status of international law such customs must have a continued, uninterrupted, and repeated use by the approximately eighty states which comprise the family of nations. Usage as expressed in international law is accompanied by *opinio juris* — and it is legally binding. But as pointed out in previous essays in this series, the principle of *stare decisis* (the respect for precedent) is not stressed in international law, though it is not ignored. In general, it may be said that the judicial decisions of international tribunals are not legally binding upon later cases before it. International law tries to apply the maxim that "The Court shall judge in accordance with law, justice, and equity," yet these principles receive different interpretations in various countries operating under different systems and philosophies of laws. Cases involving human rights do have the benefit of some of the ancient doctrines of law, laches and estoppel, for instance.<sup>8</sup> Equity is thus an important concept.<sup>9</sup>

The present great weakness of international law as related to human rights is the power of either party to the dispute to refuse to submit it to adjudication. There is no compulsory process for jurisdiction as

there is in domestic law.<sup>10</sup> The United States has set a good example to other nations in accepting jurisdiction by its decision in 1946, agreeing to compulsory arbitration in certain types of disputes; the interpretation of provisions of a particular treaty; the decisions on general international law; the existence of facts in any situation where their existence would constitute a breach of an international obligation; and actions in which damages are an issue, wherein the nature and extent of reparations to be paid is a factor. This proviso was entered into originally for a period of five years and has continued beyond the time set, subject only to a covenant that it might be terminated by the United States upon a six months' notice.

## II

**Nationality.** Next in importance to establishing practical principles for the general control of international communication comes the means of asserting authority in controversies. This concept introduces the topic of nationality and its correlative, jurisdiction. We may at this point look into the present status of international law and its accepted ideas concerning them. In any branch of law they are of primary and enduring importance.

Nationality is, of course, the legal tie between a citizen and his state. It carries the power of jurisdiction as a matter of course. Save for a few "stateless" persons, all men everywhere owe allegiance to some sovereign power which in turn provides him with its protection.

It has been asserted that "No other state has a right to object to the way in which a state treats its own nationals." To give practical effect to statutes under the Charter it is first of all necessary to provide the complaining individual national with access to some international tribunal competent

<sup>8</sup> J. Kunz, "The Nature of Customary Law," 47 *American Journal of International Law*, p. 622, 1953.

<sup>9</sup> L. B. Orfield, "Equity as a Concept of International Law," 18 *Kentucky Law Journal*, pp. 116-140, 1929.

<sup>10</sup> W. Bishop, *International Law*, New York, 1953, p. 57.

to handle his case. If a given national state refuses to permit one of its citizens to summon it as a defendant before an international court, that probably ends the matter then and here. Hackworth appears to give preference to the citizen's allegiance to the national state to which he belongs, feels that allegiance is a municipal rather than an international matter, and judges that it will be impossible in the foreseeable future to change this state of things.<sup>11</sup>

Yet already in 1924 a clue to possible future development was voiced by M. O. Hudson: "The question of whether a certain matter is or is not solely within the jurisdiction of a state is an essentially relative question; it depends upon the development of international relations."<sup>12</sup> Further, the nationality decrees issued in Tunis and Morocco, discussed by the Permanent Court of International Justice in 1923, indicate that by treaty a nation may grant extra-territoriality to its nationals.<sup>13</sup>

The day may be far in future when an aggrieved national will stand as of right before an international tribunal of justice and demand his due, but men have prophesied that the developing conscience of mankind, reflected in its international law, may be the motivation and treaty the mechanism which will some day provide this enormously important human right for all men everywhere.

Certain legal assumptions connected with dual citizenship may also be useful to future revisions of the Human Rights section of the Charter.<sup>14</sup> It has been held that upon the whole dual citizenship is not desirable, but the fact of its existence is un-

disputed, and it is conceivable that the time will come when dual citizenship may exist for each individual first in the national state wherein he resides as a citizen and second, in some superior form of international political organization.

It is granted that a constitutional amendment to permit this would be required in the United States, since "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside."<sup>15</sup> Conceding that much time and a great deal in the way of education of public opinion will be needed, it is within contemplation, at least, that the devices of statute and treaty might be employed to confer dual citizenship upon every man so that so-called private wrongs might be tried before a proper international tribunal.

### III

*Jurisdiction.* Closely allied to the concept of nationality but deserving some consideration in its own right is the important legal doctrine of jurisdiction. It is a matter of fact that in the present state of municipal and international jurisprudence very few questions of jurisdiction over individuals go beyond the controls exerted by the individual national states. But within memory the concept of "crimes against mankind" excited an international indignation and adequate tribunals were set up to determine punishment for such offenders. It was made possible to punish international crimes, and that by a method in which *de facto* criminal law figured importantly. The trials at Nuremberg have certainly set a precedent of tremendous importance, bringing as they did the nationals of many states before an international tribunal of justice. It is apparently a matter of degree of outrage of conscience which controls the willingness of a given state to surrender

<sup>11</sup> G. H. Hackworth, *Digest of International Law*, Washington, 1940, I, 302.

<sup>12</sup> M. O. Hudson, "The Second Year of the Permanent Court of International Justice," 18 *American Journal of International Law*, 1924, pp. 3-4.

<sup>13</sup> P. C. I. J., Ser. B., No. 4, 1923.

<sup>14</sup> L. B. Orfield, "The Legal Effects of Dual Nationality," 17 *George Washington Law Review* 427 passim, 1948-9.

<sup>15</sup> *United States Constitution*, XIV Sec. 1

jurisdiction or impels other states to the use of force for its assertion.

All national states are traditionally reluctant to surrender their powers of jurisdiction over nationals, through the United States has done it by treaty in situations where it has deemed it desirable to make members of the American armed forces on garrison duty abroad amenable to local municipal law. Many raised voices in protest over this treaty and its consequences, and there are perhaps substantial grounds, since the duties of citizens in relation to their native states are set by its laws. Moreover, "Its laws travel with them wherever they go, both in places within and without the jurisdiction of other powers. A state cannot enforce its laws within the territory of another state, but its subjects remain under an obligation not to disregard them, their social relations for all purposes as within its territory are determined by them, and it preserves the power of compelling observance by punishment if a person who has broken them returns within its jurisdiction."<sup>16</sup>

The core of the problem of jurisdiction has been set down succinctly by Brierly: "Law will never play a really effective part in international relations until it can annex to its own sphere some of the matters which at present lie within the 'domestic jurisdictions' of the several states; for so long as it has to be admitted that one

state may have its reasonable interests injuriously affected by the unreasonable action, and yet have no legal basis for complaint, it is likely that the injured state, if it is strong enough, will seek by other means the redress that the law cannot afford it."<sup>17</sup>

Competent criticism, then, judges the difficulty sometimes insuperable in bringing international justice to the resolution of disputes between national states. How much more so must be the degree of that difficulty in creating regular and accepted international jurisdiction in favor of individual citizens who have been wronged by foreign national states or by their own countries!

This paper has sought to show some of the difficulties which face the international jurists and their committees in creating the machinery necessary to provide redress for injustices to nations and to individuals. It has, I hope, emphasized the obstacles without destroying hope for their removal in the course of time. It may serve to explain somewhat the slow course of the development of international law in bringing an enlightened concept of justice to bear upon grievances wherever they might be found.

The next essay in this series will be concerned with substantive and procedural problems involved in establishing practical freedom of communication among all nations.

<sup>16</sup> W. E. Hall, *International Law*, 1924, pp. 5617.

<sup>17</sup> J. L. Brierly, *Law of Nations*, 1949, pp. 75-6.

# THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION

REUBEN DARBINIAN

## Can Dip'omacy Alone Solve The Present Problems?

While the first meeting of the Big Four in Geneva restricted its labors to general p'atitudes of peaceful co-existence, the second meeting — the Conference of the Foreign Ministers — was called upon to translate that spirit into actual deeds. The unification of Germany, European security, disarmament and the improvement of East-West relations were to constitute the agenda of the second meeting.

Unfortunately, even before this second meeting, already there were plenty of sinister signs which led even the greatest optimists to view its ultimate success with great apprehension.

The uncompromising statements of Bulganin and Khrushchev made in Berlin immediately following the summit meeting at Geneva, for example, to the effect that Moscow will never abandon the Communist government of East Germany, and that the unification of the two sections of Germany could be brought about only on Soviet terms, put a damper on the Geneva spirit. Another distressing sign was the cold reception accorded to Chancellor Adenauer in Moscow and his empty-handed return, whereas, immediately upon his departure, the leaders of East Germany were given a warm welcome and were assured that the unification of Germany would be consummated only on Communist terms.

On the other hand, there is not a single sign that Moscow has abandoned its policy of world conquest. On the contrary, Communist Party Secretary Khrushchev who is regarded as the most influential among the dictators of Moscow, openly ridiculed the simple-minded who naively believe that the Communists have resigned from their basic aim of world domination. Khrushchev expressed full confidence in the ultimate victory of Communism.

This means, if the present Soviet rulers do not want a world war, even if they want to arrive at some agreement with the West in regard to disarmament, it does not necessarily follow that they sincerely desire peaceful co-operation with the free world. It only means that they strive to pursue their subversive policies in a less tense international atmosphere.

If they feel constrained to make inconsequential concessions to the West, as they did by pulling out of Austria, or recently agreed to withdraw from the Finnish port of Porkkala, they did so in order to influence the public opinion of the free world, and in order to wrench far greater concessions from the Western powers, the United States in particular.

Following the first Geneva Conference the United States Government on several occasions emphasized that henceforth the abstention from resort to force of arms must constitute the basis of all international relations. This principle was not new, of



course. As early as 1923, it constituted the basis of the Kellogg-Briand treaty which was signed so solemnly. It has been embodied in the United Nations Charter. But both that treaty and the Charter could not prevent a series of wars which took place after 1923. The Charter did not stop the Soviet from encouraging Communist China to enter North Korea and to invade South Korea.

According to advised American reporters, this principle was adopted in the summit meeting in Geneva as basic policy of the future to avoid nuclear wars, and the United States Government will scrupulously follow that policy. The United States will pursue its aims through peaceful means. This was confirmed by the statements of Secretary of State Dulles.

If this principle and policy had been adopted by the Soviet as sincerely and had been implemented with equal honesty, the road to permanent peace would have been assured. Unfortunately, however, as long as the Soviet has not abandoned its policy of world conquest, both the principle and the policy will remain empty words. This is true because Communism is based on force and without force there can be no conquest.

The Soviet respects nothing but military power. And if at times it yields to a just demand, it does so only when that demand is backed by a respectable power and the fear of enforcing that power.

Consequently, when the Soviet now feels itself secure against the only thing it fears, namely the resort to thermo-nuclear war, and is sure that there is neither fear or threat of that lethal instrument in case of any western demand, what is there to compel her to make any tangible concessions to the free world? Nothing but the possibility of wrenching from the West a greater or at least an equal concession. And since the Soviet has conquered a number

of countries by armed force and continues to threaten the safety of the remaining free countries through her network of Communist agents and fifth columns, what is it that will compel her to abandon these conquests and to abandon her world conspiracy? Assuredly it is *not the diplomacy* of the West which will stop her.

This is why it should not sound strange when we say that the spirit created by the first Geneva Conference and the "anti-war" principle adopted by that conference not only will not facilitate, but will retard the satisfactory solution of such burning international issues as the unification of Germany, the withdrawal of Soviet forces from the conquered countries, and generally the question of securing the peace of Europe and Asia. This was clearly shown by the second Geneva Conference.

#### What Does the Soviet Really Fear?

There is a prevailing opinion in the West at present that the Soviet is afraid of German rearmament and that's the reason why it strives to bring the whole of Germany under its control. This line of thinking is perhaps natural as well as logical in view of the fact that, during the past half century, Russia or the Soviet Union was twice attacked by Germany and was subjected to fearful material and human losses.

While this is true, no one understands better than the Soviet that the world situation today has been radically altered in its favor. In fact, the Soviet does not fear the German rearmament, nor her alliance with the West, nor even the whole of the West. The Soviet knows that today it is incomparably more powerful than before, and that neither Western Germany nor her western allies can or will attack the Soviet Union and precipitate a new world war.

The West cannot and will not attack the Soviet Union not only because the latter is incomparably stronger than before, but because the very democratic nature of the

Western countries prevents them from being the aggressor. Furthermore, in this atomic age no one has anything to gain, but can lose everything by plunging the world into a general war.

All the same, the Soviet vigorously opposes the rearmament of Western Germany and her alliance with the West, as well as the unification of Germany through a free referendum.

Why? Naturally, not because a united and rearmament Germany, as the West's ally, will attack the Soviet Union or its satellites, but because, with a united and rearmament Germany solid with the West, the Soviet will not be able to realize its "revolutionary" imperialistic aims. In other words, with a united and rearmament Germany on its side, the West will become so strong militarily and economically that the Soviet not only will be unable to make fresh conquests in Europe but will not even be able to control its European satellites. This is the reason why when the Big Three in the second Geneva Conference offered treaty agreements guaranteeing the security of the Soviet Union against any German attack, the Soviet repulsed these offers.

If the Soviet was really afraid of a free, united and rearmament Germany attack, it would have accepted without hesitation Secretary Byrne's treaty offer as early as 1946 with the West's 40-50 year guarantee of the Soviet's security against any German aggression.

The Soviet rejected this offer too not because it entertained any fear of Germany, but because, by keeping the West divided, it would be easier to subjugate the rest of Europe.

The thing which the Soviet wants from the West is not security against German attack; rather, it opposes the unification and rearmament of Germany in order to wreck the West's collective self-defense, and thus to leave the way open for its own infiltration and subversive activities.

Another idea which recently has gained wide acceptance in the Western press and governmental circles is the illusion that the Soviet is a sincere advocate of disarmament, of stopping the use of the atom and hydrogen weapons, and lastly, of submitting to real international supervision.

Unfortunately, western leaders do not yet fully realize that the Soviet, to hold its peoples under subjection, not only needs force but the aid of darkness as well. The so-called Iron Curtain is created for this very purpose, to keep the peoples of the Soviet Union, as well as the peoples of the free world in the dark. Any real international supervision would be tantamount to opening a big breach in this heavy fog, penetrating and revealing as a searchlight. Those stupendous frauds with the aid of which the Soviet has managed to perpetuate its rule would easily be exposed to the public gaze, and the stark reality would prevent the masses from being misled by the Soviet subterfuge.

Since a genuine international supervision of Soviet armaments would endanger the very existence of Soviet rule, it is impossible to believe that the Soviet rulers will voluntarily agree to such a provision. And if it should happen that, to wrest some additional concessions from the West, the Soviet made some paper promises, agreeing to something which comes close to real supervision, assuredly the Soviet will obviate or neutralize even that scanty promise, will frustrate it with its typical methods, and will reduce it to a farce as it did in the case of Korea and northern Indo-China.

### **Tacit Assent Against the Use of Fission Weapons Encourages Moscow's World Conspiracy**

If the first Geneva Conference made one thing unequivocally clear it was the fact that the Soviet really desires to avoid a new world war. But this fact should have been clear much earlier by observing the Soviet's

behavior in the aftermath of World War II — a behavior which, although provocative, but nevertheless always avoided precipitating a world war. The chief reason for this was the fact that a new war would inevitably involve the use of nuclear weapons, a contingency which again inevitably would result in the overthrow of the Soviet regime and its rulers.

Apparently the summit meeting at Geneva was necessary in order finally to convince the western leaders that the Soviet rulers have arrived at the same conclusion and sincerely wish to avoid a new general war. But this fact never means that the Soviet has really become peace-loving, nor has repudiated its former policy of promoting small scale wars in the free world. Out of considerations of self-preservation, although opposed to a world war, even by the admission of Khrushchev, the Soviet has not yet resigned, nor has any intention of resigning from its long range objective of world revolution, a circumstance which is far from peace-mindedness.

It is highly significant that the Soviet rulers did not hesitate falsely to declare in the first Geneva Conference that their European satellites are at once independent countries, that their present soviet regimes were established by the free will of their peoples, and that the Soviet rulers never interfere in their internal affairs.

Equally significant is the Soviet attitude in regard to Communist organizations in the free world, by insisting that the latter are wholly independent organizations, and that the Soviet in no wise is responsible for their revolutionary activities. And this lie is hurled in the teeth of western governments who possess devastating proof of the contrary. Suffice it to cite the case of former Soviet "diplomat" Petrov and his wife in Australia who openly confessed that the subversive activities of Communist agents in that country were directed and financed by Moscow.

The peaceful co-existence to which the Soviet rulers now aspire and talk so much about has no other aim but to lull the peoples and governments of the free world into sleep, to wreck their united front, to undermine their collective defense organization from within and without, and in such a favorable setting, to continue their subversive activities.

The smiles and engaging manners now practiced by the Soviet rulers, therefore, and those trivial concessions costing them nothing which they freely dispense hither and yon by way of correcting their past errors, all these serve no other purpose but to gain that which they were unable to gain through Stalin's cruder methods.

Had the West during the past few years not grown stronger economically and militarily, had there been no grave economic crisis, internal tension and unrest in the Soviet Union, of course, the Soviet rulers would have felt no need of resorting to smiles and more agreeable manners, nor the assistance gained from inconsequential concessions.

One needs no great sagacity to see that the so-called and extensively glorified "Spirit of Geneva" or the propaganda of "peaceful co-existence" are nothing but a new phase of the cold war in which the Soviet will seek to pursue its conspiratory and imperialistic objectives through more mild, more cautious, more subtle methods.

All the same, this situation neither removes nor diminishes the gravity of the hitherto existing international tension, on the contrary it renders it all the more dangerous. If a new atomic war has ceased to be a clear and immediate danger, on the other hand the internal Communist menace to the peoples of the free world has commensurately been increased. A setting of peaceful-coexistence restricts the West's freedom of action, confining his labors to the peaceful solution of all problems. On

the other hand, removal of the fear of atomic war gives the Soviet a free hand to continue its policy of world domination through its pet methods of "peaceful" penetration, espionage, subversion, conspiracy and internal revolution.

### Peaceful Co-existence, With Whom?

Whenever the West speaks of peaceful co-existence, the reference belongs not to the peoples under the Soviet regime but to their Communist, dictatorial governments. It is the governments which are understood to co-exist in peace.

As far as the West is concerned, where democratic orders prevail, where governments are elected by the free vote of the people, it may truly be said that there is no distinction between the people and the government because the latter represent the people. However, the situation is entirely different in the Soviet orbit. Here the governments never represent their peoples. Having taken over the power through force and conspiracy, being perpetually constrained to keep that power through terror and deceit, the Communist governments factually are at perpetual silent war with their peoples. Were this not the fact they would not have liquidated the opposition parties. Were this not the case, they would allow free elections to determine the governments. Were this not the case, the Soviet prisons, the concentration camps and the exile centers would not be crowded with millions of prisoners. And lastly, there would be no need of the Soviet terror, the MVD and the Iron Curtain. Thus, the governments and the peoples of Communist countries are two antagonistic and enemy forces.

This is why, when there is talk of peaceful co-existence with Communist governments, the peoples of these countries never regard such a *modus vivendi* as either satisfactory or desirable. To them, any step by the West which tends to legitimize the

Communist governments and to raise their prestige, is harmful. It is harmful because they are constantly striving to weaken the Soviet power and to lower its prestige, in order to rid themselves of its hated yoke all the more easily.

In the days of the Tsars when the peoples of Russia were opposed to their government, revolutionary parties which reflected the true sentiments of the people both at home and abroad registered vehement protest every time a western power extended a loan to the Tsarist government, and thus, indirectly contributed to its perpetuation. Without question an equal degree, if not deeper, resentment is engendered in the peoples of Communist countries every time the West takes steps which strengthen the Soviet position.

Unfortunately, however, in a regime which is infinitely more harsh and ruthless than the Tsarist government ever was, the peoples inside the Soviet Union are impotent to raise their voices so the outside world can hear them as was the case in Tsarist days. The only agencies which can make this voice heard are the organizations which belong to the expatriates from the Soviet Union.

It is really tragic that this voice is not heard. The terror of atomic war is so great that many in the West are ready not only to court the Soviet dictators but even to make important concessions to them if only they can prevent a new world war. That such a course fortifies the Soviet rule and retards the enslaved peoples' cause of liberation, means little.

True, there have been faint voices in the wilderness in behalf of those poor, enslaved peoples. In his Philadelphia speech last August President Eisenhower distinctly stated that there can be no lasting peace as long as there are many peoples on the face of the globe who are held in bondage and the conscience of mankind shall never rest until they are free to work out their

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own destinies. Similar sentiments were expressed both by the President and Secretary Dulles during the 1952 national elections. The first Geneva Conference created a beautiful spirit. And yet, nothing tangible has been accomplished toward the pressing problems of the world. As a matter of fact, the Soviet's conduct since then has aggravated the situation rather than facilitated the solution of those problems.

The question of unification, complete independence and rearmament of Germany, one of the most pressing problems on the agenda, for instance, not only remains unsolved but was confronted with fresh obstacles as a result of the Soviet's behavior after the first Geneva conference. The same is true of the question of European security. Judging from developments to date, the questions of disarmament and international supervision of the manufacture of arms are far from reaching a satisfactory solution, despite all the previous optimistic statements to this effect.

The Soviet's present policy of pacifism is nothing new. Approximately twenty years ago the Soviet made an astonishing reversal by turning pacifist when it joined the League of Nations where, it ever proposed a plan of universal disarmament.

And yet, it was at this very period that the Soviet introduced its famous Trojan horse into non-Communist countries. It intensified its subversive activities through its paid agents and fifth columns. Despite its solemn promises to the United States never to interfere in the latter's internal affairs, it flooded the United States and the free West with its spies, saboteurs, conspirators and secret agents. It was during this very period that the Soviet instructed the Communist organizations of abroad to make common cause with the socialists and the leftists in an effort to undermine and seize the democratic governments, or at least to influence their policies.

At that time the Soviet had a good reason for this policy. Externally, its position was threatened. The Axis powers openly defied the Soviet. Meanwhile Stalin was busily engaged in liquidating the opposition at home, including the high command of the army. At that time the Soviet was weak economically and militarily and desperately needed the West's assistance. This it achieved by winning over the anti-fascists of the free world and by co-operating with the non-communist leftist elements.

It will be argued that the position of the Soviet has immeasurably improved since the 30's, that the Soviet today is much stronger both internally and externally, and that the international situation is far more favorable to Moscow. How then explain the Soviet's pacifism in such a favorable setting? The only explanation is, today the Soviet is led not by motives of self-defense, as was the case in the 30's, but by motives of aggression. The Soviet intends to realize its objective of world revolution through deception, conspiracy and subversion.

### How the Communists Block Governmental Efforts to Expose Internal Subversion

It is to be greatly regretted that, after silencing Senator McCarthy, not only the Communists and Soviet sympathizers but also anti-Communist elements of the United States started to seek "McCarthyism" in every governmental effort which was designed to expose the nefarious activities of the Communists in our midst, despite the fact that this effort is being carried on now in a manner far more mildly and cautiously than was ascribed to Senator McCarthy.

It is plain as daylight that, under the pretext of fighting "McCarthyism," the Soviet agents and their fellow-travelers are



trying to discredit the government's effort to smoke out the Communist conspirators in order to have a free hand in their subversive activities as before. These people cannot see that, in their solicitude to preserve the constitutional rights of the individual, they overlook the internal menace to our democratic order and by so doing play into the hands of the Soviet agents. By so doing, they prevent the government from exposing the traitors.

This absurd mentality inspired by the Soviet agents, unfortunately, is being adopted even by the anti-Communist leftists of this country. They go so far as to obstruct work of Congressional committees in the investigation of loyalty cases. They look upon the government's probe of security risks as an infringement on individual's constitutional rights.

From the reasoning of these leftists one gains the impression that any American citizen has a right to retain his office in the Government's service, and the government has a duty to keep him there, unless and until it can indubitably be proved that the incumbent is a traitor. Such reasoners fail to remember that the government has no such obligation toward its hired servants, and secondly, being a functionary of the government is not a right but a privilege, and lastly, the government is not obliged to retrain a man in its service who does not inspire confidence that he shall discharge his duties conscientiously and loyally.

In a matter of this sort, for the free world, and the United States in particular, it is an imperative and even vital necessity to be extremely exacting in regard to the absolute loyalty and dependability of its hired servants, because there has never been another period in history like the present when a powerful state like the Soviet expends fabulous sums of money and effort to infiltrate the public and governmental institutions of free countries in order to

disrupt them from within.

We should not forget that the Communists have converted subversion into a veritable science. They have perfected a technique which is insurpassable in efficiency. They have special schools where they turn out thousands of trained wreckers, Communist agents from all countries of the world who are willing to conspire even against their own people, backed by the limitless resources of the Soviet government. These agents worm their way into innocent and unsuspecting organizations, public institutions, and even the government.

The governments of democratic countries cannot compete with these men with customary methods, hitherto employed against the conspiracies of non-Communist enemies. Sooner or later, democratic countries like the United States will be forced to pass special legislation to restrain the traitors who are out to destroy their liberties.

If the free democratic countries fail to create new and effective legislation to restrain these conspirators, it may confidently be stated that the beast of fascism will once again rear its head to smash Communism with Communist methods as happened in Italy in the 20's and in Germany in the 30's.

The only sure remedy to forestall the resurgence of fascism is for the free countries to implement such constitutional and legislative changes which, while fully preserving the freedoms of the loyal citizens, will render harmless the Communist subversives through swift and effective measures. Such a decisive step only will prevent the second rise of McCarthyism. He who really wants to fight McCarthyism must discover more effective means than was used by McCarthy in order to successfully compete with the Communist monster.

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### How to Fight Against The Soviet Conspiracy

Strangely enough, in its life and death struggle against Soviet imperialism, the West to date has shunned the only road which promises the greatest success. That road lies in supporting the cause of the enslaved peoples under the Soviet tyranny.

The Soviet, for instance, while parroting the peace, has never surrendered its long range objective of communizing the whole world to which end it has planted its fifth columns in all free countries. The West should take a page from the Soviet book. While sincere in its desire for peace, the West should make the emancipation of Soviet-enslaved peoples one of its main objectives, should use all means to make these peoples its allies, and for this purpose it should appropriate not crumbs as it hitherto has done, but imposing sums of money as the Soviet does.

Naturally, as long as the Soviet is armed to the teeth, the West also must be militarily prepared. But this alone will not be enough. Already the two camps are almost balanced today militarily. But even if this balance is stabilized, the peace of the world again will not be assured, because it is not through military power alone that the Soviet threatens the peace. Another of its main weapons is the "world revolution," specifically, organized conspiracy against the free world.

It is in this area that the balance of power not only is lacking, but the Soviet has absolute domination of the field. And herein lies the West's weakness. In the "revolutionary" area the West is a mere infant while the Soviet, through long years of experience, has become a master.

If the West fails to create an equilibrium in this field as it has acquired in the military field, the Soviet will be in a position to make great conquests in the free world.

It is readily understood that for the West, where free democratic orders prevail, it is

exceedingly difficult to compete with the Soviet rulers who are past masters in the fine art of "revolution." It should not be forgotten, however, that the "revolution" which the Soviet rulers pursue is false and deceitful, for, it offers slavery for freedom, tyranny for democracy, state exploitation for individual exploitation, semistarvation for promised prosperity and abundance. The whole propaganda cloth is woven of shameless lies.

The free West, on the other hand, is in a position to insure for these peoples real freedom, real democracy, and real prosperity. The West's propaganda, therefore, has no need of resorting to lies. For this reason, it is easier for the West to raise the enslaved peoples against their tyrants than it is for the Soviet to raise free peoples against their free governments. Consequently, if the West sets its mind on the liberation of the captive peoples and appropriates commensurate sums for the purpose, it certainly will win the final victory in the cold war.

It may be contended that the West, consisting of democratic countries, may not pursue revolutionary aims. Officially, of course not. But the Soviet, too, officially denies that it itself conspires against other countries. It persistently insists that it is not responsible for the actions of the Cominform (Communist International), while it is universally known that it is the Soviet which has organized the Cominform, and it is the Soviet which secretly directs its operations. Only recently the Soviet rulers openly declared that the Communist parties of abroad are independent, voluntary organizations and that the Soviet has nothing to do with them. And while the West has imposing proof of the falsity of these shameless assurances, its official actions lead one to believe that these pretensions are accepted at face value.

There was a time when few in the West grasped the Soviet deceit. Today, for-

tunately, few is not the number of those who comprehend the Soviet conspiracy. If formerly it was pardonable to a certain extent to entertain such illusions, today there is absolutely no excuse for it. Today only the blind cannot see that the Soviet has not changed one iota since the first Geneva Conference, and that behind the Soviet smiles is hidden the same, old conspirator.

In other words, the Soviet today is the same wolf of Stalin's days, dressed in lamb's skin since the first Geneva Conference, and therefore, even more dangerous and deadly. It would be a fateful error to treat the wolf as if it were a lamb.

And yet, it is quite possible that the West may be fooled by Soviet tactics. But fortunately the governments themselves which have ample information and factual proof at their disposal cannot, of course, entertain any delusions in regard to Soviet aims. That they show themselves more optimistic than they really are, therefore, must be ascribed to diplomatic considerations, more so, in view of the Conference of foreign ministers at Geneva.

Once the latter session shattered the illusions created by the summit meeting at Geneva and the western states are once more convinced that it is impossible to deal with the Soviet through diplomacy, they will be forced to further strengthen their

military defenses and will make greater material and moral outlays to neutralize the world revolution which the Soviet pursues. And since the best defense is an effective offense, it is to be expected that, after the failure of this second conference, the West will have the necessary wisdom and courage to make the liberation of Soviet-enslaved peoples its revolutionary policy.

We may be sure that the West's victory, both in a cold or hot war, will be assured once the shaft is directed at the Soviet's Achilles' heel, namely, the emancipation of the captive peoples now groaning under the Soviet yoke.

Sooner or later, the West will be forced to the conclusion: that it is impossible to insure the world peace without destroying the Soviet's world conspiracy; that it is impossible to destroy this conspiracy without the active support of those nations which already have become Soviet victims; and that the Soviet's false "world revolution" cannot be stopped without a real world revolution whose aim shall be the liberation of all peoples of the world.

By standing at the head of such a revolution only will the free West be able to destroy the Soviet's dread menace of world domination and to insure the lasting peace.

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● A LITTLE KNOWN PAGE FROM HISTORY:

## LORD BYRON AND THE ARMENIANS

NOUBAR MAXOUDIAN

The story of Lord Byron's life in Greece, his profound love and admiration of the Hellenes, has been told many times. Less is known of his sojourn among the Armenians.

It was during the years 1816-17 that the poet, living then in Venice, became a daily visitor to the Armenian monastery on the small island of St. Lazare. For almost 100 years before his time, the Friars of St. Lazare had been engaged in the formidable task of translating the words of the ancient Greek and Roman writers, and transcribing from the Russian. They were also beginning to enrich Armenian literature with contemporary European writings. Lord Byron took lessons in the Armenian language from the monk Avgerian who had translated 'Paradise Lost', and with his help, the poet compiled an Armenian grammar. Later they collaborated on the first Anglo-Armenian dictionary, which appeared in 1921.

The language, little known at that time to the Western world, had caught the poet's interest. While working on the dictionary with Avgerian he sent John Murray a letter, in which he wrote:

"We want to know if there are any Armenian type and letter-presses in England, at Oxford or Cambridge, or elsewhere. You know, I suppose, that many years ago the two Wistons published in England an original text of the history of Armenia, with their own Latin translation. Do these types still

exist? And where? Pray enquire among your learned acquaintances."

And in his preface to the grammar we read:

"On my arrival at Venice in 1816, I found my mind in a state which required study, and study of a nature which should leave little scope for the imagination and furnish some difficulty in the pursuit.

"At this period I was much struck with the society of the Convent of St. Lazarus.

"These men are the priesthood of an oppressed and noble nation, which has partaken of the proscription and bondage of the Jews and of the Greeks.

"But whatever may have been their destiny — and it has been bitter — whatever it may be in the future, their country must be one of the most interesting on the globe and perhaps their language only requires to be more studied to become more attractive."

His studies evidently provided him with the *divertissement* he was seeking for he admitted that the language, with its alphabet of 39 letters, was difficult although not invincible. But he persevered until he was able to translate fragments of the Armenian text and subsequently to produce the dictionary.

At the same time his poetry was being translated and, like the words of Pushkin, Lermontov and Heine, it had a definite influence on 19th century Armenian litera-

ture. The Armenian poet Shakhaziz expressed his deep admiration for Byron: his poem "Grief of Levon" is colored with a noticeable Byronic style. Also his first volume bore the same title as Byron's collection, "The Hours of Idleness".

Some of Lord Byron's best works such as

"The Prisoner of Chillon", "Childe Harold" and "Inez" live as treasures in Armenian literature. And, just as highly treasured, is the poet's autograph, written in Armenian characters and preserved by the Armenian community of Venice where it can be seen today.

## MOVING

LOOTFI MINAS

### I

*All things, like the dead after battle,  
Heap, Heap once more  
On your decrepit wagon,  
Like a hearse before my door.*

*With these old chairs and pillows,  
Move me and my desire  
Like pillows on your wagon —  
Let out like me for hire.*

### II

*Leave the chairs in disorder  
Or set them in a row  
Into this house as tenants,  
Chairs and everything go.*

*We shall move like gypsies,  
Following the path of bread  
Until the last moving  
Into the house of death.*

### III

*When ever I move my belongings  
And pile my books on the shelf  
Like bricks, I think I am building  
A house for myself.*

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● A CROSS ROAD OF THE EAST:

## AN ARMENIAN COLONY IN 15th CENTURY RUSSIA

ARMEN KHACHATOURIAN

Traces of a one-time bustling Armenian activity have been found in the historic city of Metz Bulgar (Great Bulgar) along the Volga River, Russia. This is most important for Armeno'ogy.

The City of Metz Bulgar was a big eastern trade center in the X-XIV centuries. The native population (not to be confused with the Bulgars of the Balkan Peninsula) was a semi-barbarian people, but the city itself was a rallying center of merchants from China, the Caucasus, Russia and Europe.

The site of Metz Bulgar was highly suited for trading purposes. The interior current of the Volga connected the city with the Caspian Sea and the Caucasus; the Upper current carried as far as the City of Tver, and farther still, through a system of converging streams, to Novgorod and the Baltic. The Oka river, which merged into the Volga, made communication possible with Vladimir and the regions of Suzdal where, according to Russian scientists, traces of Caucasian architecture are discernible. The Moscow river reached as far the City of Moscow along the same route. The Kama river which merged with the Volga connected the south with the region of Ural. Lastly, it was not difficult to make the crossing from the Volga to the basin of Don river which carried to the Black Sea and Crimea where, likewise, Armenian colonies flourished.

Metz Bulgar was finally destroyed in the 30's of the 15th century by Tartar invasions.

There are at least four sets of proofs which attract our attention. The first of these is a large public bath called the Red Palace which was unearthed in the excavations of 1938-1940. This is a dome-shaped structure with four wings and four corner rooms. Aside from the main dome, the four corner rooms had dome shaped toppings.

This shape is typical of all church buildings generally, and Armenian churches in particular. The Armenian churches of Avan, St. Rhipsimé, The Apostles of Ani, as well as others, have approximately the same plan with of course certain modifications.

The connection between public baths and the churches is well known. The old Roman public baths had left a definite imprint on the first Christian churches. The eastern public baths of the latter part of the Seventh Century are an obvious copy of the churches. Under what circumstances and who executed this copying may be a proper theme for a special research study.

The main axis of the public bath is directed from west to east as in churches. This leads us to presume that the architects who built the public baths were familiar with church architecture, namely, they were Christians, or a church of a certain quarter was conditioned by the general direction of the district and the public bath. The

bath was built of brick, while the fronts of the arches were covered with polished marble.

Brick structure was a characteristic of Mohammedan architecture, but Armenian masons, while mastering the art of brick structure, were noted for their use of the polished marble.

The general form of the blue print, the west to east direction, and the insertion of polished stone in brick buildings, therefore, suggest the Armenian architect.

To be even more critical, however, let us suppose the exact opposite. Let us first suppose that the architects were natives (although it would be strange to discover such master builders among the nomadic aborigenes). If so, it would be natural to expect the same type of dome structure in other local monuments, whereas, none of the local brick tombs in other parts of the Bulgar Kingdom carry either the dome or the arch. They are covered with so-called false dome toppings, namely, horizontally laid bricks overlapping one another. It follows, dome structure was not typical of the natives.

Second, let us suppose that the architects came from flourishing Mohammedan centers of Middle Asia. However, if there already existed in Metz Bulgar a Mohammedan government sufficiently civilized as to invite Mohammedan masters from the east, in that case such a government and such proven masters would have left behind some memorable Mohammedan monuments, whereas, not a single important Mohammedan monument has been found in the ruins of Metz Bulgar.

On the contrary, if we suppose the master builders of the baths were Armenians, such an hypothesis is confirmed by the other handiworks of these masters — the recently unearthed church of polished stone which in a qualified sense has been called Greek Chapel or Greek Hall.

And finally, we have the confirmatory

proof of the botanical decorations on a bowl which was discovered in a bath, and which, according to the excavators, is characteristic of 14-15th century Caucasian art.

And now let us come back to the above-mentioned Armenian church which positively confirms our hypothesis in regard to the public baths. This Greek Chapel which the archeologists ascribe to the 14th century is a rectangular structure, 16.40 x 12.60 meters, laid with regular stones, and with two pairs of supporting colonnades. This is what the archeologists say in regard to this building.

"The excavated building undoubtedly is a Christian religious monument. The structural definite patterns, such as the excellent polish of the stone exterior, the filling of the inside of the walls, the simplicity of the interior, all these are reminiscent of certain monuments of Armenian architecture and the small basilica-shaped churches so typical of the Caucasus. Its blue print is remarkably similar to the two story church of Noravank in Armenia which was built in 1339 and which has the same measurements and proportions as the Greek Chapel. They have the same type of massive walls, the same absence of the apse, the straight east wall of the lower story, the colonnades decorating the north and south walls, and the use of the basement as the repository of the tomb. The building is also very similar to the ancient church of Theodosia and the Holy Cross Church of Crimea. The latter two monuments belong to the 14th century whose straight east walls are punctuated with cavities replacing the missing apse. These similarities lead us to believe that there was a close connection between the Greek Chapel and Armenian architects, further confirmed by the existence of Armenian tombs in the same regions."

The discovery of these tombstones is the third important proof of our contention.

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The Armenian tombstones of Metz Bulgar attracted the attention of Peter the Great when he visited the region in 1772. Peter ordered his scholars to translate the inscriptions on the stones. But the principal excavations did not take place until 1945-46, bringing to light an extensive Armenian cemetery of the 14th century.

To date 113 graves have been excavated. These have brought to light silver and gold rings, beads, silken embroideries, decorated with pictures of plants and animals which are reminiscent of Sassanid art and the human and animal images of ancient Ani of Armenia. The ear rings have certain resemblance to 10-12th century Bulgarian and Slavonic adornments.

The excavators have concluded that in the 14th century there existed in the City of Metz Bulgar a flourishing Armenian colony on the one hand, and on the other hand, they write:

"An international mart in the 10-14th centuries, this city was a center where cultural influences of East, South and West met. Undoubtedly, there is a Bulgar connection in the appearance of certain decorative forms of Transcaucasia in the architecture of Vladimir-Suzdal, as well as the spread of Russian and Eastern wares among the peoples of middle and northern Ural. For Eastern Europe the Bulgars of Volga played the same role which the western crusaders played in acquainting Europe with the culture of the East."

Thus, all the facts lead to the conclusion that the dominant element of the "Crusaders of the East" were Armenians.

One of the tombstones has an inscription dated 1335, proving that an Armenian community existed much earlier, probably as early as the 13th century. This makes the city's golden age coincide with the existence of a powerful Armenian community. In other words, the prosperity of the city

was the result of the activity of the Armenian colony.

By a remarkable coincidence, precisely at that time — the 13th century — the City of Ani of Armenia was finally deserted by its inhabitants. These Armenians who had been forced to leave the mother country became instrumental in reviving other places under alien skies. The similarity between the images of Ani and the works of the Great Bulgars is direct proof of this displacement.

Here is a fourth proof for the Armenologist. In Biliar, another important city of the Bulgar kingdom, there have been unearthed strange clay vases, cuneiform, very sharp based, and with a very narrow neck.

The first such vases were discovered in the 70's of the last century and they have been the object of scientific controversy ever since. Most of the scientists are of the opinion that these vases were not made in Biliar but were introduced from elsewhere. And indeed many of them bear inscriptions of symbols characteristic of Byzantine regions, signs whose meaning is not clear, or Arabic letters.

Nor is the meaning of the vases themselves clear. Various theories have been advanced all of which are controversial. The Soviet scientist Suchev has advanced the following explanation of late:

"The meaning of these vases apparently may be cleared up very easily when we bear in mind the important excavations of the City of Ani, the cultural center of Medieval Armenia. During the excavations of 1912, several vases were discovered in one of the buildings near the Mosque of Manucheh which have a remarkable resemblance to those of Biliar. The Academician Marr advanced the opinion at the time that these vases were used for containing mercury and constituted a part of the equipment of an ancient Armenian hospital. The truth of that theory, in my opinion, is beyond question.

"The use of mercury for medical purposes is well known from ancient times. It was extensively used in Medieval Armenia. And when we consider that the land of the Bulgars had a large Armenian population, that from the 10th century on, during the most prosperous period of the Bulgar kingdom, the City of Metz Bulgar, as a trade center, became the rallying point of merchants from the East, Middle Asia, Byzantium, Armenia and Russia, it will be readily understood how mercury, as a medical substance, (undoubtedly kept in special containers), was found in quantity in the capital of Volga Bulgars. Obviously it was supplied to Beliar as well. The vases were brought here from Middle Asia, and some, undoubtedly, from Armenia."

As to the sculptural relief on abovementioned vases, it has a general resemblance to the Persian and Middle Asian reliefs of the 13-15th centuries.

When these four important proofs are reduced to a common denominator, the picture is plain, illuminating under the searchlight of archaeology a certain facet of Armenian architecture which hitherto has remained obscure. Apparently the Armenians controlled the entire economic and cultural activity of the city. The excavations bring to light the vitality of the Armenian reconstructive tradition and their persistent desire to perpetuate in the dispersion the arts which they have inherited from their ancestors.

The Armenians, on the other hand, were influenced by the local arts. Golden and silver ornaments unearthed from Armenian graves bear a strong Slavic and Bulgar-Mongol imprint, and a silk textile discovered in an Armenian grave carried Arabic letters, although in design and style it showed a definite connection with the textiles of Ani.

The Armenian colony of Metz Bulgar, therefore, proves a development which was to be expected, namely, the Armenians con-

tinued to practice their trades, but gradually losing direct contact with the mother country which itself at the time was in process of disintegration under the foreign yoke and could no longer sustain its creative impulse over its colonies, they slowly became assimilated by the natives.

There were other causes which contributed to the disappearance of Armenian arts there. Metz Bulgar was primarily a mercantile center, rather than cultural. There were no powerful and enlightened princes who patronized the arts and the Armenian masters lacked the needed career. And while the merchant element came from Armenia and settled in the Bulgar cities, the Armenian artisans drifted to the interior of Russia, those new centers where Russian princes had launched extensive construction works and were in need of many trained masters. Russian masters were not sufficiently far advanced at the time, and the Russian princes were obliged to invite European talent, a circumstance which explains the similarity of Russian architecture with the European style, or they invited the magnificent builders of the Caucasus which again explains the similarity of Russian and Armenian architectures.

The Armenian architects naturally could not give free play to their national art under Russian conditions. They were obliged to acquiesce to the demands of the Russian princes and the clergy and take into account the characteristic qualities of the already evolved Russian architecture. But presently we come across a monument of Rumanian style on which the Armenian artist has palmed off a carved ornament. At times the Rumanian style itself is strongly reminiscent of the monuments of Ani. The delicate serried arches of the front, the entrances decorated with half column steps, all these were first found in Armenia in the 10-13th centuries and later in Russia in the 12-16th centuries. For their own need the

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Armenian colonists of course had to build small churches in the Armenian style as well as chapels, elongated (like the church in Bulgar) or centralized. These exquisite Armenian structures naturally served as an inspiration to Russian architects and contributed to the development of Russian architecture.

Our theory of the influence of Armenian chapels on Russian architecture is borne out by Russian chronicles. According to one of these, in the City of Novgorod there was a very small Armenian church dedicated to Gregory the Illuminator of Armenia, founder of the Armenian church. This chapel was shaped round like a pillar. Moreover, when this chapel was destroyed, it was replaced by a larger church dedicated to Gregory the Great, with cupola, and the like of which, according to the chronicle, was not seen in Russia before. Furthermore, and what is important, the Russian architects who built that church had come

from the City of Tver which, as we saw before, was on the Volga road which passed through the City of Metz Bulgar. It follows that, in the region of Tver there had developed an architecture which was entirely new to Russia, with its sharp wedge-shaped roofing and round dome.

This poses the entire question of the origins of the unique Russian architecture which was developed during the first part of the 16th century, a topic which is worthy of a special research study.

At present our aim has been, based upon the example of Metz Bulgar, to point out the geographical and historical possibilities of Armenian cultural influence. Metz Bulgar was of course not the only Armenian colony. Armenian influence penetrated into Russia through the Armenian colonies of the Black Sea coast via the Dnieper which at one time was the principal waterway which connected the south with the north. This route ran as far as Novgorod and the Baltic Sea.



# PUZO THE CLOWN

P. K. THOMAJAN

Puzo was the funniest and the saddest clown.

He had a head like a pumpkin, carrotty hair, cheeks like apples, a nose like a cucumber, eyes like chestnuts, and his heart was as big as a watermelon — for he loved everybody and everybody loved him.

Puzo was the favorite of the Revelo Circus. The minute he started to walk around in his droopy, snoopy way . . . smiles began to ripple.

Why, he could stand still, just jiggle and wiggle, and everyone would break out in giggles.

As he shuffled along in his big floppy shoes, they would go . . . HONK! HONK! . . . and he would jump from side to side, scared-like, as if some auto was about to run over him. Then he would stop in his tracks . . . and try to figure out where the noise came from . . . never thinking it was from his own shoes.

He had an old kite that he would try to fly by running with it . . . but it just wouldn't rise off the ground. When he was about ready to give up, Puzo got a bright idea . . . he fastened some floating balloons to it and . . . up it went! For this, he patted himself on the back.

Puzo was no angel, but he had a golden harp strung with rubber bands. He would sit next to it on a stool . . . snap the bands . . . and listen. But he heard no sounds. He fished around in his ear to see if the trouble might be there and he smiled, when he yanked out a long paper streamer. But

when he tried again to make music . . . still there was no sound. So what do you think he did next . . . he took some cardboard notes out of his pocket and fastened them to the rubber bands. Now he felt better. Proudly, he showed a card reading: SHOEBERT'S SERENADE. Then he sat down and went through the motions of giving a tremendous performance. When he was through a bunch of old shoes fell all over him from above. It seemed like a giant clap-clap from heaven.

Another time, he would come out with a little wagon loaded with four big blocks. Their sides were covered with one of the letters of his name. He took them out and started to try spelling his name by putting one on top of the other. First, it would come out . . . OZUP . . . then ZUPO . . . OPUZ . . . and after a while he finally got . . . PUZO. He felt so happy that he climbed to the top of the blocks . . . made a low bow and crashed to the ground.

Clowns, as a rule, don't care how they look but Puzo made a real fuss over his appearance. He would squeeze a crease in his loose pants and pinch it with a clothes pin. Then he would wet his hair with a small watering can and comb it with a tiny rake.

What made everyone howl was when he slipped a bird cage over his head and started to warble like a canary.

Puzo liked to drift before the front row seats, pick out a pretty girl and flirt with her, making all kinds of cute googoo eyes.

Then he would reach inside his blouse, pull out a big red heart and toss it toward her . . . but it always bounced back . . . because it had a long elastic tied to it.

Another time, he would throw little hornet's nests made of gray tissue paper at children . . . this made them jump . . . but later they were glad to find them full of candy kisses with a note reading: Love and KISSES from Puzo.

Now one of Puzo's great admirers was Margie, the sweetheart of the Revelo Circus and Queen of the bareback riders. She just loved everything Puzo ever did and Puzo thought there never was a girl as wonderful as Margie.

Once in a while she would toss a special smile at Puzo, when he was extra funny, and this made him jollier than a jumping jack.

People screamed when Puzo imitated Margie on a fat donkey, which he had fixed up with fancy pom poms and a bright feather duster. He would flap little wings as he tried to dance on the donkey's back, but he was always falling and getting all dirty with sawdust.

Then when Margie gave an extra good performance, Puzo would present her with a pretty bouquet of vegetables, which he would first spray with perfume.

Margie danced like a sunbeam to graceful melodies. Her big white horse, Rannie, had blue bows in his mane and a white plume. And there was a pink bow knotted around his flowing tail. Watching her was like reading a beautiful fairy tale.

One afternoon . . . while Margie was delighting her audience . . . something terrible happened. A bee seemed to come out of nowhere, lighted on her horse, and stung it.

Rannie bolted and started running around the ring like mad. Margie, realizing her danger, sat down and gripped Rannie's mane, and tried to talk to him and calm him down. But this only made Rannie run . . . faster and faster.

Puzo, who was looking on, saw right away that Margie needed help . . . *quick*. Without a second thought, he plunged at Rannie's long tail, grabbed it with both hands. As he whizzed through space . . . he never looked funnier. The audience thought this was a new stunt and liked it a lot and everyone started clapping.

Puzo held on like a turtle until Rannie was dragged to a stop. It seemed that he had died fifty times but Puzo didn't mind because he felt that Margie had given him at least ninety-nine lives.

Now, he kneeled beside Rannie and helped Margie step down. Suddenly, she came close to him, kissed him lightly on the cheek and said, "Dear Puzo, you are the most wonderful clown, the most wonderful person in all the world."

This was too much for poor Puzo . . . and he fainted dead away.

When he opened his eyes, he found himself in the best dressing room, and there . . . looking directly at him with the tenderest look, was Margie.

He gave her a great big grin . . . Margie smiled back sweetly as she whispered, "Puzo, you saved my life and I think it belongs to you."

Puzo tried to talk but no words came . . . he reached inside his blouse . . . pulled out the big red heart and handed it shyly to Margie.

But this time . . . it didn't bounce back . . . because it was hers *for keeps!*

# THE ARMENIAN COMMUNITY AND ARMENIAN HISTORY

DR. A. O. SARKISSIAN

Several decades ago a historical geographer wrote a series of articles in a learned journal on climatic changes in the ancient Near East and then proceeded, on the basis of his pet theory, to chart the east-west and north-south migrations during the most ancient historic times. His startling and unorthodox assertions drew sharp criticism from some of those whose authority was recognized by the world of scholars. I recall a most illuminating criticism by the late Professor Albert Olmstead of the University of Chicago. At the very outset of his article he stated that as a historian it was his duty to answer this writer not only in order to expose this bare-faced debauchery of historic facts, but also to set the record straight. As a serious and competent student in his chosen field Professor Olmstead took his calling most seriously. To him certain facts in history were immutable, imperishable and inviolate, almost sacred. One may write about these facts, analyse them, and give them new interpretations, but there was no justification for twisting and distorting them, for treating them lightly, or for using them in a way so as to gratify one's own fancy; that is, to have certain facts fit into one's preconceived notions on a given phase of history. To him such use of historic facts was not just misrepresentation or base villainy, but downright blasphemy. He regarded the offenders as purveyors of quackery. He warn-

ed his colleagues against them, and he castigated and condemned all such writers on historical subjects.

This introductory paragraph is not an aside to what follows; it is an integral part of what I have to say of a book<sup>1</sup> which I had read more than two years ago in manuscript (at the request of a publisher) and which I read again in order to write this review. Having thus read and reread Atamian's work, having literally annotated one review copy with a long series of marginal remarks, asterisks, and question marks, I shall emulate the illustrious Orientalist of the University of Chicago. To me certain facts in our history, particularly in our recent and contemporary history, are incontrovertible, immutable, inviolate. I presume — and this is one luxury I allow to myself — to know some of those facts, facts which form the web and woof of the Armenian Question. Most fervently and strongly I believe that they should not be trimmed and twisted, misrepresented and misinterpreted, distorted, mangled and mutilated in defense of any one, or of a group, or of an organization, or an institution, for these facts are of such decisive significance that they have deflected the course of our history and have affected the lives of nearly all living Armenians. More-

<sup>1</sup> THE ARMENIAN COMMUNITY: The Historical Development of a Social and Ideological Conflict. By Sarkis Atamian. New York: Philosophical Library, 1955; 479p. \$4.75.

over, I believe that, as a student of Armenian history, it is my solemn duty to question, to challenge, to criticize, to expose, to denounce and to condemn those who treat the subject of recent Armenian history light-heartedly, cavalierly and smugly.

Mr. A'amian, whose book has elicited these dear remarks, committed a number of the offenses enumerated. In his avowedly scientific study of "the historical development of a social and ideological conflict," he pretends to have penetrated to the roots of social, cultural, religious and political problems, and, in the sociological jargon dear to him, has given his own analysis of these problems.

To get to the roots of course he had to cross the seas to Asia Minor. There, after a cursory his orical account of Armenian life under Ottoman tyranny, he leaps into Armenian communal affairs at about the middle of the nineteenth century. In the then current political and religious issues, which, in a way resolved themselves in the Constitution of 1863, he sees one burning and irrespressible conflict between the laity and the clergy, between the urban rich and the rural poor, between the "haves" and the "have-nots." In other words he projects his own mid-wentieth century images into the Armenian community of the mid-nineteenth century in the Ottoman metropolis, and sees no hing but one inevitable conflict between the two irreconcilable camps. There he sees the poor, the underprivileged and the underdog always at the mercy of the ruling rich and the few all-powerful. This clerico-oligarchical ruling hierarchy is presented as a power-thirsty, heartless and unconscionable entity, not much short of a monster. Even after the Constitutional period he sees no change in the actual situation. That charter, according to him, merely legalized the powers usurped by those in authority. (Incidentally, A'amian prefers the strange term "legitimize" and "legitimize" instead of the verb "legalize." Thus

on p. 37 he states that the Constitution "tried to legitimize the political leadership of the Patriarchate and the Constantinople Armenian merchant class.") Fortified in their privileged position Constantinopolitan leaders paid very little attention to the woes and miseries of the rural poor whose affairs and even fates were entrusted to them. Under the new charter, according to A'amian, it could not have worked otherwise since the newly-instituted assembly was not representative; Constantinopolitans constituted a clear majority (100 out of 140). Therefore, as he sees it, that charter was not only a sham, but in its working it was a farce, for, again according to his understanding, it was of no benefit to the Armenian masses suffering under discriminations, disabilities, abominable injustices, and victimized not only by Ottoman officials and marauding Kurds but also by their officious, usurious and heartless compatriots.

Such an evaluation of the situation, such disjointed description of certain events, such defective portrayal of the over-all picture and such snap judgments of men and manners of those days is not only grossly misleading, but his approach and interpretation are dangerous. By simplifying the situation as it was then in terms of pure class conflict (see pp. 117, 123, 140-1, 419 and elsewhere), he misreads Armenian history to the extent of ignoring it almost totally. Instead, he let's his preconceived notions serve as his guide in passing severe judgments and in formulating unwarranted conclusions. There were at the time so many cross-currents in the internal situation and so numerous were the factors and factions involved that it is almost impossible to draw a black-and-white picture, or formula'e yes-and-no answers to many of the constantly recurring questions. This is generally true in all complex social and political affairs, for it has been truly said that human affairs have not just two sides,

but they are polygonal. They have many facets and are multiform; and they usually defy any easy classification and facile generalization. If in this continuous shifting of forces and moving events there was one thing constant, that was the unrelenting and unbending tyranny of Ottoman officials and the Kurd's savagery towards the Armenians. Here one may draw a dividing line, placing on the one side the oppressors and on the other side their helpless victims — Armenians rich and poor, townsmen and rural folk, lay and clergy. This is the cardinal fact of the period under consideration, hardly to be ignored by anyone.

This fact is generally recognized as such and so treated by nearly all Armenian and non-Armenian writers on the subject. But Mr. Atamian not only fails to note its importance, he sidetracks it. That is, by attempting to unearth and explore new causes for our tragic woes, he creates a class conflict and elevates it to a position of prime importance while relegating the real and irrefragable conflict resulting from divergent national interests to relative unimportance. Then, by denying the public men of the day even a modicum of altruism in their work, and by depriving them of any sense of public duty in the service of their sorely tried compatriots, he distorts some well-known facts. Parenthetically, I may say that Armenian community leaders of those days were, in general, men of high integrity and of unimpeachable probity; they were honest, intelligent and public spirited; they enjoyed the full confidence of their compatriots and stood high in the esteem of Ottoman officials. Some may scoff at this last statement, but in those days it meant a good deal in the accomplishing of some good for Armenians.

This is the first important instance in which Atamian fails to do justice to the subject, but unfortunately it is not the last or the only instance. In dealing with a host of even's, ranging from the revolutionary

period of the 1890's to the rise and fall of the Armenian Republic, his knowledge of important events is decidedly limited, or at best spotty; his strange interpretation of these events is severely subjected to the immature views which he fervently holds; and his way of interspersing praise and blame to one group of men, or at times, to the mass of the Armenian people is simply ludicrous.

For example, his account of the Armenian National Delegation at the Paris Peace Conference, particularly as to its origin and its aims, is based on mistaken assumptions. Though he knows little of the men who composed the two sets of Armenian delegates, he has his heroes and villains among them, and the late Boghos Nubar is cast in the latter role primarily because he is mistakenly believed to have been a leading figure in the Ramgavar party (p. 208), and also because (again on Atamian's mistaken belief, pp. 209-212) he was a mere nominee of the Patriarch in Constantinople. He is certainly wrong when he puts Boghos Nubar down as a Ramgavar party man, but it is more than an error to proceed on such mistaken notions and cast him in the role of a black sheep. That is bias unrestrained and unlimited. The fact is that the man did not belong to any party. As to Atamian's fiction that he was the nominee of the Patriarch and therefore not entitled to speak as a fullfledged plenipotentiary, it may surprise him to know that in 1912 Boghos Nubar seemed to the late Catholicos George V as the best spokesman for the Armenians, and was so designated by that venerable Holy Father of us all. Thus he was fully and justly empowered to speak for the Armenians at the Peace Conference. To ascribe his assumption of that office to his appointment by the Patriarch, and on that misunderstanding try to brand him a usurper of misplaced authority is not a mere slip; it brings out clearly Atamian's method of handling facts. Incidentally,



soon after Boghos Nubar's death (1930), the late Mikael Varandian, one who had worked with Boghos Nubar in Paris, wrote a series of articles in the *Hairenik* daily about him. In his efforts to appear scholarly Atamian cites *Hairenik Weekly* continuously for less important and sometimes for irrelevant details. He could have used the *Hairenik* daily in this connection for his own benefit, and thus have avoided some unpleasant untruths about a patriotic man.

I said that some of Atamian's interpretations are dangerous. I firmly believe that the undue and disproportionate emphasis which he places on his presumed class conflict is very likely to give the impression that that conflict was a principal cause of our national misery, if not the root cause of all our past misfortunes. To me that is very dangerous, for to convey such a totally erroneous impression is a disservice to our cause. And whatever else a writer's aims, or his purpose in writing on any phase of Armenian history, he should carefully refrain and avoid giving such a false picture of the situation.

Equally dangerous is Atamian's misreading of our recent history, especially his approach and interpretation of events when assessing the responsibility for the massacres of 1915. On this most tragic phase of our history his principal authority seems to be Emil Lengyel who, in his book *Turkey* (pp. 184, 196 and elsewhere), places almost the entire onus of that hideous crime on unconscionable German diplomats. Relying solely on Lengyel's statements, Atamian believes that the "Turco-German alliance was to have profound effects on Armenian destinies." (P. 180.) Armenians were a real hindrance to German economic penetration into Asiatic Turkey. Therefore it was in Germany's interest to see the Armenians eliminated. Thus, quoting Lengyel, he states: "Armenian massacres were part of the preparation of the right of way for the Berlin-Baghdad Railway." (P. 181.)

This assumption, boldly asserted and often repeated, has been somewhat widely believed by many Armenians. And not many Armenians have the time, nor the facilities to ascertain the truth or falsity of such assertions. The facts of the case, as I know them and have learned them from available published sources, including the indispensable documents collected and edited by that devoted friend of all Armenians, the late Dr. Lepsius (*Deutschland und Armenien*, 1914-1918), are that German diplomats were not at all indifferent to the Armenian tragedy, and they protested vehemently to the Turkish authorities for their inhuman treatment of the Armenian people. This fact was brought out by Ambassador Morgenstau in his dispatch of August 12 to the Department of State informing the Secretary that the German ambassador "made strong protest to the Sublime Porte." (*Foreign Relations of the United States*, 1915, Supplement, p. 987.) Unfortunately, however, blood-thirsty Turkish leaders could not be swayed by protests, and, according to Austrian ambassador Pomiankowski, Enver was successful in having the new German ambassador (Count Metternich) recalled late in 1915 for his outspoken criticism of the Turks on Armenian massacres. Such is the record of facts as I understand them, and I stand by them. Atamian is aware of Toynbee's encyclopaedic compilation on this subject (*The Treatment of Armenians in the Ottoman Empire*, 1916) but makes little use of it in this connection. Instead, he leans heavily on Lengyel's totally untrustworthy account. Again I say, so far as I am able to ascertain, there is not a shred of evidence to support this allegation, and not a grain of truth in it. In the words of an eminent British historian (G. P. Gooch, in his *Recent Revelations of European Diplomacy*, 1930, p. 130), I would like to dispell "the legend that Christian Germany watched the fiendish cruelties of her Mussulman ally without

lifting a finger to save the hapless victims," and confine it to limbo. The repetition and the reviving of such discredited and proved falsehoods as gospel truths are certainly harmful and decidedly dangerous.

Having thus performed this brief and only partial analysis, and also having offered my criticism of Atamian's work, it would be dereliction of duty on my part if I fail to point out at least some of the numerous errors in language, and mistakes of facts, followed by a concluding statement on the value and use of the book. To do this first I shall confine myself to some errors in the use of words which often cloud the meaning intended, and other errors involving the use of words translated from the Armenian, but seldom used in English, and never in good English. Second, I shall bring out some glaring factual misstatements, particularly those which Atamian treats as facts and dwells upon them *in extenso*. And lastly there will be my moralizing summing up.

One may overlook many of the polyphonic and pseudo-scientific words in the book; at least I do not quarrel with the author about the meaning of use of such words as "elidable," "dys-functions," "internalize," "legitimize," "propagandistically," "savioural," "syndrome," and the like; and I should withhold my comments on such expressions as "aggress against," "the conclave met," "community schimatized," "culminated by," "directive made," and others. But I feel that I should say something about certain obvious errors. The word "missile" means a weapon, and Atamian's reference to the message (or directive) emanating from Etchmiadzin as the "official missile" (p. 366) is an error; what he presumably means is "missive," but "message" or perhaps "directive" is the appropriate and correct word here. When the author uses the word "unexplicable," (p. 107 and elsewhere) he means "inexplicable," for that is the proper word. And it is hard-

ly permissible to use the word "reverses" (p. 110) when one clearly means "reversals," for the two words do not have the same meaning. Perhaps more striking errors occur in translations, some of which are strangely un-English. When referring to the printing shop in the Jerusalem Monastery (p. 42 and later) Atamian uses the word "printery." Here the correct word is "press" and not the outlandish translation of the good Armenian. Similarly wrong is the word "brigandry" (p. 105); the correct form is "brigandage." And Azadamard does not mean "free man" (p. 177) but literally, "free fight." The term "grape farming" (p. 229) may be literally correct, but actually it is not used; in its place there is "viniculture." Here a halt has to be made, and, even though I have not come to the end of my random sampling from Atamian's book, I should pass on to the factual mistakes.

Some of the serious mistakes, and misinterpretations based on mistaken facts were mentioned earlier. I have already exposed the fallacy of his facile assertion that the "Armenian political struggle had its inception in the old country in social and economic class differences" (as given on p. 419); and I also hope to have discredited his fanciful account of the real culprits in the massacres of 1915. Atamian's naive assertion that "there was a genuine possibility of an Armenian-Kurdish alliance" (p. 52 and later, partly based on Safrastian's fantasy on the Kurds) is not borne out by the turn of unfortunate events. To put it mildly, his is a misleading statement. No less misleading is his mistaken notion that "Armenians in Soviet Armenia are being rapidly assimilated in the Great Russian orbit, linguistically and culturally." (p. 461.) My understanding of Marxist-Communist doctrine is that of all the false and phony promises made by its practitioners this is the lone case in which they did not betray their gullible followers. Soviet com-

munists apparently believe in cultural freedom, provided it is *socialist in content and nationalist only in form*. Fortunately Atamian's statement is not borne out by known facts, and the Armenians in Soviet Armenia are not losing their cultural and linguistic identity. Voluntary corruption of the language is another matter.

These and similar statements may not seem serious mistakes; to some they may appear as mere niggings of little importance. But I do not think so; I think they are of momentous importance. Moreover, is there any excuse for the statement that the "Supreme Prelate of the Armenian Apostolic Church in America" is being "designated by Echmiadzin" (p. 360), or for stating that "the Armenian pro-Soviet church leaders in America" voluntarily decided to make the Armenian church "orthodox" (p. 436), or for writing (on p. 437) that "the church leadership in America, at least, has reconciled the tenets of Christianity with those of Marxist Communism"? And who is to share his strange belief (as expounded on pp. 440-1) that the Catholicos of Sis (now at Antilyas, Lebanon) has "ultimate jurisdiction over the Western churches," that is, over all Armenian churches in the West, or over those beyond the Soviet sphere?

None of the preceding statements which I have questioned are true. The prelate of the Armenian Church in America, or the prelate of any other Armenian diocese, is not designated by the Holy Father at Etchmiadzin, but he is elected to that office in the diocese. And that is the one distinction between the hierarchy in our church and that of the Roman Catholic church. The Armenian church leaders in America did not, voluntarily or grudgingly, decide to make the Armenian church "orthodox." This unorthodox and outrageous idea was propagated by the ex-prelate, and for that reason he was allowed to "resign" from his

office. I should also add that the same person, in a booklet published in 1943, claimed to have found a common basis for communism and Christianity, but again the idea was not at all acceptable to the church leaders. And whoever informed Atamian that the jurisdiction of the Catholicos of Sis extends beyond the borders of the Lebanese Republic could not have known any more about it than Atamian himself, for every adult Armenian knows that the See of Etchmiadzin includes all Armenian communities in East and West, in and out of the Soviet Union, except the communities in Lebanon, which alone constitutes the See of the Catholicos of Sis.

In attempting to evaluate the published material dealing with subject, the author of this discursive and desultory book states (p. 215) that the "voluminous material available on the subject is biased, often irrelevant, and frequently erroneous." It could not have occurred to him that this off-hand evaluation of the works of others may, quite aptly and very properly, apply to his own book, for his is definitely biased, most of it only remotely related to his subject of study, and it contains too many errors and factual mistakes. I believe Atamian could have avoided many of the pitfalls in the course of his study if he were able to make good use of the important published material on the many phases of a large subject which he ill-advisedly took as his province. Had he realized the inadequacy of his training, and the limitation of his knowledge of Armenian affairs, as well as of the language, he could have limited himself, and wisely, to the proper study of the Armenian community, preferably the communities in this country. But, being ambitious and young, and no doubt encouraged by his well-wishers, he meant to do it all. And he has done it, in a manner gratifying to himself and just good enough for publication by the Philosophical Library (probably at a handsome price).

"What!" some readers of my strictures on Atamian's book may exclaim, "haven't you a good word to say about it?" My honest and sincere answer is an unequivocal and unqualified "no." A book which pretends to be scholarly but actually turns out to be misreading and misrepresentation of facts in our history; one whose author claims to be impartial and unbiased and yet the contents of his work bely his claims; a book which, by design or by implication, purposely or inadvertently, aims to revive

old grudges and rekindle ill-feelings, increase the existing misunderstanding and add to the confusion, intensify rivalries and help to widen the gap separating the two sectors of our communities; and finally, a book which is very likely to retard and hamper the work of harmony and union which some of us are trying to promote, such a book has no claim upon my favorable judgment. In short, the value of Atamian's book is nil and its use should be discouraged.

## A REJOINDER TO DR. SARKISSIAN

JAMES G. MANDALIAN

For more than thirty-five years the Armenian community of the dispersion has been undergoing a severe emotional crisis. Not only the community is divided among itself, but the division has degenerated into open warfare.

There are two sets of political alignments, two sets of churches, two sets of school systems, and two sets of so-called patriotic activity. Any intercourse, relationship or communication between the two, be it social, cultural or patriotic is unthinkable. Any sort of co-operation centering even on a most compelling national issue, such as a simple protest against the recent Turkish outrages in Istanbul against the Christians is impossible.

There are two sets of political ideologies, two sets of national interest value definitions, two sets of allegiances, two sets of world outlooks, and two sets of group temperaments. This ethnological dichotomy is climaxed by two different concepts of patriotism.

Half of the community hates the other half worse than Turks. Half of it is out to destroy the other half, regardless of the

fact that they are their blood-brothers. The word half is used relatively, and not literally. One half calls the other half "lepers," "the scourge of the Armenian people," the "discredited minority," the "ostracized." These vicious sentiments are deliberately transmitted to the young generation in order to deepen the chasm.

The two camps are: the Dashnaks, and the Anti-Dashnaks. The Dashnaks are the Armenian Revolutionary Federation; the Anti-Dashnaks, the Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" agglomerate. Other nationality groups of the expatriation, too, have their social conflicts but the fundamental cause of their division is the insolvency of the Soviet issue, separating them into the categories of the "Pro-Soviets" and the "Anti-Soviets." With the Armenians the fundamental division emanates from the antithesis between the Dashnak and the Anti-Dashnak complex. Anti-Dashnaks went over to the Soviet camp out of sheer spite toward the Dashnaks who are inveterate foes of Communism and the Soviet regime. This excludes the Armenian "Progressive" who is a hundred percent Communist, and

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the Armenian "Hunchak" who is 99 percent Marxist. In doing so, the Anti-Dashnak faction inadvertently, and for all practical purposes, became aiders and abettors of the Soviet cause. The Dashnak-Anti-Dashnak hostility antedates the Pro-Soviet-Anti-Soviet political alignments. The identification with the Soviet has merely accentuated and aggravated the social conflict.

One psychological distinction is necessary for an adequate understanding of the far-reaching implications of the nature of the conflict. The Dashnak has no sense of hatred toward his antagonist; with the Anti-Dashnak, hatred is an obsession. The Dashnak does not teach his child that the Ramgavar is "dirt." The Anti-Dashnak teaches his child that the Dashnak is a "leper." The Dashnak has no desire to destroy an entire half of the Armenian community; the Anti-Dashnak would be happy if all the Dashnaks were exterminated. This is the Armenian sociological neurosis.

For a people like the Armenians who have been decimated countless times, who have been deported and scattered to the four winds, whose numbers are so few and whose resources so limited, who have lost their independence, and who are desperately trying to salvage something from the wreckage, an internecine war of this kind naturally was nothing short of disaster. And yet, no one individual, no organization nor institution had ever made a serious scientific effort to diagnose a situation which manifestly had become pathological.

To solve their problem the Armenians chose the easiest expedient — the classical Turkish adage of *Ish olajaghina varir* — what will be will be, or in the American idiom, let nature take its course. The political parties fought the only way they knew how, one side attacking, the other side defending itself. The Armenian press took a hand in the matter and presently the battle royal was on: one side accusing and the other side refuting the charges, with the

result that the debate degenerated into a futile, endless and hopeless controversy. It was obvious that neither the fight nor the debate were the remedy. The church failed to restrain the two sides because it itself took sides in the conflict.

From time to time there were faint voices, as in the wilderness, who admonished the Armenian people to come back to sanity. They appealed to their sense of patriotism which should transcend all puny, insignificant, pusillanimous considerations. They brought examples from the behavior of other nations. In America, for instance, two men fight, but when it is over they shake hands and become friends again. In the Congress two senators would argue against each other furiously, but when the debate was over they would go to lunch arm in arm. What a magnificent example of good sportsmanship! Why couldn't the Armenians be like that? And yet, such exalted and high-minded expostulations fell on deaf ears. They were too feeble and too futile to touch the core of the disease.

And now, at long last, an Armenian youth, Sarkis Atamian, born in the United States and educated in American universities, has written a book by which, for the first time in contemporary Armenian history, a serious effort is made to explore the causes of the malady which has been afflicting the Armenian people for the past fifty or more years. This is the first serious scientific attempt to analyze the nature of a conflict which has baffled the best Armenian minds, to diagnose the malady and to offer a remedy.

Atamian claims that half of the Armenian people is sick and needs a doctor. The cause of the sickness is the social trauma — the psychological effects of wounds inflicted, a pathological case which clearly is beyond the scope of historiography now and which must be treated by a specialist. This is where sociology comes in, the surgical tools of Atamian.



The trauma had its origins in the old country, starting from the Turkish oppressions and culminating in the subsequent massacres and deportations. The genesis of the oppression is to be traced directly to the major classification: the Turk and the Armenian; the conqueror and the conquered; the master and the slave; the Moslem believer and the infidel dog; the Musliman and the *Rayah*; the Turkish lord and the Christian dog, the cattle, the *Gianoor*.

The reaction to the Turkish oppression was the Armenian revolution which in turn resulted in the minor classification, comprising strictly the Armenians. There evolved two different sets of social interests and two different sets of attitudes toward the revolution: the pro-revolutionaries, and the anti-revolutionaries. The former were the Armenian peasants of the interior provinces who were the principal target of the persecution; the latter were the metropolitan folk who were comparatively, if not practically, immune to the same intensity of oppression. The metropolitan folk consisted of the clergy, the affluent business class and well-to-do artisans. This conservative element not only was apathetic to the plight of their kinsmen in the interior, but from the very nature of their interests they resented the revolution because it threatened to disturb their security and snug life. This element repudiates the revolution and blames it as the cause of Armenian deportations and massacres to this day — the abominable classic apology of the Turks for their atrocious barbarism.

But the Turk made no discrimination between the Armenian revolutionary and the conservative and decimated them alike. This is the genesis of the trauma — the effect of the inflicted wound. The inflicted wound generates an emotional counter reaction in the form of hatred toward the author of the infliction which, when fulfilled in actual deed leaves the victim satisfied emotionally for having at least redeemed

his self-respect, but when unfulfilled, leaves the victim futilely furious and frustrated.

With the revolutionary, this residual aggregate of emotion, in sociological terminology this natural urge to "aggress against," this instinctive temptation to retaliate in kind has at least in part, if not fully, been dissipated and the victim is emotionally satisfied because he knows he has acquired himself like a man. If he has received blows, he has inflicted blows in return. And if he has not given his tormentor the full measure of his foul atrocity, he has the deep inner satisfaction that he had punished his foe at least partially and made him feel the avenging blow of his arm. If he has been defeated he has at least gone down fighting, and not been slaughtered like a sheep. This realization of having redeemed himself purges him of all emotional frustration.

With the anti-revolutionary conservative who has not shared the purging experience of his revolutionary brother, the situation presents an acute psychological problem. The urge to retaliate in kind, or to avenge himself which in sociological terminology is called "aggression" or "residual hostility" continues to simmer and boil over, looking for an outlet. But since he has never directly eliminated or neutralized this residual hostility against the object which has caused him this hostility or frustration, namely the Turk, he tries to accomplish the purge vicariously by finding a new substitute on whom to vent his pent-up hostility. This is called emotional, or psychological displacement. The substitute in this case, the scape goat to be precise, is the Dashnak. But in order to turn this vast reservoir of accumulated hostility against the scape goat, an identification must be made with the Turk. Hence the legend of the Dashnak-Ittihad wedding which has been repeated with such persistent fatuity. The accompanying coterie of lies, such

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as Dashnak "fascism," "pro-Turkism," "anti-Armenianism," "anti-Christianism," etc., are adventitious concomitants of the fatuous attempt to destroy the Dashnaks.

There is much more, but this in essence is the profile of Atamian's book. This is Atamian's major thesis. It may be sound or false, but the man who proposes to demolish this architecture must first come to grips with the fundamental hypothesis.

Nor is Atamian talking through his hat. His work represents a vast amount of research labor, conscientious, methodical and unusually temperate. Had he been polemically-minded he could have used far more devastating material which he has refrained from saying. He has built his structure like a master architect, — step by step, tier by tier, brick by brick and stone by stone on a solid foundation. He has supported, buttressed and fortified each brick of his structure with valid facts derived from Armenian and foreign sources, testimonies, admissions of the opponents, and an imposing documentation. There might be flaws here and there, a weak brick or stone, but his foundation, the girders, the walls and the capstone are solid and unsailable. True or false, his hypothesis at least makes sense and must stand until a better one comes along.

Dr. Sarkissian says the value of this book is nil and its use should be discouraged. He has said some rather harsh words both about the book and the author. He has accused the author as immature in training and ignorant in the Armenian language. He has charged that Atamian has trimmed, twisted, misrepresented and misinterpreted, distorted, mangled and mutilated historical facts. He has accused him of having treated a subject of recent Armenian history light-heartedly, cavalierly and smugly. He has charged that Atamian's book crawls with factual misstatements and historical errors.

And how does Dr. Sarkissian go about

to prove his charges? He does so by pointing out that Atamian used the word "missile" when he should have said "missive." That he should have used the word "legalize" instead of "legitimize." That Atamian erred when he said Boghos Nubar Pasha was a Ramgavar when, as a matter of fact, he was not a card-bearing member of the Ramgavar Party. That Atamian distorted the historical facts when he claimed Boghos Nubar Pasha's national Delegation was appointed by the Patriarch of Constantinople, when as a matter of fact it was designated by Catholicos Gevorg V. That, in assessing the responsibility for the Armenian massacres, Atamian misinterpreted the events when he placed almost the entire onus of that hideous crime on the German diplomats. That the prelates of the Armenian Church are not designated by Etchmiadzin but are elected by the votaries of the diocese. That the Catholicos of Sis has no jurisdiction over the entire West but only over Lebanon. And a host of similar unrelated, irrelevant and trivial epistemological hair-splittings which in his own words are apparent niggings but niggings, nevertheless, of momentous importance to him, *all of which have absolutely no bearing on Atamian's cardinal thesis and all of which will be treated point by point.*

Long before Dr. Sarkissian learned his rudiments of scientific historiography, Thucydides, Gibbon, and Leopold von Ranke, founder of modern historiography, had pointed the way to objective writing. His ponderous introductory dissertation on the inviolability of historical facts, therefore, comes somewhat belated. We also dismiss his *argumentum ad hominem* as irrelevant. His value judgment of the person of Atamian as immature or incompetent does not even touch, to say nothing of disproving the validity of the latter's sociopsychological theory hoping to explain the reasons for internalized group hostility. The thing which must be demolished is

Atamian's major premises and this cannot be accomplished by abusing the person or finding minor flaws which are irrelevant to the real issue.

The closest of Dr. Sarkissian's coming to grips with the fundamental issue is his taking exception with Atamian's classification of old country Armenians. Atamian does not deny the Ottoman oppression as the primary cause of Armenian ailments. In fact he builds his entire architecture on that premise. The Ottoman oppression elicited two types of reactions on the part of the Armenian people: the revolutionaries, and the anti-revolutionaries; the peasants of Anatolia, and the metropolitan folk; those who wanted reforms and were willing to fight for those reforms, and those who preferred the preservation of the status quo and who were not willing to lift a finger to ameliorate the lot of their persecuted kinsmen. It is beside the point that there were many good Armenians among the metropolitan folk, and conversely, there were some traitors among the peasants. It is the specific interests which compels one side to fight for reforms and the other side to preserve the status quo which divides, in broad lines, the Armenian nation into two categories. This, Atamian proves by historical facts. Atamian clearly proves that the Constitution of 1863 brought no relief to the Armenian people, the most eloquent proof of which is the Armenian revolution.

Instead of meeting this issue squarely, Dr. Sarkissian plunges here into one of the most abusive lapses of his entire review. "Such disjointed description of certain events," "such defective portrayal of the over-all picture," "such snap judgement of men and manners of those days, so grossly misleading," "his approach and interpretation so misleading." He blames Atamian for having simplified the situation "in terms of pure class conflict." Then he side tracks the issue with a pedantic peroration on the complex nature of history. "There were

at the time so many crosscurrents in the internal situation and so numerous were the factors and factions involved that it is almost impossible to draw a black-and-white picture. This is generally true in all complex social and political affairs, for it has been truly said that human affairs have not just two sides, but they are polygonal. They have many facets and are multiform, and they usually defy easy classification and facile generalization."

Needless to say, this is no answer to Atamian.

And yet, in the very next breath, Dr. Sarkissian falls into the same pitfall of oversimplification. In appraising the over-all situation of Armeno-Turkish relationship he says that "if in this continuous shifting of forces and moving events there was one thing constant, that was the unrelenting and unbending tyranny of Ottoman officials and the Kurds' savagery toward the Armenians. Here one may draw a dividing line, placing on the one side the oppressors and on the other side their helpless victims — Armenians rich or poor, townsmen or rural folk, laity or clergy. This is the cardinal fact of the period under consideration, hardly to be ignored by anyone."

In appraising the Armeno-Turkish relationship Dr. Sarkissian has no compunction to resorting to over-simplification. His celebrated complex nature of society, the multiple criss-cross currents are no impediment to his facile generalization. Incidentally, Dr. Sarkissian is absolutely right in his classification. That is the very major premise on which Atamian had built his structure. But when Atamian goes a step further and applies the same rule to the Armenians, he suddenly becomes a pundit and a distorter of the truth.

But what is most astounding of all, at the end of his review Dr. Sarkissian gives himself away. Having forgotten that he had just got through lecturing Atamian on the polygonal and complex nature of society

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which defies easy generalization, he divides the present day Armenian society into two categories which he erroneously calls "sectors" and by so doing he reverses himself and adopts precisely Atamian's "simplification."

And pray, will someone please tell us what were those multiple criss-cross currents which made generalization of Armenian group interests so complex and so difficult? Here in the United States in a presidential election we have so many cross-currents. We have labor and business, the Catholic and Protestant churches and the Jews, the North and the South, the Negroes, the Republicans and the Democrats, the eggheads and the conservatives, the pro-Soviets and the anti-Soviets, the Prendergasts and the Tammany Halls, and a host of other interests which make it difficult to predict the result of an election until it is over.

What were those cross interests in the old country at the time of the revolution which could compare with the situation of America? There were some burden-packing *Hammals* from Van and Bitlis in Istanbul at the time. Did they also constitute a criss-cross interest? There were Armenian fishermen from Istanbul, Samatia and Qadikeoy. Did they also complicate the situation? If the truthful division of Armenian society into two conflicting interests, attitudes and value definitions is over-simplification, is not the separation of the Ottoman oppressor and the Armenian victim just as much an oversimplification?

Dr. Sarkissian's sweeping charges that Atamian has denied the public men of the day a modicum of altruism are unsupported and again miss the point. The issue here is not that there were no conscientious and patriotic-minded men among the Armenian leaders. The issue is, how many of them there were? How strong were they to constitute a living force in the determination of the Armenian dilemma? Atamian has

never denied that there were good Armenians among the metropolitan folk; he even admits that there were good Turks. The question is, how many good Turks were there to be a factor in the living drama of the days?

On page 119 of his book Atamian specifically states: "It cannot be denied that the opponents of the revolution were frequently conscientious men with a strong interest in the fate of the Armenian people. It is simply a class position and class consciousness which produced the two diametrically opposed definitions as to what constituted the welfare of the people, and which segment of the people profited. In the final analysis, it was a question of who had what to gain from either alternative." This certainly is far from dividing the Armenian people into the categories of black and white.

The charge that Atamian promiscuously praises and blames certain groups of men, and at times blames the mass of the Armenian people is vicious in its psychology. Atamian has written a whole book on behalf of that mass of the people which certainly is not Dr. Sarkissian's "Agha" element in Constantinople.

To prove Atamian's promiscuity, Dr. Sarkissian cites the Armenian National Delegation to the Paris Peace Conference under Boghos Nubar Pasha. He claims that Atamian has based his entire thesis in this instance on mistaken assumption, that he knows little of the men who composed the two sets of Armenian delegates, and that he was wrong when he cast Nubar Pasha in the role of a "villain" (something which Atamian never did).

And how does Dr. Sarkissian go about to prove this grievous charge? By pointing out that Boghos Nubar was never a card-bearing member of the Ramgavar Party, that Nubar's Delegation was not appointed by the Patriarch of Constantinople, but by the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin. He even

waxes eloquent that Michael Varandian, a prominent Dashnak leader, wrote a laudatory article about Boghos Nubar in the *Hairenik Daily*.

Here, again, Dr. Sarkissian completely misses the point. The issue here is not whether or not Boghos Nubar was a member of the Ramgavar Party, whether he was appointed by the Patriarch or the Catholicos, or whether or not he was a good man. The issue here is the unparalleled political monstrosity of two rival delegations to the Peace Conference. The entire structure which Atamian has built in his chapter on this issue is to show that, once the Armenian Republic was established, once there was a defacto Armenian Government recognized by the world powers, and once that de facto Armenian Government had appointed a Delegation, that Boghos Nubar Pasha had no business (pardon the colloquialism) to head another Delegation and pretend to speak for the Armenian people. The Patriarch of Constantinople, the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin, or Boghos Nubar's membership in the Ramgavar Party do not even begin to touch the core of the issue.

Atamian never made Boghos Nubar a black sheep, never questioned his patriotism. Speaking of Nubar Pasha's appointment as head of the Armenian National Delegation in the effort to induce France to back up Armenian claims in Turkey, Atamian writes: "The choice of Boghos Nubar Pasha was a good one by any standards." Again, on page 211 of his book, he admits, "Boghos Nubar's Delegation had done admirable work until 1918 for a homeless people. It could not possibly have legal grounds for existence after an Armenian government had been established."

But, even Dr. Sarkissian's criticism of Atamian's two technical errors which have absolutely no bearing on the fundamental issue, will not stand a close scrutiny, and we might state safely that Atamian is correct in essence.

With reference to Boghos Nubar's appointment by the Armenian Catholicos as head of the Armenian National Delegation we will go Dr. Sarkissian one better. As a matter of fact the National Delegation was a Dashnag conception. As early as 1912 when the Armenian Question was being revived by the Powers, culminating in a reform program under two European Inspectors General — Westenink and Hoff —, it was the Dashnags who suggested to the Armenian Catholicos to appoint Nubar Pasha as the representative of the Armenian people to prosecute their cause before the Powers. Michael Varandian and other prominent Dashnaks were members of this Delegation which enjoyed not only the Catholicos' blessing but also the full support of the Dashnag Party as long as there was no de facto Armenian government. The authorship of the Delegation, therefore, whether the Patriarch, the Catholicos or the Dashnag Party is immaterial. Atamian's contention, and what really matters is that the Delegation had no longer any cause to continue its existence the minute there was a sovereign Armenian state which alone could prolong its life. The Armenian Government declined to do this and appointed its own official Delegation headed by the distinguished Armenian poet Avetis Aharonian. This should have sufficed for any disciplined people, but the Armenian Ramgavars and Nubar Pasha were obdurate, confronting the Government of Armenia with the monstrous anomaly of a double delegation.

Nevertheless the Government of Armenia co-operated with Nubar Pasha's Delegation and tried to make the most of an absurd situation. The ensuing difficulties, however, the endless conflicts between the two delegations, the perpetual bickerings and mutual recriminations (there was a time when the Paris Peace Conference asked the two delegations to go out and resolve their differences between themselves



before presenting their case) not only failed to promote, but actually retarded the progress of the Armenian cause. To understand the anguish and the heartaches which Boghos Nubar caused Avetis Aharonian one has to read the latter's Diary which was published in the Hairenik Weekly. Dr. Sarkissian apparently has not read this Diary, or if he has read it, he completely ignores it.

The patent Ramgavar argument for insisting on the legality of Boghos Nubar's Delegation has always been that the Government of the Independent Republic was merely a Caucasian republic and therefore could not, or would not represent the Turkish Armenians. They even belittled the Republic by calling it the "Republic of Ararat." Furthermore, they cherished ambitious plans of an Armenia of Tigranes the Great, extending from the Caucasus to Cilicia and the Mediterranean Sea. They claimed that they only could represent the interests of Turkish Armenians and denied the Government of the Independent Republic any interest or sympathy for the fate of Turkish Armenians. This, of course, was a cruel denial of the truth as later events proved. It was the Government of the Independent Republic which signed the Sevres Treaty which guaranteed Armenia its Wilsonian boundary. Furthermore, there is the added fact that Turkish Armenians were represented in the Armenian Parliament through their deputies.

As to Boghos Nubar Pasha, Atamian has no quarrel whether or not he was a card-bearing member of the Ramgavar Party. Verification of this point neither adds nor detracts from Atamian's principal thesis. The fact is, however, that for all practical purposes, in mentality, in general outlook, in point of attitude and value-definition, Boghos Nubar was a Ramgavar and he has been accepted by the Ramgavars as their own. The Ramgavar has no revolutionary heroes, but even today if someone will take

the pains of visiting a Ramgavar club, he will see that the only picture which adorns the wall is the portrait of Boghos Nubar Pasha.

We say nothing as to the sordid details of the Ramgavar bargain with the Government of the Independent Republic in regard to the composition of the government, their candidate for Prime Minister Boghos Nubar Pasha, and the latter's conditions of governing Armenia from his residence in Paris just as Emperor Bao Dai of Vietnam was trying to do until recently.

Dr. Sarkissian's next "major correction" has to do with the responsibility of the massacres of 1915. He again accuses Atamian of having misread our recent history. That in trying to establish the guilt of the massacres he has relied heavily on Lengyel who places almost the entire onus of that hideous crime on unconscionable German diplomats, and has made little use of Toynbee and other reliable sources. The facts, as he knows them from Dr. Lepsius, were that German diplomats were not at all indifferent to the Armenian tragedy, and he stands pat on the facts. Finally he joins the eminent British historian G. P. Gooch in righteous indignation: "I would like to dispel 'the legend that Christian Germany watched the fiendish cruelties of her Mussliman ally without lifting a finger to save the hapless victims' and confine it to the limbo."

In the first place Atamian never said that the German diplomats were responsible for the Armenian massacres. What Atamian has said is, "These factors of the Turco-German alliance were to have profound effects on Armenian destinies," which is an entirely different thing and which is literally true.

Nor does Atamian ever quote Lengyel as saying that the German diplomats were guilty of the massacres. Lengyel points out the connivance of the Reich. He says precisely: "If the Turks themselves had to

deal with the Armenians the river of blood might not have flooded their country. Turks are easygoing, poor organizers. The Armenian persecutions were organized with a thoroughness which bears the German imprint. The execution of the idea and the improvisations were native, but the inspiration was alien," — an allegation which again makes sense, and viewed in the light of subsequent developments, by no stretch of the imagination can it be contended that it is without basis.

Moreover, Atamian never said that Christian Germany stood by and watched the fiendish massacre of the Armenian people.

There is a vast difference between diplomats, a people, and a government. The policies of Disraeli and Salisbury, for instance, had a profound effect on Armenian destinies, but no one has ever accused the British people that they condoned the Armenian massacres of 1895-96. The Kaiser's policies had a profound effect on the fate of the Armenian people, but when it comes to pinning down the guilt, no Armenian has ever even remotely suggested that the German people sanctioned the cruel apathy of their government. Dr. Lepsius was a good man. The German Ambassador in Istanbul might have been a good man, but even his protests to his government were the result of the American Ambassador Henry Morgenthau's persistent appeals to put a stop to the carnage.

The diplomat is a mere representative sent abroad to carry out the directives of his government. He does not represent his people. What counts is the government and the field commandery. Dr. Sarkissian admits that the German Ambassador was recalled at the protestations of Enver Pasha. This much is enough. It proves that the German Government was reluctant to sever its alliance with the Turk, connived at, tacitly approved, or permitted the extermination of a whole people. And when Ata-

mian writes that the Turco-German alliance had a profound effect on the destiny of the Armenians, he is telling the absolute truth.

A close scrutiny of Atamian's chapter on the massacres reveals the following enlightening fact. The chapter contains 47 references or footnotes, including some quotations. Of this number 9 are drawn from Lengyel, 13 from Gibbons, 12 from Toynbee, and the rest from various sources: Edward Meade Earle, James T. Shotwell and Francis Deak, Uriel Heyd, Missakian, Papazian and some others. Of this total, exactly 38 references are used to establish the Turkish guilt. Atamian places the responsibility of the Armenian genocide directly at the feet of the Ittihadist leaders. He gives considerable space to Gokalp, the Turkish ideologist whose political philosophy initiated the idea of the genocide. The entire burden of the chapter is to establish this very point.

Again, 7 out of 9 references from Lengyel are unrelated to the question of Turco-German alliance but are adduced to establish the Turkish guilt. Only two references from Lengyel have a direct bearing on the abovementioned alliance which, in Atamian's words, was to have a profound effect on Armenian destinies. However, as a student of social sciences, in analyzing the causes of a great tragedy which effected the life of a people whose trauma he is endeavoring to diagnose, Atamian could not very well have ignored the disastrous effects of all the factors, including the Germano-Turkish affiliation, and this he has done as we would have expected of him.

The cold fact is Atamian has used precisely 45 references, including five from Lengyel, not to prove that the German "diplomats" were the authors of the Armenian genocide, but to prove that the criminals were the Turks. To prove this point he has made more use of Toynbee, Gibbons and others than Lengyel. He has used exactly two quotations from Lengyel which

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affects German complicity. Exactly two quotations.

For this "unpardonable" crime Dr. Sarkissian has excoriated Atamian as one who has misread, misinterpreted, distorted, debauched, mangled, and disfigured his history. Dr. Sarkissian claims he is a scholar and he has little patience with ignoramuses. One is tempted to exclaim, what price scholarship!

Dr. Sarkissian takes exception with Atamian for having stated that Armenians in Soviet Armenia are being rapidly assimilated in the great Russian orbit, linguistically and culturally. "My understanding of Marxist-Communist doctrine," he writes, "is that of all the false and phony promises made by its practitioners this is the lone case in which they did not betray their gullible followers. Soviet communists apparently believe in cultural freedom, provided it is *socialist in content and nationalist only in form*. Fortunately Atamian's statement is not borne out by known facts, and the Armenians in Soviet Armenia are not losing their cultural and linguistic identity. Voluntary corruption of the language is another matter."

Right here we are constrained to push back our chairs, relax and take a deep breath. Obviously Dr. Sarkissian is alone in Jerusalem. Ever since 1948 a sluggish-minded world has made some progress in finally comprehending the true nature of this thing called Communism. And yet Dr. Sarkissian seems to be blissfully unaware of what is going on around him.

Socialist in content and nationalist in form? What? Haven't we seen this one somewhere before? Ah yes. It was Stalin the "many-splendored Sun" who originated the fraud. It's the stock Communist formula. Remember the war years?

What is this content, and what is the form? As far as we know the Marx-Lenin-Stalin dialectics, communism is the very negation of nationalism. The content is the

sum and substance of the whole thing, but when the content is built on materialistic interpretation of history and culture the form means nothing. Professor Roucek wrote a brilliant analysis of Soviet cultural assimilation which was published in the Armenian Review. Atamian has devoted a whole chapter showing that only proletarian, monolithic culture is acceptable to the Communists, all else being bourgeois deviation.

Aram Khachaturian erupted several times both against the form and the content of Soviet music and he went to Canossa as many times, to do his penance. The Armenian historian is allowed to write his Armenian history provided he moulds his facts in terms of the social struggle. He dares not to mention the Armenian Revolution. The Armenian scientist must tread softly, lest he offend Lysenko's precious biological theory. The Armenian musician and painter must watch his step lest he contaminate himself with the capitalistic, decadent bourgeois formalism.

The only thing these men have left is the Armenian costume which is the language. This is what the Communists must mean when they say nationalist in form. The Armenian historians must repudiate all such bourgeois concepts as freedom, nationalism, independence, but they may say so in the Armenian language. The Armenian women may not sing of their national heroes but they may go into ecstasies over that dear old, plodding Stakhanovite. The costume is Armenian, the meter and the rhythm are Armenian, the language is Armenian, but the lyric and the music are Soviet.

Out of this carnage the only thing left to the Armenian is his language, but even that language has been so hideously disfigured and mangled that one needs a Soviet Armenian dictionary in order to understand it. Dr. Sarkissian puts it more mildly. He calls it *voluntary* (sic) corruption!

Voluntary corruption, Dr. Sarkissian?

How absurd can one get!

We pass over a number of items which Dr. Sarkissian calls serious mistakes in Atamian's work, niggings for other people but of momentous importance to him, such as, the election of an Armenian Prelate, Archbishop Nersoyan's reconciliation of Christianity with Marxist Communism — a situation which was tolerated for approximately eight years — the respective jurisdictions of the Catholicosate of Etchmiadzin and Antilias, the innovation of the title of "Orthodox," all of which are equally brittle as his preceding criticisms and all of which have a devastating answer.

We must, however, pause a moment at Dr. Sarkissian's pussilanimous quarrel over some semantics. One or two words are used by Atamian erroneously, some are perfectly proper sociological terminology, but most of the criticised words are used properly. The word "missile" for "missive" was obviously a typographical error. The similarity of the two words is so close. If the word "reverses" was used for "reversal" obviously it was wrong, but no such word could be found on page 110 of Atamian's book as Dr. Sarkissian has quoted. "Printery" is a perfectly proper English word and is more descriptive of the old country crude monastery shop than the sophisticated modern "press". "Brigandry", even if newly coined, is a perfectly good English word meaning the brigands, much the same as citizenry means the body of the citizens or all the citizens.

Gentry, soldiery, gendarmerie, Jewry are words with similar ending with the similar connotation of totality. Atamian's sentence in question reads: "Defense of the people against attacks from the brigandry." He could have written "Defense of the people against brigandage," but since he was making a literal translation from the Armenian, he could not very well leave out the word "attacks", therefore he had to say "against the attacks from the brigandry."

"Grape farming" is a perfectly good English phrase and has been used extensively, much the same as "cotton farming, "beet farming," or "potato farming."

Incidentally, in correcting Atamian, Dr. Sarkissian himself makes an unpardonable error. Unpardonable for himself because he claims he knows better Armenian than Atamian. He says the Armenian word "Azadamard" does not mean "free man" as Atamian has translated, but it means "free fight." As a matter of fact there is no such thing as free fight. If the phrase means anything at all it must mean a free for all, or a "battle royal." The Armenian word "Azadamard" means no such thing. It means "fight for freedom" or "struggle for freedom." Speaking of the two opposing camps of the Armenian communities. Dr. Sarkissian also uses the word "sector" when he should have used "segment," "section", or "faction." Aside from its geometric and mathematical connotations, "sector" primarily means a military subdivision of a defensive area, such as, "the American sector," "the British sector," etc.

Incidentally, the Catholicosate of Sis does not comprise Lebanon alone, and Pomiankowski was not the Austrian ambassador at Constantinople as Dr. Sarkissian states. The jurisdiction of Sis extends over Lebanon, Syria and Cyprus. The Austrian Ambassador at the time in question was the Marquis Pallavicini. Field Marshal Pomiankowski was *military attache* to the Austrian Embassy.

Because Dr. Sarkissian has made some unimportant errors, does it follow that he is any less of a scholar than he is, or that our respect for his scholarship is diminished or tainted in the least? Of course not. Because Atamian has used some terminology which is not palatable to others, does that detract an iota from the merits of his work? Of course not. All the same, we cannot repress a keen sense of humiliation and chargin that Dr. Sarkissian has permitted

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himself to drag a dignified art like book reviewing to the pusillanimous level of a quarrel over words.

Atamian has made a brilliant socio-psychological analysis of Armenian identities. His exhaustive and penetrating exposition of Dashnak and anti-Dashnak identities, ideologies and temperaments, anti-Dashnak autism and the relation of that autism to Dashnak political philosophy and the resultant crystalization of two types of mentalities, the two types of souls, the two types of psyches, if you please, is a veritable classic which will stand the buffetings of time and erosion because it is based on eternal truths.

The fundamental burden of Atamian's contention is to show the basic hostility of two types of characters which evolved as a result of the Armenian revolution: the Dashnaks and the anti-Dashnaks, the revolutionaries and the anti-revolutionaries, the militant nationalists and the defeatists, the champions of honor and human dignity and the abject cringers before superior power, those who have faith in the capacity of the Armenian people to be independent and those who deny that capacity and prefer foreign rule. Atamian has given a brilliant analysis of the two types of psyches in his chapter on identifications.

This psychological hostility between the two groups is the basic cause of Armenian social division from the time of Abdul Hamid to the present day and fully accounts for the irreconcilability of Dr. Sarkissian's celebrated two "sectors."

What we mean by two hostile psychological attitudes may perhaps best be explained by two examples of basic mentality. A Boston paper recently published the following letter to the editor:

"A few days ago I was glad to read the statement of Sec. of State Dulles concerning the attitude of this country toward any change in the administration of the Island of Cyprus from British hands. As an Ameri-

can citizen and a former resident of Cyprus, I am convinced that it would be against the best interests of the West, the U. S., and the future security of the Middle Eastern countries to consent to the annexation of Cyprus by either Greece or Turkey. Neither of these countries is capable politically or militarily to maintain Cyprus as a bastion of defense, as Britain has done and can do in the future. Dulles' warning to Greece and Turkey was wise and timely."

This letter, so typical of the anti-Dashnak mentality, was written by a Ramgavar leader in Boston. Its spirit of cruel apathy to the fate of a people which aspires to freedom, its callous disregard of the oft-repeated principle of self-determination of peoples is so abhorrent to the civilized mind, especially coming from a son of a people whose entire claim to complete emancipation is built on those principles, and the underlying spirit of the letter was so obvious that even the editor could not restrain himself from gracing the letter with the sarcastic caption of "Status Quo."

This is the typical anti-Dashnak mentality. No Dashnak would ever write such a letter.

Contrast this with the following passage from an article of Michael Arlen. During the war years Michael Arlen happened to be in Athens where the Reichsminister Dr. Goebbels was paying a visit. Michael Arlen was so infuriated by the German atrocities on the Jews that he penned one of the most scorching articles in his life.

"It made me mad. It always makes me mad when people get away with murder and grin happily ever after. I wanted to throw a brick at him. I wanted to spoil his nattiness for him. I wanted to knock his hat off. I wanted to forget I was a naturalized Englishman and become an Armenian again. I wanted to be a Jew and revenge all Jews.

"I admire the Jews profoundly, but why have they not, regardless of all consequen-



ences, revenged themselves on monsters like Streicher and Goebbels? Why have they not done as we Armenians would have done — and did, when the Turks oppressed us? To hell with suffering patiently. To hell with doing nothing in case worst might befall. You die once, but you can be humiliated for a long time after you are dead. To hell with resignation. Were I a Jew in Germany, were I a million Jews, I had rather any day be killed, as my people and their children were no longer than twenty years ago, than be made to lick the beastly German's spittle and call it honey."

This is the Dashnak character. A Ramgavar leader would never have written such a letter. This is what Atamian means when he defines his social identities.

Dr. Sarkissian has not even touched this formidable structure, to say nothing of attempting to demolish it.

Has anyone ever given any thought to this insensate, stupid, irrational and inexhaustable storehouse of hatred which has flowed from the pen and the lips of the anti-Dashnaks for the past fifty or more years? How much venom can the heart of a puny man contain without bursting? Has anyone ever given a thought to what really constitutes distortion of history and the debauchery of the truth?

Has anyone ever tried to explain this persistent, never dying, unconscionable, wicked and godless fiction of Turco-Dashnak mutual affection? These lies of fascism, Nazism, anti-semitism, anti-Christianism, anti-Armenianism, terrorism and what not? Has any one ever lifted a finger to put a stop to this mad, raving, pathological behavior except the Dashnaks? No one has done it. Not one.

But the minute an Armenian youth comes forth and tears off the mask of our bigots, our smugs and hypocrites, our "overnight" custodians of Armenian harmony suddenly become panicky with holy terror. "Oh dear me, don't sell this book. This book is dyna-

mite. A few of us patriotic-minded Armenians are trying to bring the two sides together and this book will wreck our effort!"

Dr. Sarkissian had many a golden opportunity to prove his solicitude for the reconciliation of the two segments of the Armenian community. During the war years an infamous Armenian character wrote a book on American "undercover" activities the first chapter of which was an abominable, provocative story of a murder — a story which had no relation whatever to the content of the book but was placed there in order to widen the gap between the two segments of the Armenian community. Did Dr. Sarkissian ever put in a word of protest against that abominable chapter? He did not, at least publicly.

For the past few seasons this same character has been publishing a poison sheet against the Dashnaks, more venomous than any words which ever flowed from the pen of Goebbels against the Jews. This publication is so repulsive and vicious that even many neutrals and anti-Dashnaks revolted against it and asked the publisher to stop sending them his poison sheet. This same character has been sending personal letters to the Deans of American universities and colleges warning them that there are some Dashnaks students with them whose loyalty is questionable and who should be watched.

This character has been sending his poison sheet gratis to all prominent Americans and Armenians. There can be no question that Dr. Sarkissian must have received or seen some samples. He must know that this character's activity is the worst thing possible for the laudable cause of the restoration of Armenian unity.

If Dr. Sarkissian ever wrote a private word of protest against this outrageous behavior, we are not in a position to know. We are neither prophets nor sons of prophets. But did he publicly protest? Did he

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ever write a letter to an editor, or an article denouncing this man, and that he was distorting, mangling, twisting and mutilating the known facts of history? No. He did not write one word. Not one word.

But when it comes to a good book which has neither distorted, mangled, butchered or debauched the facts of history, this is what he has to say. "What? Haven't you a good word to say about it? My honest and sincere answer is an unequivocal and un-

qualified 'No.' " "The value of this book is nil."

We beg to disagree with Dr. Sarkissian. We think this book will do much good in opening many eyes in regard to a malignant social cancer which has been devouring the vitals of the Armenian community. The proper diagnosis of a disease is half the cure. Truth may hurt, but it is the only means we know of that will bring a bewildered people back to sanity.

## GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

KENNETH BARSAMIAN

Major Henry Embree shook himself erect from the long trip after the taxi driver helped him out. He steadied himself with his long, worn cane. His eyes sighted the deeply etched letters on the granite entrance, "The Mayfair Home." "For the Incurable," he added mentally.

"I'll carry the radio and the bag, sir," the cabbie said.

Major Henry nodded and tightened the worn overcoat about his frail body. Not once did he look behind as he walked through the entrance gate and up the steps of his new home.

The cabbie left him and his belongings at the reception counter and a girl led him to a chair. "Miss Twiggs, the superintendent is busy now," the girl said. "Please be seated, won't you?"

Twenty five minutes later, Major Henry Embree sat across from the superintendent, Miss Twiggs. She had a cold, professional attitude about her and Major Henry immediately typed her. It might have been silly to expect, but Major Henry had hoped she would recognize him. Of course, he was at his peak of popularity in 1920 when the world begged for his war coverage stories, and Miss Twiggs might have been but a baby then.

While Miss Twiggs remained aloof reading some leaflet, the Major thought of the things he could say. Like not being a real "Major" but one of the honorary kind. It had been King Albert of Belgium who had made him an honorary major in the Belgian Army as the aftermath of "wonderful articles about the part the gallant Belgians

played in the course of Freedom in World War I."

Miss Twiggs finally put the letter away and turned to the Major. "How old are you?" she asked. "We need the information in our files."

"Eighty. . ."

"Birthplace?"

"On board the ship Westphalia. But I was of American parentage and am a citizen."

"How long have you lived in California?"

"About seven years." He mopped his brow, nervously. "Miss Twiggs, I already answered those questions in my application to you."

"Please, I know that!" Miss Twiggs said. "But that information isn't here at the moment. Anyway, what are you kicking about? You have more time than anything else!"

"If you think I'm lying. . ."

"Please, Mr. Embree. There is no such reason. Don't worry, you'll be treated right. Now, tell me a little of yourself the past twenty years?"

"It was almost fifteen years ago I had to quit my job as foreign correspondent for the International Syndicate. Doctors told me to take it easy then and just rest. But I lectured for a while, free lanced for magazines, and wrote some on assignment for editors I had worked with before, or who had heard of me. After about four, five years of this I got worse and since 1944 I've just been getting along on my savings. Well, you know the rest. I have nothing left now, and like Doctor Gouldy says, I'm incurable."

Miss Twiggs asked a few more questions and had Major Henry sign the form. And a pauper's oath, also. She got up and handed him a mimeographed sheet. "This will give you the rules we have here, Mr. Embree," she said. "Do read it carefully as the rules are well enforced."

She pressed a button. "It so happens," she said, "that one of the men passed on last night. You can have his quarters, number 17."

The fast-paced orderly left Major Henry a little breathless when they reached number 17. His once steel-straight shoulders rounded like a sack being emptied. "Pretty big Home here, isn't it?" Major Henry asked.

"Yeah," the man said. "Pretty big."

"About how big?" The mouth for queries and ear for answers were still the Major's.

"Don't know exactly. But somewhere between 350 and 400 patients."

"I suppose they come and go pretty often."

"Oh, no, sir. No one leaves this home. Only incurables here."

Major Henry had already shrugged away the prospects of leaving Mayfair alive someday. A war correspondent who had been captured as a spy seven times in the first World War does not easily lose color from slow, foreseen death. He had come to regard his last few years as necessary to the Henry Embree chain. All links in a chain usually looked the same from afar. The weak, badly plated, warped ones were noticeable only upon close inspection.

The Mayfair Home for Incurables had formerly been one of the six biggest primary air training fields in the United States. From the air, Major Henry reasoned after a few days there, the Home must have looked like a cluster of sticks in an endless desert. The barracks, which had housed cadets only a few years back, were well ventilated and comfortable. Not like the over-

crowded, bed upon bed atmosphere most Homes harbored.

Room No. 17 was too big for Major Henry's bed, or rather the one furnished him. Sometimes when he tired of music and afternoon ball games, he'd think of the cadets who must've been here a short time ago. It was a million to one chance but Major Henry wondered if any of them would ever return to the same quarters to live the rest of their lives. Return as broken men-not as healthy cadets — answering beggars' rosters, as a burden to society. To be dominated by other Miss Twiggses.

A window provided Major Henry with his only social contacts. The radio and newspapers were his senses on the world's tempo and stench. He was reluctant in making new acquaintances; something completely foreign to his heyday policy. To Major Henry, there arrived a time in everyone's life when the establishment of new acquaintances wasn't worthwhile. If in eighty years one didn't contact enough friends, how good were the chances of the remaining, hobbling years to cultivate others? Or did Major Henry have months left?

The following day, Major Henry had a caller. "I'm Doctor Kasparian," the husky, dark haired man said.

Major Henry turned his news broadcast off. "Miss Twiggs said to expect you," he said. In a minute he was being examined. The Doctor wrote everything he found on a big chart.

When he was through, he said, "You've led a wonderful life, Major Henry."

Major Henry's eyes grew intense with interest. "You know about me?" he asked.

"Indeed, I do," Doctor Kasparian said, "I know a great deal about you. You see, I'm of Armenian parentage. My father was a newspaperman in Kayseri, Turkey. When he was exiled to Arabia and later came to America he had interesting things to re-

late. Your name was frequently mentioned. He liked the way you brought the tragedies of Armenians before the world."

Major Henry's heart thumped like a bass drum. The staccato beats raised his unclad chest. "You remember all that, son?" He quickly sought details. Perhaps, he could rebristle the fuzzy images he had of Kayseri and all the Near East and remember this man's father. Was he the one who'd been tortured that night near Dehr-ez-Zohr?

Doctor Kasparian overstayed the time he had allowed for the examination and listened like an entranced child. Major Henry felt his social circle had expanded when the Doctor finally left.

Three weeks later, Doctor Kasparian and the Major were fast friends. On one occasion the Doctor said, "You're letting yourself go to pot, Major! You need to walk and exercise every day. Get out when the sun is out and you feel like it and take a little stroll. Your heart isn't the best in this world but hearts can take an awful lot of punishment. Sounds crude, but let's compare your heart with a tire. Tires wear longer when they're in use than when they're jacked up. Of course, you wouldn't ram tires against the curb, or stop suddenly, or grind the rubber off. That's the wrong approach. Use the same plot in your health."

This afternoon Major Henry walked half of the mile or so between his quarters and one of the three big hangars before realizing how far he had gone. Perhaps it was the immensity of this particular hanger that drew him. Major Henry pointed his cane toward a shady umbrella tree and sat on a fruit box under it. A bee, darting among the periwinkles surrounding the tree trunk, caught his attention. He was toying with the bee when a sharp voice startled him.

"You're disturbing my periwinkles!" the feminine voice said, and before Major Hen-

ry could turn around, the lady was upon him in an old wheel chair.

Major Henry looked up to her and her fiery blue eyes settled down to attractiveness with the rest of her timeworn, friendly features. "I didn't know anyone owned anything here but Miss Twigg," he said, realizing it was a poor thing to say.

"Well, I'm not Miss Twigg," the lady said. "I'm Miss Price and those are my periwinkles. And I caught you disturbing them."

Major Henry's mental clock stopped suddenly and spun backward twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years. Emily Pricel "Emily," he said, uncontrollably reaching for her arms. "Emily Price. Remember me? Henry Embree?"

The lady's wrinkled face took on freshness. Her small, shaky hands flew out from the chair arms and grasped the Major's left arm. "Henry?" she said, and her eyes weakened quickly. "Henry Embree . . . my dear, dear friend." Her mind instinctively tried to pry her out of the chair but her body didn't respond.

Major Henry clutched Emily Price and shook like a maple leaf. Fifty years rolled away and she was on that train depot bidding him a tearful goodbye as he left for the wide world and reporting. "Come back quick, Henry," she was saying. "Come back quick."

Henry Embree, not the Major then, shook his head dutifully, not with understanding. He had forgotten what they meant to one another after three years in India, Afghanistan, and Persia. Had she?

For a long moment the two were still, eyes closed in remembrance of half a century "wasted". Their embrace had none of the youthful, emotional quality but something within both told them they had finally become close again.

"How did you know I was here, Henry?" Emily asked. "Oh Henry, how good of you



to look me up. How good to see you again. A long while, Henry. Too long."

Major Henry's shoulders straightened but his words were awkward. "I didn't come to . . . I mean I live here, too," he said. He took a few steps backward and planted his cane firmly. "You don't look a bit older Emily," he ejaculated. Then with more tenderness than in his youth: "If anything, you look prettier."

"The same Henry Embree," Emily child-ed. "But it's so good to see you." She sighed. "Who would have told us we'd never get married but we'd spend our last days together side by side? It's not so good meeting in the last chapter. But it's better than not meeting at all."

Major Henry gripped the back of Emily's chair and pushed it slowly. "We have a lot to talk about, Emily," he said.

"None of your shenanigans, Henry," she said. "I know you and your talks."

"Well I did think about a little hand holding," he laughed.

"Henry!" she reprimanded quickly. "You haven't changed one iota! If I weren't tied to this thing I'd run for the first exit." Her scolding made her look young and vibrant again. "Push me, Henry," she said.

"You've been here quite some time, haven't you?"

"Almost five years," Emily replied. "Ever since I went through my savings. Of course, it's been just the last three years my arthritis has kept me in this chair."

Suddenly, Miss Twiggs came about the pair. "Mr. Embree," she said, her contemptuous, angry eyes upon him. "What are you doing pushing Miss Price around? You've supposed to stay in bed! Now, leave immediately and return to your bed!"

Major Henry felt like asking "Are you a doctor?" but he summoned a safer reply: "Emily and I are old friends."

"We were engaged to be married," Emily hurried. "Fifty years ago. We haven't seen each other all that time." But the interest

she sought in Miss Twiggs eyes wasn't there.

"Very dramatic indeed," Miss Twiggs said. "I hate to break up your reunion but we have set rules here at Mayfair. We cannot play favorites." She turned to the Major. "Don't come this way ever again, she said. "These barracks are for female patients and no males are allowed."

Major Henry's poverty and health choked back what he really wanted to say. "I didn't know, Miss Twiggs," he offered.

Miss Twiggs took the Major's arm and pulled him away. "I'll take you back to your quarters," she said. Then she finally departed with, "just remember it from now on. If you want to enjoy ambulatory privileges don't prowl about where you don't belong. Now, please, return to your bed. I'll send Doctor Kasparian to check your condition in a little while."

Doctor Kasparian found Major Embree in bed when he arrived late that afternoon. His cheeriness and questions failed to reach the oldster and he toned down lest the Major dissolve their current kinship.

"Look, Major Henry," the Doctor said. "I saw what happened between you and Miss Twiggs this afternoon. I am on your side. Now, you're not doing yourself any good by staying mad. You're hurting yourself like a furnace with too much fire in it."

"What's the use of fighting?" Major Embree said. "Can't lick everything! Not in my condition. So why fight? Doctor Kasparian, you may not like this, but if I expired right away I wouldn't feel badly. Meeting Emily has been the inaccessible peak I needed to climb. I didn't know it, but that's the way I found it today."

"That's fine, Major Henry," Doctor Kasparian said. "Fine for you. How about Emily? Don't you think she's felt as you now do many, many times? You can ask me, because I know the answers. She's got courage, that girl! Not throwing in the sponge just because someone broke up her tea party." He

knew the Major could take so much pushing. "Major Henry, you already know how I feel about you."

Major Henry turned his eyes on the Doctor. "What's wrong with her, Doctor?" he asked. "Is she as bad as I am?"

"Some ways worse."

"Look, Doctor," Major Henry pleaded, "you can be frank with me. I'm sorry about acting like a bear." He shrugged off the covers and sat up. "What's wrong with Emily?"

Doctor Kasparian felt like an answer would be similar to a dog biting a master's hand. "Let's just say the words after May-fair at the entrance isn't fooling her one bit."

"You mean she's never going. . . I didn't realize how much that sigh meant. I thought it was an old one. Why, don't we live in a modern medical age, Doctor?"

"Major Henry, you want frankness. I wouldn't say everyone here is incurable. I will say they are under present conditions." Doctor Kasparian got up from the chair and dropped his instruments into his kit. "If we just had enough money! The doctors get morphine, sedatives and drugs which only prolong life for a few days or a few months."

"You get people who need a cure after the damage has been done, don't you Doctor?" Major Henry asked. He saw Doctor Kasparian shake his head. "Can Emily be cured?"

"Major Henry you could have not asked me that question and stayed happy. But, you can face everything, I know. I felt I had her case arrested last November. Like others whom I believed were getting better. Then, she slipped away. Miss Price is not knocking on any door but there is little that I can do for her here. What can a doctor do without a Hubbard tank or even a heat cabinet let alone Compound E or ACTH hormones!"

Major Henry was silent for a long time;

feeling somewhat like the seventh passenger in a six passenger car. He watched Doctor Kasparian pace the floor like a stymied Russian marshall in the Russo-Japanese War of 1905. "Save her, Doctor," the Major said. "Save Emily!"

Doctor Kasparian stopped at the edge of the Major's bed. To another he wouldn't have bothered answering but to Major Embree he said, "All the money I expect to make all year couldn't buy enough medicine. It's very expensive. There is just a little being used outside clinics and experimental cases."

"Get it," Major Henry said, clutching the Doctor's arm. "I'll get the money . . . somewhere."

Doctor Kasparian nodded at the Major. "Sure," he said. "We'll talk about it tomorrow. For the moment, you dress up and come to my office in an hour. I won't see you but I'll have Miss Price on hand to pinch-hit."

Forty minutes later, Major Henry Embree arrived at the Doctor's office with mingled anticipation and apprehension. His first date with Emily in fifty years. He sat in one of waiting rooms and when Emily didn't show up on time wondered if something was wrong. After all, Doctor Kasparian may not have told her. Doctors were always getting important calls.

Then, he busied his thoughts on himself. How was he going to act? How did he look? As his thoughts raced all the way from Emily's chicken pot pie to mental notes on how long awaited reunions were solemnized, Emily Price whizzed her wheelchair through the opened doorway.

Major Henry got up gracefully, as he had the afternoon he'd been introduced to Queen Mary. With his hat over his heart he drew toward her. He bowed low and kissed her cheeks. The freshly painted perfume she wore and the new dress chosen for the occasion made him say, "How nice you look, Emily!"

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He closed the door and moved her wheelchair next to his chair. For a moment, he imagined the wheelchair to be the bicycle for two of fifty years ago . . . on their way to a picnic in Golden Gate Park . . . to eat unbelievably delicious chicken sandwiches on an unbelievable appetite. Emily had a way with chicken. . .

"Thank you, Henry," Emily said. "I can't run into your arms and hug like I used to. Hope you don't mind my words for kisses."

They talked about mutual friends first. Henry learned what had become of Timothy, the neighborhood playboy, and Sandra, the thin-nosed girl who was going to write that All-American novel. And, Emily found out about strange customs, brutalities, deaths, and other things Henry had seen and written about. When they ran out of friends and stories of far off land, the mood suddenly changed. They had only themselves to talk about now.

"Never got engaged or anything like that?" Major Henry asked.

Emily Price hid her eyes. "Henry, I didn't think I'd ever say this," she confessed timidly. "But I never found anyone like you." Her head rested on her chest. "Why didn't you come back, Henry?"

Major Henry lowered his head but only prayers were composed in this position, not replies. Would saying you had been busy in work, even delayed, help? Would it be better to state the facts: Emily's father never did anything but look down upon Henry, because he was of poor parents. But, why drag Emily's father into it? Emily's love should have burnt Henry deeply; like it did others. But it hadn't!

"A letter. Anything. You forgot all the things you said I meant to you, Henry. I didn't forget. . ."

"I know you didn't forget, Emily," Major Henry confessed. "I forgot." His heart pounded and skipped beats. "You must forgive me, Emily," he begged.

Emily Price dried her eyes and Major

Henry stood up and kissed her moistened cheeks. Her shoulders, once firm and desirable, shook in defeat. "I forgave you a long time ago, Henry," she said. Then she continued with her story. For twenty-three years she had taught in elementary schools in the San Joaquin Valley. At least her proud parents, who she knew had discriminated against Henry Embree and caused the rift, had provided her with the means of an extensive education. About fifteen years ago, Emily had quit teaching to take care of an invalid older sister, and stayed with her until she died seven years ago. Medical expenses, piled on top of everyday needs, had gnawed off completely the once huge inheritance and, now, here was Emily Price.

"But, everything's all right, Henry," she said. "I'm not complaining one bit."

Major Henry knew she was fighting back tears. He felt like one of two safety valves in a tube; made to give where the other didn't. Emily had given way emotionally; he should be the epitome of strength and solace. When he left Emily just before the visiting hours ended, he felt like a successful novelist. The story was coming along well.

He was quick in getting back to his quarters but long in retiring. Why did he live so long as to see himself like this? Worst, why so long as to see Emily like this? Dear God, five years clipped from his four scores wouldn't have hurt him much. For hours, after getting in bed, Major Henry stayed awake, cursing his helplessness, his poverty, and his misery.

Major Henry Embree awoke very early the next morning, not naturally but from a dream. A dream where he had been taken in front of a King, who looked like Doctor Kasparian to the last eyelash. Two soldiers, who looked like two Emily Prices, had strong-armed him before the King, and Major Henry was facing a charge of "being the most uncooperative, selfish, bigoted, stubborn . . . man in the World." He'd awoke

somewhere between the long list of "crimes" he had perpetrated upon mankind.

For a long hour, he sat at the edge of his bed stroking his imagination into discovering a way to help Emily. The dream was right. He didn't want to live. He didn't want the extra years. He had to be the pillar of endurance emotionally in their romance! He knew pride still coursed his veins; maybe it wasn't pride, but the other things the "dream King" had accused him of. He closed his eyes and buried pride and all the other crimes — for pride of some breeds were criminal — in a cave he'd written about halfway up Mount Everest in the Indian Himalayas. And, he wasn't ever going to resurrect them.

Major Henry had no money left. But he had a few friends who would probably pitch in with the right words for the tale Major Henry wanted to write. He got out a pen and pad and scribbled the names of fourteen close friends. Close twenty, thirty years ago, anyhow.

In the afternoon, Major Henry wrote his first letter. He had decided each letter would read the same, begging for purchase of "my final yarn. I don't promise delivery on Earth but wherever we shall meet you'll have my undying gratitude and friendship." To three of his editor friends he added, "I don't care to write this yarn on the 2 to 3 cents per word rate you have paid. Please go high and above regulations. This story is going to be well-plotted, well motivated, and with characters now living." They would be told all about it when they met in Heaven, or wherever it was people of Major's ilk went.

For the next two days, Major Henry wrote steadily but was obsessed with doubts and feared rebuffs. On top of everything, old addresses and probable deaths, there was the time element involved. Too much time would be as bad as never. When he finished all the letters and put

them in their envelopes and addressed them, he discovered he had no stamps.

Doctor Kasparian discovered the letters the next afternoon when he made his daily examination. "Writing to all of your girl friends, Major Henry?" he asked. "Want me to mail them for you?"

"I haven't got stamps." Before Major Henry looked up the Doctor was out of the room with the letters.

The first reply came within a week, on Thursday. The Doctor broke into his room while the Major was listening to a news commentator whom he had known as a runny-nosed, straggly haired kid. "Two girl friends coming up, Major," Doctor Kasparian said. "And another one, local girl name Miss Price, wants to see you at five."

Major Henry tore open the letters soon as the Doctor left. The first was a typewritten account from the once world-famous Harris Pringle, now reduced to the editorship of a Ohio bi-weekly. "But here's \$50 and I hope to hear more from you, Major Henry. Write often!"

The other letter was from the daughter of a fellow correspondent he'd met in Mesopotamia and lived with for seven years. "Dad passed away," a portion of the letter said, "in 1939. I can never forget the high esteem Dad held you in. Will the small check I'm enclosing help?"

Doctor Kasparian ordered Major Henry to stay in bed all day the following morning. "Your pulse is up. Stay comfortable and I'll get your mail and some magazines for you." When the Doctor returned with three letters, Major Henry wondered if he shouldn't tell about his campaign for funds. But, suppose no more came in. He could send what he had received to date back and say "forget everything."

Within three weeks, thirteen of his fourteen letters had brought replies. The campaign had netted \$4410. Two of the biggest contributions had come from Manchester Sheppard, now a retired millionaire,

and Malcolm Sewell, Jr. Sheppard had played it smart and married an oil heiress in Oklahoma. "My lawyers are sending you a check for \$2000," Manchester wrote. "I'm sorry I didn't learn about your yarn sooner. I'll write you at length tomorrow."

Malcolm Sewell, Jr. had inherited his Dad's Liberty Features Syndicate — the Major's bread and butter for years. Inside the legal envelope was an impressive letter and an even more impressive \$500 check.

Major Henry waited two more days for the last letter and then forgot about writing it. When Doctor Kasparian came around the next afternoon, Major Henry handed him the money and checks.

"What's this?" the Doctor asked.

"Beggars' pittance," Major Henry said. "Sit down and I'll tell you what I've been doing."

Five minutes later Doctor Kasparian said, "I'm right with you, Major Henry. If you'll have me."

"Don't try to make me feel like a hero," the Major said. "But I've gone this far and I can't give up now. I don't suppose I have any right to ask you but would you take care of the money and getting the medicine for Emily from here on out?"

Doctor Kasparian didn't say anything for awhile. Then he took the Major's hands and shook it. "I'll do all I can. Of course, we'll have to have patience. Lots of it."

One morning, over two weeks later, Doctor Kasparian rushed into the Major's room. "I got the stuff, Major," he said, with the

enthusiasm of a football hero.

Major Henry tried a little jig but the Doctor eased him into the bed again. "Take it easy," he said. "I've got to have you around." He handed an envelope to Major Henry. "You had too much money. The change is in there."

"Keep it," Major Henry said. "Please keep it. I don't want any part of it. It's for Emily. All I've got is a past. Maybe she can have a future."

"And if she doesn't."

"Then . . . then use it for others who can have."

Twice more after that Major Henry saw Emily. The second time, Emily was out of the wheel chair and he was in. A few weeks later Major Henry couldn't leave his bed long enough to visit with Emily anymore but his mind was sound and he had a thriving correspondence going.

In the midst of writing one letter, Doctor Kasparian brought Emily into the Major's quarters.

"Emily," Major Henry said. "You're all dressed to kill. And walking."

"Miss Price is able to walk like her old self now," Doctor Kasparian said.

Emily Price touched the Major's now purplish face and he was embarrassed because he hadn't felt well enough to shave for the past three days.

"I'll be able to come and visit you now, Henry," Emily said. "Miss Twiggs said it would be all right. And maybe I can help you write a real novel."



● OUR PROMINENT YOUNG MEN:

## SAMUEL AGABIAN— ARMAMENTS SPECIALIST

PETER FARADIAN

Samuel Agabian is a darkly handsome man of 39 who has been, since last July, works manager of Sperry Gyro Co., Great Neck, N. Y. In that capacity he is the operating head of a production force of over 6,000 people. He has rounded our fifteen years of service with Sperry.

His present prominent position in a great industrial organization traces back to small beginnings.

Like other men in his age group he graduated from high school (in Oxford, Massachusetts) at the height of the Great Depression — in 1932. Jobs were scarce. He worked successively as a laborer on a construction job, a carpenter's helper, and as a foundry laborer. At nights he studied at Northeastern University, Boston. His ambition was to win an appointment to West Point or Annapolis.

He successfully competed in a state-wide examination for the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1935 and that year entered the Academy. Four years later he graduated as one of the top members of his class with a degree of Bachelor of Science. He elected to enter the Marine Corps, serving for 15 months at bases in the United States, and then turned to industry for a career. Incidentally, it is believed that Agabian is the first American of Armenian ancestry to graduate from the Naval Academy.

He started to work with Sperry in 1940 believing that it offered him the opportuni-

ty he wanted. Employed as a tester in the 60-inch searchlight group, he later was assigned to bombsight and K-sight testing. During 1941, Mr. Agabian was made a junior engineer.

It was during this period that he met and married a New York girl, Sophie L. DeVoyantz.

The position of product engineer was assigned Mr. Agabian in 1943, followed by a two-year period as product engineering manager beginning in 1945. He resumed engineering duties and was appointed engineering department head for ground armament in July, 1948. He was named assistant works manager in August, 1953, and works manager in July of this year.

Working with armament activities almost continuously since he joined Sperry, Mr. Agabian has been largely responsible for such developments as automatic computing sights, bombsights, anti-aircraft directors, radar-directed gun batteries and infra-red detection devices. Mr. Agabian, whose assignments have included Naval ordnance liaison work with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has traveled extensively within the United States conducting Company business.

An engineer by inclination, aptitude, and training, he believes that there is a natural tendency among engineering graduates to look on their fields only in the creative aspects of development and research. There is

great need throughout industry, he feels, for the type of engineer who can reduce a given design to one which is stable and easy to manufacture. There is a need for the product engineer and his practical ability to make today's projects economically feasible — a vital factor which only gradually is recognized by development engineers.

In engineering, as in any other diversified profession or occupation, it is important for a man to find his proper place among the many offered in his field. This Mr. Agabian believes, can be done only by taking a long range viewpoint when trying to evaluate one's position in a company. An engineer particularly must be realistic in evaluating his rate of "growth" and must recognize that in learning he is "growing." He must appreciate group work, recognizing his contribution to a project which, in turn, helps him achieve his goal.

Mr. Agabian is a member of the American Management Association, the American Ordnance Association, and the Society of Operations Research. As diversion, he



SAMUEL AGABIAN

enjoys fishing, puttering in his basement workshop where his projects range from woodworking to high-fidelity.

Mr. Agabian and his wife live in Bay-side, Long Island, N. Y. They have two daughters, Nina, 10, and Lori, 3 years old.

● DEAR, DEAR BABY SIS !

## PARENTS NIGHT OUT

LAWRENCE E. GAROOGIAN

I'm sixteen years old, and I know the difference between right and wrong. My parents didn't do the right thing this morning. It doesn't matter that I'm hungry, when my mother calls me in for supper, I'm not going to go. I'm going to sit right here. They won't be able to cajole me and tell me that they're sorry and that it won't happen again and that they know the true story and that they should have realized and that. . . I'm to make them suffer.

Not that it's all their fault, but I'm important in the house. Why I'm twice as old as my sister. You would think that they would wake up to the fact that she's just twisting them around her little finger. I showed my sister who's boss last night, but my parents didn't give me a chance this morning. I'm not going to budge from this chair even though I am hungry.

My parents went out to a show last night and left me alone with my sister. Of course if they hadn't gone out things wouldn't be as they are, but then, that's wishful thinking. My sister doesn't like to be left alone with me, and before my parents went out she began to cry: she does that every time. She begins at supper time with just a few tears and a snuffle now and then; by the time my parents are dressed and ready to leave, she begins to cry furiously: her face gets red and her eyes get red and she lets saliva and tears drip all over her clothes. Don't worry, my father always says comfortingly, Daddy's going to come right back to his little cookie girl. My sister knows he won't be back until six o'clock the next morning. She begins to cry louder using,

every bit of reserve energy. My father rubs her back and talks soothingly, but he doesn't move too close to her because the saliva and tears are profuse. Please come back right away, my sister says between sobs, You know I'm afraid to be without you. My father is moved, but he wants to go out. So my sister cries until she realizes that her tears won't stop them from seeing a show this time, and then she asks: can I watch all the television programs I want? She is beginning to plan to take advantage of me.

Yes, my little dear, my father says, making sure his clothes aren't wet.

I don't want to watch television to all hours of the night, I say. But my father's expression says: Look, we want to get out of here — God knows we rarely get a chance to — I'm not going to argue with you, she's only a baby so give in. You're a young man; she's only a baby.

My parents leave and after a while my sister stops crying. When she has composed herself, she tells me all the programs she's going to watch. The list runs until two o'clock in the morning. I don't want to sit up all night and watch television, especially the programs she's going to pick out, but if that's what she wants, I have to do it. I can't go to sleep and leave her alone, because she's afraid to be left alone, especially if I'm sleeping. She would cry all night long, just to keep me up, if necessary.

You have to go to sleep at eleven o'clock, I say. That's even past a reasonable time for a kid your age.

She says: I want to watch the late show.

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Oh no, I want you to go to sleep when I want you to go to sleep.

Daddy says I can watch all my programs.

You never stay up that late. Be reasonable, go to sleep at eleven o'clock.

Daddy says I can.

I'm boss here, understand?

Oh no, I'm going to watch the Late Show. Daddy says I can.

This is exactly what happens every time, and what happened last night. But this time I was determined to put her to bed as early as possible. I decided that I would start at nine o'clock and tell her every five minutes that it was time for bed, until she was so fatigued that she couldn't argue anymore. I knew that this would be a major task, because putting my sister to bed is a hard job even for my mother.

My sister is very much afraid of going to sleep. She prolongs staying us as much as possible. She has her own room, which has windows facing the parkway; from there you can see the parkway rising and sloping again and again for almost its entire length. Hers is the nicest room in the house, but she's afraid of the room at night. She's afraid to go to sleep there all alone.

When my parents are home, my mother starts to put my sister to sleep at ten o'clock. It is then that my sister asks for a glass of milk. My mother never refuses her the milk, in fact, she plans on it. My mother loves to feed my sister: she thinks you can't be healthy unless you're fat, and she will try to force as much food as possible on my sister, while she tries to stall and not be put to bed. My sister sips on the glass of milk for half an hour, and then she asks my mother if she can please stay up to watch another program on television. My mother refuses. My sister goes to bed and five minutes later, she begins to cry.

I can't go to sleep mommy, she yells from her room.

You didn't try, my mother says, give yourself a chance.

Oh, I'm trying very hard mommy. I just can't go to sleep.

Try without talking this time.

There is silence for a moment, and then: Mommy, take me to the bathroom.

Go yourself.

I'm afraid.

Go yourself, my father yells now, it's just a few feet from your room.

A few moments later, my sister walks out of the bedroom, and goes into the living room where my mother and father are watching television. My sister tells my parents that she just can't sleep; could they please let her stay up and watch another television program. She begins to cry when they threaten to hit her. Her crying is the most irritating thing you can imagine. She has developed it that way. Finally, when my mother convinces her that no eight year old child is up at such an hour, when my mother threatens to go to school and tell the teacher and the children what time she goes to sleep at night and that she still bedwets, my sister becomes docile and goes back to her room. When my sister is in bed, she demands that the light be kept on in her room. My mother has been trying to break her of the habit and she keeps the bathroom light on instead; this illuminates half of my sister's room. But keeping the light on is very disturbing. No matter what time anyone gets up to go to the bathroom, whenever they shut the light off from force of habit, my sister screams from her room, Put the light on. Can't you ever remember? It can happen three or four times in a night. Sometimes I think she sits up in bed and keeps a vigil all night long, so demons won't be able to enter her room. Before she goes to bed, she always makes sure the front door is locked.

Since I knew that it would be so hard, at nine o'clock exactly I told her I wanted her to go to sleep now. She looked shocked, and a little afraid, but she said,

Daddy said I can watch all my programs.

I ignored her, and she seemed satisfied and sat back in her chair and relaxed. I waited five minutes and said, It's time to go to bed. This time I stood up and took her hand and she started to scream. No. No. I let go of her hand, but she continued to scream. I ran to the front door, to make sure it was locked, because I was afraid of what the neighbors might think, especially Mrs. Mooney, who loves my sister so.

She cried and told me all over again all the programs she expected to watch. I sat back in my chair and I knew, then, that I was defeated. I couldn't fight with her because I just couldn't take her screaming, and if I picked her up and dragged her to bed, she would just vomit, and I would have to clean up after her. I sat back resigned to a night of television. But I said once more, any way, After this program, I want you to go to sleep. She shook her head and said, Daddy says. . . I know what Daddy says, I said. She looked at me and turned her back to the television set and said:

I played with Mary Ellen this morning, and Mary Ellen is a very religious girl. She was going to tell me a story, I could tell. My father always loves to listen to her tell stories: he says she's terribly intelligent.

Before I went upstairs for supper, my sister continued, Mary Ellen told me that if God takes his mind off you, you'll disappear. Mary Ellen told me that she saw a little boy disappear.

That isn't true, I said. It just isn't possible.

Mary Ellen said she saw the boy disappear, and Mary Ellen doesn't tell lies. She goes to confession every week.

She just imagined she saw it.

Oh no, Mary Ellen saw it with her own eyes.

So why are you telling me this?

If you don't let me alone and let me watch my programs, I'm going to pray to God and tell him to take his mind off you.

The egotism of it!

If God takes his mind off me and I disappear, you'll be here all alone, I said. She became frightened and turned back to the television set. You'll be all alone, I said, rubbing it in. But I was in the same position as before, I just couldn't get her to sleep, and bothering her about her being alone would only cause her to cry.

So I watched television, three commercials on a half hour show, and time passed, but, oh so slowly. By twelve o'clock I could see that she was sleepy, I know that I was tired, and I gave her the glass of milk she usually has before going to bed. I started talking to her again and told her how important sleep was and how many hours of sleep a person of her age, a growing child, should have. At twelve thirty, she consented to go to bed, and I, completely relieved, went to the bathroom to wash up. But no sooner did she get in bed than she began to cry.

I'm hungry, she said.

You just had some milk, what else do you want?

I want an apple.

No, leave me alone, I want to go to sleep.

I want an apple.

Leave me alone, I told you. Can't you understand English?

Can I watch another program? I just can't go to sleep.

I'm not your mother, you're not going to get away with blue murder with me.

I want mommy, she began to cry. I want mommy.

Mommy and Daddy went out, you know that.

When Daddy comes home, I'm going to tell him all the things you did to me.

What are you going to tell him? Are you going to tell him how I let you stay up to twelve thirty? How I let you watch every program I hated? How you kept me up the whole night, and still want to keep me up? Well?

No answer.



Well?

I want my mommy.

She won't be home till tomorrow. Go to sleep. Be a good girl for a change.

Come into my room, she said, I'm afraid. Afraid of what?

I'm afraid.

I walked into her room.

Did you lock the front door? she asked. Yes, I said tiredly.

I can't go to sleep. Daddy said that I could watch all my programs. She was crying loudly and fiercely now.

Go to sleep. If you don't I'm going to tell the children at school, I said, using my mother's tactics.

I don't want to go to sleep.

I walked out of her room, and then she gagged and vomited all over the bedclothes and the sheet. I went into the room again and cleaned up. Then I turned her over and hit her on her backside a few times. I decided then that if she so wanted to stay up, she would have her wish. Dragging her back to the living room proved no problem, and I sat her down in a chair and made her look at the television set for a while; she seemed to cringe in the chair and become even smaller than she was. The room was warm, but she began to shiver as if she were chilled, and even in the heat of my anger, she seemed so pitiful that I could not be angry with her, that I could not help but love her. This is probably the way my parents feel when my sister gets up and tells them she just can't fall asleep.

A few moments before, I had been determined to keep her awake all night. Now I picked her up and carried her back to her room, and she did not whine or complain. When she was under the bedclothes, I tucked her in, told her to sleep tight, and went back to my room.

I slept late into the morning and when I woke up my father told me that he had cut off my allowance; he wants his loafing son to go to work. When I became indignant, he hit me a few times with the nearest thing he could find.

My sister woke up before me and told him that I had not let her watch the programs she had wanted. That I had kept her up all night and hit her until she had gagged and thrown up because she didn't want to stay up so late. My father believed every word and didn't give me a chance to tell my side of the story. I'm not important at all in the house.

The other day I had occasion to see my birth certificate, on it is my footprint: it is about two inches long. I wonder if it was worth growing up to be as big as I am now: if it has a point. I know that there is no justice in the world. As far as I know, God could take his mind off me and I could disappear. I know you think that I feel sorry for myself. Perhaps I do.

When my mother calls me in for supper, I'm going to sit right here. I'm going to make my parents suffer, so they'll know how important I am.

# You And I Are One

NUVER KOUMYAN

## I

*You came in the morning  
With the early light,  
Fresh and radiant,  
To fill my heart with joy;  
And my song started anew.*

*You called me by my name  
And singled me out amongst many.  
"You are my joy, and the light,  
And the day is ours," you said.  
"You are my life, my breath,"  
I whispered in return.*

## II

*The night had fallen into the  
Dark, never to return.  
At the presence of the light  
The dark disappeared.  
Alone stood the light  
Liberated.  
It gave joy and love  
To all that followed  
The day after the night.*

## III

*I know now that only  
In your presence I can sing;  
And that only your light*

*Guides my steps.  
Never again I shall return  
To the dark.  
Your name is my pride;  
In your name I can last  
And fill the joy  
Of your creation.*

## IV

*My life you made with  
Song and exotic flowers.  
You freely taught  
Me how to sing,  
And the tune of the melody  
Never left me day and night.  
Now I want to sing in return;  
A small token of gratitude  
Is my song.*

## V

*My heart ever endlessly  
Craves to fulfill my dreams,  
But never finds satisfaction  
In a substitute.  
You have the key to the  
Entrance of my heart,  
And the slightest sound  
Of a false note  
Saddens your heart.*

*I will keep the melody  
Of my notes.*

VI

*I know that your songs  
Are endless,  
And that with a new day  
You teach me another one,  
Never ending the newness  
In your realm.  
Your devotion is  
Beyond my understanding;  
And the free gift of your  
Love is my liberation.*

VII

*Many things I ask  
Looking around;  
But your patience  
Is undisturbed.  
You go on with your  
Pattern and weave silently  
To complete the eternal  
Picture of this  
Beautiful life,  
Not mindful of how much  
Time you devote to it.*

VIII

*Someone came today  
To the door of my house  
And offered me trinkets;  
How noisy they became!  
In this silent work of mine  
I could not concentrate;*

*I could not dispel them,  
For they offered me their  
Companionship, but soon  
I discovered they were false.*

IX

*You did not recognize  
My song today:  
It had a strange sound.  
I sang for you, but  
You were not even there.  
They say you had come and  
Gone without waiting for me.  
Your coming was in secret,  
Your departure swift.  
I sing and long for your hearing,  
But you are not there anymore.  
I have lost you in  
The crowded mart.*

X

*I will sing until my  
Song is exhausted and ended.  
And until you lift me up  
Again, giving me hope,  
And renew my strength  
Filling my empty heart  
With love and song,  
I will remain silent  
For forever.  
I can not sing alone,  
Without you:  
For you and I  
Are one.*

# ORIGINS OF THE ARMENIAN FLAG

HOVHANNESS K. BABESIAN

The origin of the flag is very old and there is no resemblance between the flag of ancient times and the one which is used today. The ancient flag was a piece of carving representing a dragon, an eagle, or some mysterious object of the gods which was fastened to the end of a pole and which led the armies into battle.

The Armenian word *Drosh* meaning flag, in its medieval orthography of *Dravsh* or *Draush*, is derived from the Persian *Drafsh* of the Zend) which was very familiar during the Armenian Golden Age. The ancient Armenians armenianized the word into *Dravshak* which in later centuries, with the introduction of the letter *o* into the Armenian alphabet to compensate for the diphthong *av* or *au*, was converted into *Drosh* and *Droshak*. Similar transformations of words from one language to another are a familiar occurrence in the history of philology.

The word *Drosh* in old Armenian undoubtedly is the root word connoting a statue, since the word *droshel* meant carving a statue, and since *Drosh* meant a carving fastened to the end of a pole as was stated above, and not the cloth flag which is used today.

*Droshak* or the flag took its present form in the VIth century A.D. in Spain. This formerly small and square flag is said to have been introduced into Spain by the

Saracens during their domination of 711-1492.

We might also mention in passing that very early in history it was the English who first demanded the honor of saluting the flag on the high seas. The Dutch who had sustained a series of reverses at the time were the first to yield to this demand officially in 1673. In 1680 King Louis XIV of France forced the Spanish to lower their flag before the French. After a fight lasting three hours between Tourville and the Spanish admiral on June 2, 1688 the latter was forced to salute the French flag with nine cannon broadsides. Thereafter the saluting of warships sailing through foreign waters became an accepted international custom.

Thus, in its present evolved form, the flag has come to mean a colorful, and sometimes unicolored, piece of cloth, usually a rectangular square, fastened to the end of a long pole which with few exceptions carries an emblem and which, merging with the colors of the cloth, symbolizes the nation or the country which uses it. A totally white flag is displayed on the battlefield in token of surrender, a truce to remove the wounded, or to start negotiations for a peace.

Among the oldest relics of civilization we often find the forms of objects which were used as flags whose carvings and paintings show that contingents of ancient

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Egyptian armies had their own distinctive flags which bore various images, such as sacred animals, ships, emblems, a tablet bearing the inscription of the Pharaoh's name, a fan or some feathered symbol which was fastened to the end of a long pole. Among the excavations of Ninevah two objects representing the flag have merited special attention, one of them an archer standing on a bull, and the other, two bulls running in opposite directions. These emblems are very similar to the one which was attached to the chariot of King Darius.

During wars the Persians, the Greeks and the Romans used various insignia as their flags, best known among which is the Roman eagle. Nevertheless, not until the Middle Ages did anything appear which resembles the flag as we now understand it. Among similar objects worthy of mention is the French Oriflame, the sacred flag which is used throughout the land.

The eagle was also known to the Persians who pinned it to the end of a lance and the sun symbolizing their god which is preserved to this day resting on the back of a lion. These banners were cut from textiles and were carried by the bravest of the soldiers. The Carian soldier who killed Artaxerxes' brother Cyrus had the honor of leading the army under an eagle which, according to the Carian custom, served as the mane on the soldiers' helmets. The Indians of North America carried rods with eagle's feathers. Similar customs have been seen in many semi-barbarian tribes. And lastly the ancient Dacians — one of the Roman provinces comprising present day Transylvania, Moldavia, Wallachia and a part of Hungary — used the flag with the image of a rolling serpent, very similar to the United States yellow flag immediately after 1776 under whose coiled serpent is written: "Don't tread on me."

The dragon was a military symbol from earliest times among many nations, such

as, the Chinese, the Dacians and the Parthians, and probably it was used for the first time by the Romans as the flag of their barbarian allies, if, however, the Armenians did not anticipate them by adopting it from the Urartuans after their conquest of the aborigines of the land; for the Urartuans too have used the dragon and the Armenians have embodied it in their ancient insignia. Although we know the Romans carried on their banners the images of wolves, horses, the bear and the minotaur, and according to Pliny, the famous Roman general Caius Marius (born 157 B.C.) during his second consulate, ordered his legions to use only the banner of the eagle.

What was the shape of the flag used generally by the Armenians and the other nations?

As stated, the flag was square and rectangular, sometimes with twin or triple prongs. The cloth itself was fastened to the pole at the topmost, tied by the inner tips and spread out horizontally. The branchings, namely, the triangular tips, whether two or three, from the main body of the cloth to the tips gradually narrow down and assume sharp tips. Sometimes the banner was a parallelogram, namely, the length was longer than the width. The square banner always took a horizontal form as they do now, but the rectangular squares and the twin and triple branched banners ordinarily were perpendicular, hanging downward from the top of the pole. But if the twin and triple forked banners were short, like the squares, they were fastened to the tip of the pole horizontally.

The perpendicular flag or banner was called *Var* which is the Armenian word for cloth and which, in the immediate aftermath of the introduction of Christianity, assumed the name of *Khachvar* among the Armenians because the flag was embossed with a cross of gold brocade. A beautiful sample of this Khachvar has been preserved.



in the Library of Etchmiadzin. On one face of this flag is an image of Christ seated on a throne, waving the blessing with His right hand while the left hand holds a gospel, above His head appear the sun and the moon while the animals of the four evangelists decorate the four corners around His central throne. On the other face is the image of Gregory the Illuminator, the founder of the Armenian church, dressed in his pontifical vestments, flanked on his right by King Tiridates and on his left by the Virgin Rhipsime holding a cross in her right hand. This Var or flag was donated by a certain priest named Simeon and his wife Kamal Khatun.

The oldest samples of the Khachvar may be seen on the coins of Lucius Verus to commemorate his conquest of Armenia.

The use of the cross on the flag followed the use of the oldest emblems, the eagle, the lion, the dragon, etc., which, as stated above, was introduced with the advent of Christianity and which was first used by the first Christian Emperor of Byzantium Constantine the Great (274-337), not in the direct form of the present cross but by the monogrammatic juxtaposition of the first two letters of the Greek word for Christ (Xi and Ro).

In time this monogram replaced the old Roman eagle and with the advance of Christianity, when restrictions on religion were removed and free worship became universal, the monogram was evolved into its present shape of the cross and was adopted by the Christians as their flag. The Armenian Apostolic Church in the early centuries of the Christian era adopted a second monogrammatic form in which the cross was accentuated even more. Similar monogrammatic crosses are carved on the four capitals of the columns of the magnificent church of Zvartnotz near Vagharshapat whose ruins have been reconstructed. The same monogrammatic figure has been engraved on the walls of the Cathedral of

Vagharshapat. The identical figure circumscribed in circles was freely used in the Assyrian churches during the fifth and sixth centuries.

Assuredly the color of the flag was purple which is the royal colors and the embossed cross was a gold brocade according to the custom. This was inevitable since the Armenians copied Constantine's flag which is always mentioned as purple in color and the brocaded cross.

Quite an old shape of the Armenian flag has been mentioned by one of the Venetian fathers, Father Vardan Vardapet Hatzuni. This flag has come down to us from the hand of famous Armenian miniature artist Sarkis Bidzak in 1331. This is a purple square flag with two triangular prongs, bearing the Greek square-shaped cross with monogram letterings at the four corners which are very similar to the cross described by the well-known Grigor Datzatzi. This flag was previously mentioned in Father Chevond Alishan's *Sisvan* (page 235), although very vaguely.

The shapes of the flags have somewhat differed from one another. Thus, the Roman flag is square. The flag of Darius according to a mosaic from the excavations of Pompey had the same shape. Whereas, the flag of Khosrov I from a Sassanian sculpture hangs down and this long flag in all probability was adopted by the Armenians as shown by the flag at the abovementioned Etchmiadzin Library.

The use of the cross as the emblem on the Armenian flag early in the Christian era is attested to by the chroniclers. Speaking of the Vardanantz War fought against the Persians for the religious freedom of the Armenians in 451 the historian Elisha (Yeghisheh) writes: "Khachanushan araryali i vera zeroon" — "The cross sign appeared over the army." Again, in referring to the cross, David the Invincible, the Armenian Philosopher has written: "Victory for the kings, hope of valor for the princes, van-

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guard of Christian soldiers, succor of champions, sustainer of the martyrs, helper of those in jeopardy and refuge of the vanquished."

Finally, in the Seventh Century, of the 385 clericals who accompanied the army of Vahan the grandson of Kail Vahan Mamikonian, each two held a *Khachadrosh bardzraboun* (a tall pole bearing the cross sign), and "*eznushan khachin dartzoutzatz eyin i vera teshnamvouyn*" — "They had turned the sign of the cross against the enemy" at the time of the attack.

The same was true of the Bagratid kings who, when they marched to battle, "*Nushanagus khachadrosh*" (The flag of the cross) advanced before the marching armies, as testified by Thomas Artzrouni of the Tenth century. On the other hand, the cross proper without the flag has often been used in time of war as seen in following words of Ourhayetzi: "They took out the holy sign of Varak and raised it on a lance and carried it before the soldiers" when the Armenian princes Abulgharib and Gogh Vasil hastened to the aid of the City of Ourha against the Turks.

However, various other emblems appeared on the flag as testified to by Lazar of Pharbe when in describing Vasak Siuni's contingents in the Persian army at the Battle of Avarayr writes: "For yonder appeared the various emblems of the flag used by the Ghagish regiment of the Siunis."

Lazar does not tell us what these emblems were but when he uses the plural it is obvious that the emblems of the various regiments differed from one another.

The preceding information in regard to Armenian flags although highly interesting nevertheless are wholly inadequate to cover a period of 2500 years of Armenian state life for the simple reason that the periodic foreign invasions and the ensuing dislocations have left behind very few relics descriptive of the form of the Armenian flag,

although the little that has come down to us is very eloquent.

Faustus of Byzantium has enumerated 900 principalities in Armenia each of which had its unique insignia. It is natural to presume that in all these the emblem of the Arshakuni Dynasty, the Araratian Kingdom, would be regarded as the national flag. However, our ancient chroniclers have left no information about these flags. In this respect the Mamikonians have been more fortunate since Faustus of Byzantium has left quite a clear description of their tribe: "*Aghanazgik*" (of the nation of Alans), "*Aghanadroskh*" (the flag of the Alans), "*Artzvenushank*" (the emblem of the eagle), "*Varjhnaganishk*" (the emblem of the birds), "*Anergiughk*" (the fearless), "*Kachasirtk nahatakh kachanounk*" (brave martyrs of brave reputation.)

Father Vardan Vardapet Hatzouni in his beautiful work entitled *Armenian Flags in History* rejects the theory that the word "*Aghanadroskh*" is derived from the Alan or Aghuan nations, nor from the Armenian word "*Aghavni*" (Dove). His contention is based on the testimony of Faustus of Byzantium who traces the origin of the Mamikonians to the Chinese world (*Chinatz Ashkharh*). The Mamikonians were inveterate enemies of both the Alans and the Aghuans who always sided with the Armenian enemy Persians and therefore they could not have adopted their flags.

Faustus' words "*Aghanazgik*" and "*Aghanadroskh*", descriptive of the Mamikonian house, which have caused so much discussion through the implication of the Alan or Aghuan nations, is undoubtedly caused by the carelessness of copyists who omitted a letter in each word. The omitted letter is the Armenian "*Vev*" which corresponds to the English letter "*V*". Corrected, the preceding words would read "*Aghavnazgik*" and "*Aghavnadroskh*" which in its revised form assumes an entirely new meaning. "*Aghavni*" in Armenian means a pigeon,

and consequently, the word "Aghavnad-rosh" means a banner or a flag carrying the dove.

Father Hatzouni rejects this theory also. "The dove is too unsuitable a bird to lead armies into battle and to soar alongside with the devouring claws of the Arshakouni Eagle."

Father Hatzouni's argument, however, will not stand close scrutiny. Why, for instance, is it incongruous to include the image of a timid and harmless bird as the dove on a flag when we see the head of a poor lamb alongside a piercing eagle or a fiery dragon on ancient Armenian insignias? Therefore, there can be no issue of bravery or cowardice here. Thus, the dove a harmless and delicate creature and the lamb a tame animal are symbols of Armenian harmlessness, peacefulness and meekness, but when necessary these qualities are changed into piercing, valorous, daring and devouring eagles or dragons against the merciless enemy. The presence of Noah's dove bearing the olive branch of peace or the lamb symbolizing meekness does not necessarily mean timidity but they mean love of peace and meekness, qualities whose violators must face the wrath of the Armenian braves who are symbolized by the eagle and the dragon.

This is true of the insignias of the Armenian political parties of today. The insignia of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, for instance, has the pen as the emblem of intellectual and cultural activity, the spade, emblematic of labor; and to protect the freedom and rights of both, there is the accompanying sword, the symbol of justice.

In the Middle Ages the flag was uncolored regardless of the shades. It is the custom of modern times to make its composition of several colors. Thus, when Levon II the Medzagordz (The man of great deeds) was being anointed king of the Rubenian Dynasty of Cilicia, Pope Celestine III of Rome sent him a banner with the in-

signia of the lion in 1197. Levon was anointed king in 1198 in the St. Sophia Church of Tarsus at the hand of Catholicos Grigor Abirat. This flag which was white carried a red lion with raised paws.

Apparently Levon's successors discarded this flag which was replaced by the Armenian Tricolor (red, blue and yellow) when the Lusinians of French origin ascended the Rubenian throne. After the downfall of the Lusinian Dynasty, on April 16, 1375 (Levon V was the last king), the Lusinians of Cyprus, relatives of Levon V, considered themselves the inheritors of the kingdom and added the titles of the Armenian king to theirs. Much earlier, on November 11, 1319, Archbishop Mattheos (Mathew) of Tarsus anointed the Lusinian Hovhannes II nominal king of Armenia. The latter added the colors of the Tricolor to those of the flag of Cyprus, thus creating a quadricolor flag of white, red, blue and yellow.

The use of the lion as mentioned above (sent by the Pope to Levon II) is very old and probably was transmitted to the Armenians by the Persians. The present Persian flag shows a lion on whose back rests the sun, which no doubt can be traced to ancient Persian sunworship. The flag is called *Shir-khorshit* — lion-sun. Having been worshippers of the sun in the pagan era the Armenians used the image of the sun on the crown, the coins and the flag of their kings.

As to the use of the dragon, this is very old, much earlier than the adoption of the Armenians. Anciently the dragon was a military symbol among many nations, used by the Chinese, the Dacians and the Parthians, and probably the Romans were the first to use it as the banner of their barbarian allies, if the Armenians did not anticipate them by adopting it from the Urartuans who, before the advent of the Armenians, used the seven-headed open-jawed hydra dragon on their flag, symbolizing the seven provinces, and in all probability, the Armenians adopted the symbol immediately

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upon the conquest of the Urartuans. According to Zenob of Glak the use of the dragon among the Armenians was started in the days of King Vagharshak a relic of which has been discovered in Eriza (Erzinka). The chief insignia of the Artashesian (Artaxiad) Dynasty, however, was the eagle which was fixed at the end of a lance or on the helmets of high ranking generals.

After the downfall of the Rubenian Dynasty, the Armenians having ceased to be an independent people, they naturally had no national flag. The question of the Armenian flag came up in 1885 when the Armenian Students Association of Paris, desirous of joining the funeral of Victor Hugo with a national flag, appealed to Father Alishan for the true colors of the flag.

Father Alishan without any historical proof, and based solely on the Armenian church calendar according to which the first Sunday of Easter is called Red Sunday, the second Green Sunday, and selecting an arbitrary color of his own, the white, composed the Armenian flag which later was adopted as the official flag of the Hunchak Party.

Thereafter, Father Alishan created a second classification of the colors: yellow, red and green, or blue, red and green, taking it from the colors of the rainbow, based upon the premise that "God gave the Armenian flag on the very day when the colors of the rainbow bathed the Ark of Noah on Mount Ararat (the Armenian Mount Masis)." This flag was adopted by the Armenians and was used during World War I.

When in 1918 the Russian Communists occupied Nor Nakhitchewan and tried forcibly to introduce the Armenian officers into their army, the Union of Armenian Officers protested against this action, arguing that, according to Lenin's decree, they were going to fight against the Turks. The Rus-

sians gave in, and to distinguish the Armenian soldier from the non-Russian, the Armenians were permitted to wear an arm band with the Armenian colors. These were the yellow, the red and the green.

Finally, seeing that the colors of Father Alishan were arbitrary, with no historic basis or value, the Government of the Independent Republic of Armenia selected the colors of the last period of the Rubenian Dynasty: red, blue and yellow, in which the yellow immediately was replaced by the orange because it easily merged with the rest of the colors and presented a more pleasing composition. This was the origin of the beautiful and glorious Armenian Tricolor which became the flag of the Independent Republic of Armenia.

At the end of his work "Armenian Flags in History" Father Vardan Vardapet Hatzouni gives the result of his conscientious studies under the title of "A Summary" which we present below:

"Armenian ancient literature bearing on our subject," writes Father Hatzouni, "is meager. Old Armenian emblematic carvings are mere ornaments and the standards of the Armenian freemen in large part are unknown. Nonetheless, the Armenian past has left us many relics and monuments whose attentive examination offers quite a satisfactory result.

1. "This military cloth in the Armenian language is called *Drosh*, *Var*, *Nishan* or *Nishanak* (meaning flag, sign, emblem, or insignia), although the latter indicated signs in the narrow sense.

2. "The flag of the Arshakounis (Arsacids) was purple, square, short and with golden tassels or long and without tassels. The emblem, the eagle, probably two in number flanking the sun and always in gold brocade. The support a lance, depending on the shape of the flag.

3. "The flag of the Bagratounis (Bagratids) likewise was purple, at first elongated, then square rectangular and with golden

tassels. The emblem was the eagle with a unique form and brocaded in gold. The supporter (the pole) in all probability bore the golden ball and the cross to which was attached the flag which streamed downward."

4. "The flag of the Rubenians was a uniform purple, its outlying edge forked into two or more sharp tips. Its emblem was the lion wearing a crown and holding a royal staff with a cross capping, likewise brocaded in gold. The supporting staff definitely capped with a crossborne ball to which the cloth of the flag is attached.

5. "The flag of the Mamikonians or the flag of the Stratelates as it was known definitely is traced to the ancient princely family standards. The color of the cloth is white and the shape is a parallelogram. Its emblem the eagle holds in its claws a bow, probably in red. The supporting staff is a lance, peculiar to the other princely homes, to which the flag is attached.

6. "We know only in part the flag of the Orbelians, the color of the canvas red and the emblem in white. The emblem in all probability was the lion.

7. "The national flag was purple, in ancient times certainly square but in the Middle Ages, forked. Its emblem a golden brocaded cross, at first monogrammatic but later changed to the customary form, and during the Middle Ages probably carried at the corners the four Armenian monograms of the Lord's name. The supporting staff was a lance to which the flag was at-

tached. It was carried in war and before the marching armies of the Bagratid kings.

"The flagbearer for the royal flag generally was a prince (a hereditary prerogative) and for the princes flag a common soldier."

In response to a request of the Mekhitarist fathers Father Hatzouni has reconstructed a unique flag which in reality is the synthesis of all the flags of various periods of Armenian history, presenting the old purple of the royal and national flags. It is edged with golden tassels and streams down the pole. In the center stands an Armenian cross taken from an old Armenian carving. The supporting staff is a copy from a Sassanian carving, resembling the Armenian lance. In each corner of the cross, in chronological order, is portrayed the Arshakouni twin eagle with the sun, Etchmiadzin's monogram of the Savior's name, the Bagratid Eagle and the Rubenian Lion.

This flag, according to the author, symbolizes the triple periods of Armenia's former independence and at the same time the entirety of the Armenian fatherland, from Caucasus to Cilicia, the historic boundaries of Armenia. It is more of a coat of arms rather than a flag and is little likely that an emancipated Armenia will ever adopt it as its flag. Nevertheless, as a patriotic-spirited creation, embodying much of the color, the tradition and the spirit of ancient Armenia, it unquestionably has a definite appeal to the Armenian heart.

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● A TRUE STORY:

# KING COBRA

A. A. ARATHOONIAN

When darkness broke away and morning began to dawn, and when everything was dead to the world, a bugle echoed far and wide, breaking the stillness of the hour. There was a long pause; and then it echoed again and again when sleep had hardly been thought of all night.

"To hell with it! I'm not getting up so early," I said and covered myself up with a sheet. Just then we heard the Sergeant Major's footsteps outside. The tent flap was flung aside and we were pulled out of our cots.

The Sergeant Major was not a big man. He stood a couple of inches under six feet, slender but masculine, with iron gray hair framing a head of more than the ordinary size with smart military moustaches and dark eyes penetrating, blond, unreadable.

Soon we were all out on parade. The sun had just started chasing the darkness behind the horizon, over the thick Indian Forest, spreading its golden rays over the top of the trees. The farmers were out ploughing. Thin spiral wisps of smoke started rising from the nearby huts; we were out in the Auxiliary Force Camp in Jufferpore District, right in the heart of the forest.

"Parade, attention!" sounded the Sergeant Major's voice. Just then our attention was drawn by two dogs chasing a jackal which passed us like lightning.

The Colonel, accompanied by the adjutant, now appeared and we all surrounded him. "Well boys," he began, "to-day we are going to have a real show. This is no ordinary case. Every step must be warily taken; each step must be made sure before the next is ventured. There is a very thick jungle a mile from here where we have already pin-pointed the enemy. Now this gang has friends and pals everywhere from whom they can get help and information. It is left to you to block all their communications and prevent them from rendering help to each other. Every secrecy must be observed. You'll have to divide the companies into various sections and approach under cover the enemy post from different directions without making the slightest noise. Remember — don't fire unless you get quite close where they have no chance of escaping. You must see that they get what they deserve. You must catch them as prisoners or shoot them like dogs. Place strong guards over our Headquarters, keep strict watch and allow no one to approach except the messengers." This said in the clear, decisive tones of a man whose plans are clearly defined in his head and who is accustomed to command.

The parade broke and we ran for our meals. After an enjoyable early morning out in the open we went through a good breakfast. "Bah! . . . the tea is like ditch-water," remarked Leo after gulping down a huge mug and sailing into the cereal. After an hour's break we were all out again

on parade in full fighting kit. We were proud of ourselves as soldiers.

"Furnish all the section commanders with maps and accompanying descriptions of the whole place and get going quickly," said the adjutant. "Instruct them to search every man they meet and if the enemy should be found, send the information quickly back to this headquarters," he said in an authoritative way.

The Sergeant Major furnished us with maps, note books and pencils.

The sections took their posts and started moving out.

I was in charge of No. 2 Section. We were 32 in number. I had to follow Number One platoon, ahead of us. We started through the paddy fields, jumped over hedges, bushes, mounds and fencings. The day was intensely hot; the scorching sun from above, the bees and flies from below and the sweeping of the branches from one side made us all soon faint and weary. At certain places we had to crawl on our hands. This was the worst, for the thorns and the dried grass tore mercilessly at us. At certain places the jungle was so thick and impenetrable that we were afraid of losing one another. The creepers were strangling us. We were all soaking wet and had dropped most of our blank shots. We passed a pool of water which reminded us of the home of the reptiles. Cold sweat passed over us for we could smell wild life. I knew we were in danger. A thousand wild ideas ran through my head. We started at every small sound. Soon we came to an open glade. There was a narrow path where the officer was following our movements.

Suddenly the silence of the forest gave way to confused shrills, "Run! run! run for your lives, be carefull Watch out-careful" was heard from the Platoon-Commander in advance.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



"BABY" ARATHOONIAN

If Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano were to author a story so nicely conceived as Mr. Arathoonian's "King Cobra", it would be an immediate world-wide event. There seems little reason for "King Cobra" to make less a ripple in the field of belles-lettres than a Marciano tale would have made, for though the author — "Baby" Arathoonian — is no Marciano, he is yet the Heavyweight Boxing Champion of all India (from 1935), Ceylon (since 1944), Iran and the Middle East since 1949 — the Marciano of that world! Now a resident of Abadan, where he is employed — when not defending his ring laurels — by the Iranian Oil Refining Co., Arathoonian went from his native Iran to India where he studied at the Armenian College in Calcutta. After a spell of teaching school there, he did further study, and then joined the Indian Railway Technical Training School. He subsequently went back to Iran, was made a member of the 1948 Iranian Olympics boxing team, but was unable to participate in the London games. His record as a pugilist is well nigh unbelievable. He has the longest unbeaten streak in Eastern history. He has met and beaten the best competition all over the East. During the war, Arathoonian collected millions of rupees for the war fund, often boxing exhibitions with American servicemen. Arathoonian is a staunch Armenian patriot, a firm believer in the Armenian destiny, and a credit to his parent people. He is married to the former Eileen Moosaly, an Armenian girl from Mousoul, and they have two children, Vartan and Aram. "King Cobra" is a page from Arathoonian's experiences as a member of the allied forces during World War II.

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"Boys, the enemy is in sight, they haven't seen us, take cover! Don't fire until I tell you! Follow me quietly," I said in a calm voice belying my inner excitement. We were in an open space and were slowly creeping forward through the tall grass when I heard a hissing sound and saw the grass in front of me shaking. I stood up remembering the stories of the huge reptiles of the Indian forests. I took a step forward and shouted 'Snake! snake!' and before I had finished a huge King Cobra—hood up—reared and was ready to strike.

Automatically my hands went to my rifle. I swung out like lightning and, hitting the reptile, sent him several feet away. I knew it was a good one, the force was enough to knock out a bull. The combination of my calculating patience and the enormous power of my hands was too much for any reptile to fight against. Encouraged, I stood ready for an attack. The snake curled up a few times, opened out again and rushed at me hood up, this time more ferocious and menacing. But I was calm and steady with the heavy Service Rifle in my muscular hands and as it came close once more I let him have it with every ounce of strength I had. But alas! My rifle broke. My knee gave way and I knew at this desperate moment I had to fight for life and death.

I remembered Cynthia and a supernatural force rushed in me. I knew that in a hopeless state I had to fight for life and existence. I wanted to live and make others happy. I was young, strong and healthy. At the thought of this, I rushed like a wild man and before the snake had time to lift its hood I put my heel on its hood and the struggle started.

The boys were yelling and shouting but no one dared to come forward.

I was standing with one foot on the

ground and the other on the Cobra, my hands clenched. The reptile was hissing, whipping, jerking, lashing, flogging at my ankle, coiling round my leg. I had him under my foot. The fangs were shooting in the air and I could feel the strokes on my boots and putties. After a great struggle the reptile freed itself and started using its tail. I managed to catch it under my foot. It dropped down, coiled round my leg and started contracting and crushing my legs as if to render them into pulp. Then all of a sudden it raised its hood and stretched out to bear its fiery fangs to my bare knee. I stooped to catch its neck. Oh! what a struggle! Only men who have had personal experience can understand the fierceness and the strength of a dying King Cobra. The forest was in danger, everything was quiet except two poor souls — the reptile and I — fighting for existence. Soon the Cobra gave way and relaxed. I took a deep breath and watched his stretching and contracting for his last breath. I moved for the last time and crushed its hood flat.

I was motionless and could not talk and thought it was all a dream. The boys slowly walked forward gazing in awe and wonder at the outstretched reptile. I could no longer stand, my bones were aching. I sat down. The reptile was measured; it was well over seven feet long and eight inches in girth.

Blood! the trickle of blood on my hand was from a scratch.

I looked at my broken rifle and then at my outstretched challenger. A glow coursed through my veins, driving out some of my chills of hopelessness. I jumped up, picked up the broken rifle, threw the Cobra on the barrel and walked back to camp, this time by the narrow path. I had a feeling that I was being watched by many unseen eyes until the camp tents were in sight.

# EFFECT OF WORLD WAR I ON THE ARMENIAN QUESTION

RITA JERREHIAN

The Armenian question was not solved by the advent of the Young Turks and the deposition of the "Great Armenian Assassin," Abdul Hamid II. The revival and development of the Young Turk movement had been greeted with great joy and hope by the Armenians who cooperated with the young liberals in bringing about the restoration of the Constitution of 1876; it appeared that the promise of a better future for all nationalities might at last be fulfilled. Turkish nationalists, however, began to dominate the Committee of Union and Progress which embarked on an intense policy of Turkification. New and old grievances soon outweighed the initial improvements instituted. In Lesser Armenia or Cilicia, the Adana massacres had occurred. The Young Turks attributed the outrages to the last act of the fallen regime. In Greater Armenia, however, armed Kurdish tribes were encouraged in their depredations and Turkish officials continued in their discriminations against the Armenians. By 1915 it was apparent that the Cilician massacres were actually the first act of the new regime. In this year massacres of unprecedented enormity took place. The Armenian situation had reached a new height under the Young Turks. Before the outbreak of the First World War, however, it seemed that the Armenian question would finally be solved.

Turkish action in attempting to balance imperialism and nationalism had characterized Turkish foreign policy of the late nineteenth century and early twentieth century and was to have a strong influence on the Armenian question. The year 1911 was a key year in Turkish foreign policy. The Empire was again disintegrating. To insure and strengthen its position, Turkey considered three main policies that it might pursue in its conduct of foreign relations. The active support of one of the three major powers, upon whose keen rivalry Sultan Abdul Hamid had previously relied in carrying out his policy of regenerating the Empire by the extermination of the Armenians, must be gained by Turkey. Which of the Powers would she choose? Great Britain had been the traditional friend and Russia the traditional enemy whereas Germany was becoming the greatest military power in Europe.<sup>1</sup> The Balkan Wars convinced Turkey of the need to make a choice.

Great difficulties faced the Turks in the year 1911. The Tripolitan War broke out in September. Italy, having gained the approval of the Powers by previous individual agreements for eventual Italian action in Tripoli, had landed a force and proclaimed

<sup>1</sup> Edward R. Vere-Hodge, *Turkish Foreign Policy 1918-1948*, These No. 70, Ambilly-An-nemasse, France-Switzerland, 1950, p. 8.

the annexation of the Turkish dominion. Turkey put up a strong resistance, but the impending Balkan War forced the Turks to yield after many months of fighting in Tripoli. The Empire was swiftly falling apart. The Balkan League, composed of Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece, inflicted a crushing defeat upon Turkey in the First Balkan War which resulted in the creation of the new independent country of Albania. By the Treaty of London which terminated the war, Turkey suffered the loss of all Turkish territory in Europe except for Constantinople and a small area along the Bosphorus and the Dardenelles. Then, with the breakup of the Balkan League, another Balkan War was waged, and the spoils of the previous war were reallocated by the Treaty of Bucharest. By the Treaty of Constantinople, Turkey recovered Adrianople which had been lost in the First Balkan War.<sup>2</sup> The Balkan Wars had resulted in the enlargement of all the Balkan states at the expense of Turkey. Turkey realized more than ever before the necessity of having a powerful ally. According to Djemal Pasha in *Memoirs of a Turkish Statesman* 1913-1919, Germany was the "only power which desired to see Turkey strong."<sup>3</sup> Therefore, the experience of the Balkan Wars had led Turkey to form closer ties with Germany, a decision which greatly affected the situation of the Armenians in the period that was to follow.

Armenians had fought loyally on the side of Turkey in the First Balkan War,<sup>4</sup> but the Armenian situation did not improve and relations with the Young Turks became strained by 1913. In January 1913, at the London Peace Conference, the Armenians appealed to the Powers, reminding them

of their obligations under Article 61 of the Berlin Treaty. Once again the Powers refused to consider the Armenian problem, since the Conference had been called to deal exclusively with the Balkan question.<sup>5</sup> A period of Young Turk terrorism under the triumvirate of Enver, Talaat, and Djemal, however, began after the termination of the First Balkan War. The attention of world-wide public opinion was called to the Armenian problem by the increased agitation of the revolutionary groups outside of Turkey, and Russian initiative was to be responsible for the early diplomatic consideration of the Armenian question.

The Armenian cause had once more been advanced by the Tsarist government of Russia in the policy it conducted from 1912 to 1914.<sup>6</sup> Russian strength, which had been impaired by events in domestic affairs and in foreign relations in 1905, had been regained. Humanitarian grounds as well as self-interest motivated Russia in her action to impose administrative reforms in Turkish Armenia. Annexation or penetration into Turkish Armenia was not the immediate policy aim of Russia. Military occupation of Turkey was to take place only in the event of the failure of the reform plan that Russia had formulated, since Russia was not militarily prepared. Russia wished to safeguard her sphere of influence in Turkish Armenia since the Turkish Empire might collapse at any moment. Germany in particular must be kept out of the sphere. Russian control over the reform administration in the Armenian provinces would accomplish this objective, and would also conciliate the Armenians in Russia.<sup>7</sup>

Both domestic and foreign policy sup-

<sup>2</sup> J. Missakian, *A Searchlight on the Armenian Question*, Boston, 1950, pp. 19-21.

<sup>3</sup> New York, 1922. (Quoted by Vere-Hodge, p. 9.)

<sup>4</sup> H. Pasdermadjian, *Histoire de l'Arménie depuis les origines jusqu'au traité de Lausanne*, Paris, 1949, pp. 440-41.

<sup>5</sup> Missakian, p. 22.

<sup>6</sup> Roderic H. Davison, "The Armenian Crisis 1912-1914," *The American Historical Review*, 53: 488 (April 1948).

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 486.



ported the Russian objective. By the edict of June 12, 1903, the Russian government appropriated the estates and funds of the Armenian Church in Russia, one of the last steps in the anti-Armenian policy Russia had carried out since the mid-eighties. Two years later, the Tartar tribes of the Caucasus racially akin to the Kurds were incited by the Russians to attack the Armenians in the Transcaucasian area.<sup>8</sup> The new Vorontzov-Dashkov government which rose to power in 1905 abandoned the policy of ruthless repression of the Armenians and undertook a conciliatory policy.<sup>9</sup> The incidents of the Balkan Wars, however, caused renewed unrest among the Russian Armenians. In the past Russian intervention in behalf of the Armenians in Turkey had gained the good will of the Armenians in Russia. The Tsarist government, fearful that the Russian Armenians would rise in revolt following the example of the Balkan nations, promised to take action once again to insure the execution of reforms in Turkish Armenia.

In external policy as well as in internal policy can be found the motive for the Russian action in advocating the Armenian cause. 1905 marked Russian defeat in the Far East. Russia had not been successful in her attempt to gain control of the Straits or the Balkans. Russian prestige would be regained by a success in Turkish Armenia. The economic importance of the Armenian section of Turkey was another factor that influenced Russian policy. The mineral and agricultural resources of Turkish Armenia attracted Russian interest. The strategic implications of Russian control in the area, however, were perhaps the greatest determining force. The Russian sphere in Persia and Russian Transcaucasia would be protected against the

menacing border encroachments of Turkish forces if the Russians superintended the intervening Armenian area.<sup>10</sup>

It was not until the end of 1912 that the Russian foreign minister, Sergei Sazonov, was prepared to advocate reforms for the Armenians. An international discussion of the Armenian question would not accomplish the desired results so long as the Balkan crisis continued. Turkey would not hesitate to take advantage of any disunity among the Powers. However, Russia would not risk arousing European opposition to her project by acting independently.<sup>11</sup> Instead, Russia sponsored the Armenian case indirectly at first. The mission of preparing public opinion and Great Power support for Armenian reforms under Russian supervision was entrusted to Boghos Nubar Pasha who was appointed by the Armenian Catholicos.<sup>12</sup> Separation from Turkey or military occupation by Russia was not to be involved, merely reforms. Turkey had been warned in November, 1912 that continued Turkish disregard of the Armenian situation would lead to European intervention. In December, 1912 the British and French cabinets were approached by the Russian ambassadors to London and Paris; this was an attempt to gain support for Russian representations to the Porte concerning the masses of Moslem emigrants from the lost Balkan provinces who were flooding the Armenian countryside.<sup>13</sup> By January, 1913 all the Powers had learned of the steps the Russians had taken. The Armenian question thus once again faced the Powers.

The reaction of the Powers was the one

<sup>10</sup> Davison, pp. 487-88.

<sup>11</sup> A. Mandelstam, *Le sort de l'Empire ottoman*, Paris, 1917, p. 208.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 211. The seat of the Armenian ecclesiastic head was in Etchmiadzin, Russia. Russia found it easy to control the actions of the Armenian Catholicos whom Russia used as an intermediary in pressing for Armenian reforms under Russian supervision.

<sup>13</sup> Mandelstam, p. 209.

<sup>8</sup> Simon Vratzian, "The Armenian Revolution and the Armenian Revolutionary Federation," *The Armenian Review*, 3:58 (Autumn 1950).

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 66. Also, Pasdermadjian, p. 435.

Russia had anticipated. England and France wished to postpone consideration of the problem until the Balkan situation was settled. Roderic H. Davison points out in his article, "The Armenian Crisis 1912-1914," that Russia may have desired such reception, for it meant that Russia might then by unilateral action be able to propose and execute a Russian scheme of reforms in Turkey.<sup>14</sup> There was no great anxiety on the part of the British concerning the possibility of Russian action; the French, however, declared their strong opposition to any measures taken independently by Russia. French financial and railroad interests were partly responsible for the French attitude. In addition, the French were aware of the strong opposition that Germany would inevitably offer to Russian unilateral action.<sup>15</sup> France did not wish to antagonize either Turkey or Germany. As had been expected, the German reaction was vehement. Germany had been attempting to increase her influence with the Porte at the expense of England. Russia must not be permitted to replace England in Turkish favor. England had withdrawn from the Bagdad railway project in 1892,<sup>16</sup> but a dispute concerning extensions of the railroad still continued between Russia and Germany. A Russian partition of Anatolia would seriously affect the future of the Bagdad project as well as German plans for the eventual control of Turkey. Anglo-German relations had cooled considerably. Anglo-Russian relations, on the other hand, had become less strained as a result of the Anglo-Russian Entente of August 31, 1907. Germany could not rely on the opposition of England to Russian action in Armenia. Therefore, Germany recognized the righteousness of the Armenian grievances, and

promised German cooperation in seeing that reforms were carried out by Turkey. Partition of Turkey, however, was to be avoided. Italy and Austria declared their support of the German plan of action.<sup>17</sup>

By April, 1913 suspicion existed on all sides. Turkey had proclaimed general reforms for the Empire in an attempt to avoid the necessity of carrying out specific reforms for the Armenians, and in April requested the aid of British officials to help in the execution of the new Turkish project. This move was designed to keep Russia and England from cooperating in imposing reforms on Turkey to improve the conditions in the Empire. The apparent calm existing in the Armenian provinces at the beginning of the year, a consequence of winter conditions and Russian representations at the Porte, had ceased to exist by April when the ordinary acts of violence against the Armenians once again assumed the character of systematic extermination. Russian consuls in Bitlis and Erzeroum informed the Russian government of the aggravation of the Armenian situation.<sup>18</sup> The Turkish offer of reforms to be executed with British assistance was thus made to forestall Russian action. The tactical move of the Turkish government was greeted with enthusiasm by Germany. Baron von Wangenheim, the German ambassador at Constantinople, proposed that Germany be permitted to cooperate with England in carrying out the reforms. Great Britain, however, decided to consult Russia before taking any individual or joint action in regard to reforms in Asiatic Turkey.<sup>19</sup> Russian reaction was inevitably one of alarm and protest. Russian interests in neighboring areas would be affected. Russia had made promises to the Russian Armenians that Russian initiative and leadership would be employed to gain reforms

<sup>14</sup> P. 490.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 491.

<sup>16</sup> In 1903 England contemplated financial assistance but eventually decided against any association with the project.

<sup>17</sup> Davison, p. 492.

<sup>18</sup> Mandelstam, pp. 211-12.

<sup>19</sup> Davison, p. 493.

for the Armenians in Turkey. Russia regarded with suspicion the sending of European military expeditions to Asiatic Turkey. Any action in imposing reforms upon Turkey would have to involve Russian participation. Great Britain did not wish to risk a cleavage with Russia and decided against the possibility of Anglo-German cooperation. It was evident, however, that some international action had to be taken, and plans were made for a conference to discuss the reforms necessary to bring peace and security to the Armenian provinces.

Disagreements arose even before the Conference opened. The disputed question of who was to participate in the Conference had to be resolved. The Russian foreign minister, Sergei Sazonov, had suggested that only the 1895 Triple of Russia, England, and France take part, and declared his opposition to allowing the Triple Alliance to share in the plan that was proposed by Russia. France and Great Britain felt that a united front would be most desirable, and Lord Grey suggested that all six powers participate in the conference. Out of regard for Russian wishes, the Triple Entente was to discuss the problem at a preliminary conference to be held in Constantinople.<sup>20</sup> Germany, whose fears had been aroused by English deference to Russia, declared the following conditions for its acceptance of the plan to be formulated by the Conference of Constantinople: Turkish sovereignty was not to be impaired; Turkish territorial integrity was to be maintained; Turkey was to be permitted to enter into the final decision.<sup>21</sup> Germany later withdrew its insistence on the participation of a delegate of Turkey at the proposed conference.<sup>22</sup>

The plan advanced by Russia and approved by the Entente, however, did not meet the stipulations of Germany, who

claimed that it violated Turkish sovereignty and did not uphold Turkish territorial integrity. The Russian plan of June 8, 1913<sup>23</sup> as presented by Andre Mandelstam, First Dragoman of the Russian embassy at Constantinople, authorized the formation of a single province out of the six Armenian provinces of Erzeroum, Van, Bitlis, Diarbekir, Kharput, and Sivas, the administration of these provinces by an Ottoman Christian or European governor-general appointed for a five year term by the Sultan with the approval of the Powers, and the creation of a mixed advisory council of Europeans, Turks, and Armenians. A Provincial Assembly was to be composed of equal numbers of Christians and Moslems to legislate on local matters, its laws subject to the veto of the Sultan. Other reforms were enumerated in detail. The plan was based to a large degree on documents previously presented to Turkey. These included: A memorandum on Armenian reforms of the French, British and Russian Ambassadors in Constantinople (March-April 1895); the scheme for administrative reforms for the Armenian provinces drawn up by the French, British and Russian Ambassadors in Constantinople (March-April 1895); the Armenian reform decree issued by the Sultan on October 20, 1895; the scheme for a *vilayet* law for European Turkey drawn up by the European Commission. Also serving as a base for the Russian project were the *vilayet* law of 1913, and orders and negotiations relating to Lebanon. Although the Entente approved the Russian scheme except for minor alterations, M. Pichon of France and Lord Grey of England insisted that the project be presented as Russia's plan.<sup>24</sup> On June 17, 1913 the Russian plan was communicated to the Conference of the Six Ambassadors

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 217.

<sup>23</sup> *Orange Book*, No. 50 (French text in Mandelstam, pp. 218-22).

<sup>24</sup> Davison, p. 496.

<sup>20</sup> Davison, p. 495.

<sup>21</sup> Mandelstam, p. 215.

at Yenikoy. A Commission was set up on June 30, 1913 to study the Russian project and to report its findings to the Conference.<sup>25</sup>

Turkey had, however, composed her own reform plan. The Turkish scheme was announced July 1, 1913, a mere two days after the Commission on Armenian reforms had been formed.<sup>26</sup> It involved the division of the Empire into six sectors or inspectorates to be headed by European inspector-generals. Commenting on the inadequacy of the Turkish plan, the Russian ambassador, M. de Giers, pointed out that specific mention of Armenian reforms had been evaded. Armenia was apparently divided into two inspectorates whose limits were not defined. M. de Giers feared that the sectors including the Armenian provinces would be constituted in a manner that would cast the Armenians in the midst of a Moslem majority. Although European officials would be used, they were to be appointed without consultation or consent of the Powers. All control rested in the hands of the Porte.<sup>27</sup> The Turkish plan, however, was supported by Germany who wished it to serve as the basis in considering Armenian reforms at the Conference of Yenikoy. Germany felt that the virtually autonomous Armenia which the Russian scheme was likely to create would lead to ultimate Russian annexation when Russia was prepared militarily to take the necessary steps. Neither Russia nor Germany wished partition of the Turkish Empire to take place. The Germans feared that partition would result if the Russian

scheme were accepted. On the other hand, the Russians felt that partition would result if the Russian scheme were not accepted. Great Britain was anxious not to arouse the hostility of the Indian Moslems, and gave only mild support to the Russian scheme, suggesting that the Turkish plan also be considered at the Yenikoy Conference.<sup>28</sup>

It was not expected that the opposing currents of thought would be reconciled at the Conference of the Six Ambassadors at Yenikoy. The deadlock which was anticipated occurred. Russia presented her plan which received the backing of France and mild open support of England. The plan which was proposed, the Russians explained, would satisfy the Armenians and would eliminate the need for future European intervention on their behalf. By preventing Armenian uprisings, the plan would serve also to prevent partition of the Empire. The solidarity of the Triple Alliance opposition to the essential provisions of the Russian plan resulted in the failure of the Conference in solving the Armenian question. The situation, however, had been clarified.<sup>29</sup>

Then, tension arose as a consequence of incidents which occurred in July. The presence of Russian troops near the Turkish frontier caused considerable anxiety, and it was feared that the Russians might invade Turkish Armenia as a means of making the Turks give up the recaptured city of Adrianople. Russian occupation of Armenia would have meant a solution to the Armenian question and probably the ultimate partition of Turkey. France thwarted the move threatened by Russia, however, by her immediate and vigorous protests. Although the tension had been relaxed, the Powers were disturbed by the Arme-

<sup>25</sup> Mandelstam, p. 224.

<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>27</sup> Telegram from Giers to Sazonov, June 9 - July 2, 1913, *Orange Book*, No. 54. (French text in Mandelstam, p. 225.)

<sup>28</sup> Davison, p. 497.

<sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 499.

nian unrest, and sought once again to settle the Armenian problem.<sup>30</sup>

The attitudes of the Powers were not directed towards compromise. Great Britain felt that the Russian plan would not be successful because of the controversy it had provoked among the Powers and because of the opposition of the Porte. In order to produce the desired effect the reform program for the Armenians must be supported by all the Powers and accepted willingly by the Turkish government. France attempted to conciliate the Turkish and Russian plans. Italy, who had not actively participated in the Conference, merely adhering to the views of the Triple Alliance as presented by Germany and Austria, desired peace and tranquillity in Armenia. Austria's attitude towards the Armenians had always been a passive one. The Russian foreign minister, Sergei Sazonov, rebuffed in his attempts to impose the Russian plan on Turkey either by unilateral or by Triple Entente action, realistically agreed to cooperate with Germany. The Germans realized the advantages to be gained by conciliation with Russia. Germany would raise its prestige among the Armenians and at the same time prevent individual action by Russia on their behalf.<sup>31</sup>

Negotiations were undertaken by the Russian ambassador, M. de Giers, and Baron von Wangenheim, the German ambassador, and an agreement was reached by mid-September, 1913. The Turkish proposal for the division of two inspectorates was accepted. Recommendations for the nomination of the inspectors-general, however, were to be made by the Powers. Also, under the new plan, the inspectors were to have considerable control over the administration of the sectors. The principle of the equality of Christians and Moslems

was manifested in the provisions for equal representation in the Assemblies and reapportionment of offices. Turkey was to recognize Great Power rights of supervision over the execution of reforms and was to declare its willingness to consult with the Powers concerning other reforms to be introduced into Armenia.<sup>32</sup>

The Powers approved the plan formulated by Germany and Russia which was then presented to the Porte. The Turkish government refused to accept it. Turkey had regained self-confidence by her successful attempt to regain Adrianople during the Second Balkan War. The Porte was aware that Sweden and Belgium had declined to provide the inspectors-general, once they had learned of Russian and German disapproval. Other disagreements existed among the Powers, especially over the Aegean islands. The Turks therefore tried to bargain first with the Germans and then with the Russians in an attempt to evade the issue of reforms entirely.<sup>33</sup>

Under Bismarck, Germany had been indifferent to the plight of the Armenians. Then, Kaiser William II offered active German support to the Turkish Sultan and encouraged his policy of exterminating the Armenians, hoping to gain for Germany the Armenian control of the trade and commerce of the Turkish Empire. Despite the revival of open German policy regarding the Armenians as evidenced by the formulation of the Russo-German reform scheme, Germany still continued its old game of aiding Turkey to resist the demands of Europe for reforms. Turkey endeavored to keep German support by giving Germany various concessions. In November, 1913 the Turkish government requested that Liman von Sanders be sent to reorganize the army. At first no objection was made by Russia,

<sup>30</sup> Davison, p. 498.

<sup>31</sup> Davison, pp. 499-500.

<sup>32</sup> Mandelstam, p. 235.

<sup>33</sup> Davison, p. 501.



but upon learning of the extensive authority that the German mission was to exercise, particularly in Constantinople, the Russian government made a vigorous protest in which it was backed by the French. The Russians contemplated occupying the Armenian provinces in order to force Turkey to rescind the appointment. The Armenian question might have been settled as a corollary of the Liman von Sanders crisis. However, the British did not support the Russians, and ultimately a peaceful solution to the von Sanders Affair was found.<sup>34</sup>

It is unlikely that the Russians would have actually taken over the Armenian provinces, but the Russian threat caused Germany to allow Turkey to make some concessions on the points enumerated in the new reform plan. Again, the Armenian question approached solution. But the Russian foreign minister had become demanding. Russian bargaining power, however, was diminished as the result of the loss of French influence at the Porte. The Turks had been requesting a loan from France, and might have accepted Russian demands that were supported by France. However, there now existed the possibility of an American loan. Unable to exert further pressure on Turkey, Russia withdrew her new demands.<sup>35</sup>

On February 8, 1914, the Turkish government signed the Armenian reform scheme proposed by Germany and Russia.<sup>36</sup> By its terms the Armenian provinces were divided into two inspectorates, Erzeroum, Trebizond, and Sivas comprising one sector, and Van, Bitlis, Kharput, and Diarbekir making up the other. The Powers were to recommend the two inspectors-general to be sent to Turkey. The inspec-

tors-general were to have extensive control over the administration, justice, police, and gendarmerie in their sectors. Other provisions represented various improvements in the situation of the Armenians.<sup>37</sup> The original Russian proposal of June 8, 1913 had been greatly altered but the final version accepted on February 8, 1914 still promised the beginning of a new era for the Armenians.

The scheme represented a victory for all concerned. The threatened partition had not taken place. Turkey was faced with only a minimum of foreign control, and the Armenians had received the hope of something more than paper reforms. Germany had protected the Bagdad railway from the danger which had threatened its safety, whereas Russia had fulfilled her promise to the Russian Armenians. Each of the two Powers interpreted the Turkish acceptance of the scheme as a triumph over the other. In addition, France, England, Austria and Italy were not ready for partition of Turkey, nor were they prepared to go to war over the Armenian question. The scheme therefore was in everyone's interest.<sup>38</sup>

At last it seemed that the Armenian problem was to be solved. The two inspectors-general were chosen. My Westenenk, a Dutch East Indies administrator, and Mr. Hoff, a Norwegian major, were sent to Turkey to take on their new duties. The new scheme, however, was never to go into effect. A few months after the arrival of the European officials in Turkey, the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand was assassinated at Serajevo. With European involvement in the general conflict that followed, Turkish resistance stiffened. The outbreak of the First World War thus prevented the solution of the Armenian ques-

<sup>34</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 502.

<sup>35</sup> Davison, p. 503.

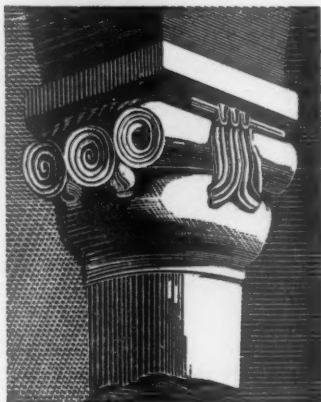
<sup>36</sup> The actual accord was signed only by Russia and Turkey.

<sup>37</sup> *Orange Book*, No. 147. (French text in Mandelstam, pp. 236-38).

<sup>38</sup> Davison, p. 505.

tion. The Armenian reform scheme of February 8, 1914, however, has more than a mere historical importance. It represents the minimum of reforms for Armenia con-

sidered as essential for peace that was acceptable to all the Powers including Germany before the World War and the 1915 massacres.



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● TWO POEMS:

MY LIFE

*I cannot hold the wind  
And wish it to your way  
To make that breeze from this free land  
Relieve you for a day.*

*I cannot pick a sunbeam  
Nor convince it to shed  
Its healing light upon your scars  
Still bleeding that have bled.*

*I cannot take a ripple  
From this free land's great sea  
To wash away sad memories  
Of your betrayed ancestry.*

*I can't transplant this free soil  
To your most precious land  
So, my most precious land  
So, my Armenia, it would cure  
The tread of the foreigner's band.*

*I cannot do these many things  
To ease you in your strife,  
But take what little I can give —  
My love and loyalty — my life.*

By  
LILLIAN DER SARKISSIAN

IMMORTALITY

*A bid — a fight for immortality.  
But how long can it last?  
What good is immortality  
If it praises not the past?*

*Better to be a plain man,  
A good man with a heart.  
A man who has God has  
His immortality in part.*

*Rule by fear and by hate.  
Men like you have gone before.  
He who rules by love for love —  
He rules on forevermore.*

*Rule the masses of the people.  
Let this then be your one goal.  
Steal from them their will and bodies.  
Only God can take a soul.*

*Immortality? Breaths forever?  
Only He alone can reign.  
Immortality? Praised greatness?  
Immortality — the Name.*

# A TROTSKYITE EXPATIATES ON COMMUNISM

ARMEN SANINIAN

Whether by design or accident the inmates of our cell in this Siberian city were all intellectuals. Here was an assembly of academicians, scientists, professors, architects, writers, newspaper correspondents and actors.

These men were as simple-minded and naive as they were educated. And just for that, they looked all the more ridiculous when they tried to look worldly wise by pointing out that their arrest was the result of pure misunderstanding, and that if an examination were made they would be set free. They insisted that there is such a thing as Soviet justice which will not tolerate the condemnation of an innocent man. They themselves did not believe what they said but they went through the motions of pretending that the Government was not to blame for their arrest, but it was the fault of evil men who ascribed to them crimes which they had not committed.

I cannot conceive of a man so helpless as an intellectual in prison, in the army, or in the midst of life's hardships. They are helpless like the fledgeling breaking his egg shell, capable of snatching hope from pure air and clinging to that hope, for only the hopeless live in hope.

The dominant hope in our cell was the hope of freedom. Freedom which was only an illusion.

When I returned to the cell from my interrogation by the official Investigator,

the inmates instantly surrounded me and asked me how I made it.

"Oh nothing," I said indifferently, "they will soon send me to a concentration camp for hard labor."

"Is that all?" the chorused.

"Isn't that enough?"

"What about torture?"

"I have already graduated from that course."

None of them had as yet been called for the interrogation and I pitied them, I did not want to tell them the truth.

"Tell us, is the torture terrible?"

"I think you will be able to stand it."

"What do they do?"

"Comrades, why cross the bridge before we come to it? Why suffer even before we have seen the torture. What sense in it?" someone chirped.

"Aram is right. Let's talk about something else."

"You mean they didn't torture you?" asked a scientist, as he turned around toward his seat.

He was a specialist on Siberia, and what a colossal knowledge that man had, what a memory! He knew the vast Siberia like the palm of his hand. When he expatiated on the natural resources of Siberia and the possibilities of exploiting these riches, I would listen to him my mouth agape. I wanted him to keep on lecturing. He was talking about the economics of the region

but it seemed to me he was reading a novel.

I thought they had arrested him just for that reason, because he knew so much. If someday we had a free Armenia, how I wished we had a hundred scientists like him, I thought to myself.

"No, Comrade Professor, they did not torture me. Believe me."

He was glad, and his face broke into a wide smile. It was the smile of hope that if they had not tortured me he, too, would not be tortured.

The four great dreams of a Soviet political prisoner are: freedom, bread, tobacco and women. To speak of freedom was risky, of bread and tobacco, it was shameful. They talked freely about women. They were all men. They were debating whether love toward woman is a natural thing, true love, if you please. If it was passion or lust, it was abominable.

"Sexual life is an agreement between man and woman," expatiated the lawyer, a man of sixty who talked all the time about his conquests with women. "If they should shoot me now, I have nothing to lose. I have lived a full life," he concluded his talk one evening.

"You have lived nothing, and you are only fooling yourself," observed a young architect who was always silent and thoughtful.

The lawyer guffawed at this, as loud as the prison guard would permit. "I would have fooled myself if I had not lived. What other way is there of living better?"

"Nothing like the way you have lived."  
"Meaning?"

The architect waved a hand scornfully. "Forget it," he said, "my conception of living is entirely different."

"The topic is interesting, why forget it? Let's us discuss it," intervened a young literary critic, blond like a ripened field.

"In that case let the Comrade architect explain his conception of real living. I have

explained mine," said the lawyer sarcastically.

"The discussion here is not generally on living as such, but on a man's attitude toward woman. The Comrade lawyer speaks about women as coarsely as the epicure about his favorite dish. His general attitude is offensive," the architect was waxing hot.

"Perhaps so. And now, will you explain to us your attitude toward women, my dear idealist?" the lawyer put in sneeringly.

"Comrades, if you are going to insult one another we better stop this discussion," interrupted another.

"That's right," the architect heartily assented.

"Oh no," protested the lawyer. "You who are as old as my little boy have called me a cynic. Now tell me why I am a cynic and not you."

"Because I am a married man, have a wife whom I love much and she loves me very much, but you with your insipid stories insult my love and insult women in general."

"So that's it," the lawyer sat up from his reclining position, "does that wife of yours love you very much?"

"I said she loves me very much," the architect flushed.

"I don't say twenty years, but if they should give you ten years, do you think your wife will keep on loving you?"

The architect was confounded. "Of course, I think so, our love is solid."

The lawyer went back to his reclining position — "Poor boy!"

"Why poor boy?"

"Because, 99 cases out of a 100, I am convinced that even now your wife already has found herself a new lover or is looking for one."

"You lie!" The usually polite and highly civilized architect sprang at the lawyer but he was stopped. The cell turned into bedlam. The architect apparently was



deeply hurt because he was pale and trembling from rage.

When quiet was restored the cell became divided into two camps: the partisans of the lawyer and those of the architect. The first camp consisted largely of the older men; the second, by the youngmen. The debate was on. The cold sober judgments of the old were met by the fiery and emotional outbursts of the young. They spoke with concrete examples from life.

In our region — related a young agricultural expert — there was a collective farmer who had a beautiful wife. I have seen her, and what a dream she was. The life of the Kolkhoz. You all know that life which had only suffering and want. The beautiful woman was barefooted when she went to work. And one day a Commissar from the city came to our village, saw the woman and fell in love with her. He thought she was an unmarried girl. They told him she was a married woman, but passion knows neither woman nor girl.

"It does not matter that she is married," the Commissar said. "She can be divorced. Go speak with her," she ordered the village chief.

The village chief went to see her and returned. "Comrade Commissar," he scratched his throat with obvious embarrassment, "she will not consent."

"Go tell her," the Commissar re-ordered, "that she will be my wife and will live in a palace. She will have all the servants she wants so she won't have to work. She can drink real tea all day, eat white bread and ice cream to her heart's content. She will have silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, and will sleep on a spring bed."

— The village chief again went and returned.

"She will not consent, Comrade Commissar."

"Why won't she consent?" the Commissar was furious.

"She is very fond of her husband."

"Go tell her that if she persists in her stubbornness I will exile her husband to the North Pole."

The village chief again went and returned.

"Huh, what did she say?" the Commissar grunted.

"She said if they exile her husband to the North Pole she will go with him."

"Good girl!" exclaimed the idealists in the cell.

"Stuff and nonsense!" commented a dissident.

"It's no fiction, it's the truth," the agricultural expert protested vehemently.

"If true, that woman already has regretted her rash decision," another insisted.

"True love knows no regrets."

"Love is the greatest regret of all."

— Very well, I will now tell you a story proving the exact opposite, — a second lawyer took the floor. Last year my specialty had taken me to one of the villages. My work unfinished, I was obliged to spend the night in the village. Hearing there was a lawyer in their midst, the villagers lined up in front of my door. Each one had a problem of his own. These peasants are wonderful people. They think a lawyer can do everything. They have the same faith in a physician. Finally the turn came to an old woman who, the minute she came in, she prostrated herself at my feet.

"Oh Mr. Lawyer, please save my son."

"What's your problem, mother?"

— She kept sobbing and crying for a long time. Finally she quieted down.

"I have a daughter-in-law. Would to God she had never been born. She is beautiful and a plague on her beauty. She has been carrying on an illicit love affair with the president of the Village Soviet (Council)."

And as if this were not enough, the two of them decide to remove my son. The President of the Council brought a charge against him and one night they took him

away. I beg of you, Mr. Lawyer, for the sake of your children, please save my son. We have a cow, I will sell it, I will pay the fee if only you will save my son."

— You all know that I could do nothing in the matter. That hapless lad had fallen victim of an abominable plot. Even now he is perhaps atoning for his alleged crime in some concentration camp. His crime, as I told you, was having a beautiful wife who had betrayed him. It's awful, awful, because this is not a unique incident, there are thousands of similar cases. There is no greater human tragedy than to be enslaved so that your wife will be free to live with another man."

The speaker concluded his story, deeply moved. The listeners were deeply impressed and silent. A great doubt had been implanted in their minds. Even the young architect was pensive and disturbed. Anything could happen under such a regime where a couple of black lines, written by some black soul, can ruin the life of the most loyal citizen because there are neither courts nor witnesses to prove a man's innocence.

O tempora, O mores!

Finally a Trotskyite took the floor the next morning. "Comrades," he said, "Comrade Lawyer's story about the youngman's tragedy has deeply moved me. All night long I have been thinking: have our people become so materialistic? So utterly degenerated? Then I remembered an incident from my village experiences.

— During the liquidation of the Koulaks (independent farmers) one winter they sent me to a distant village to introduce the system of collective farming. On the way to the village I met many human caravans consisting largely of old and young women, emaciated oldsters and children. They were the rich families of the village, the so-called "Koulaks" who had been doomed to liquidation as "class enemies." What they called a Koulak was merely a

large family, a few working hands who by the sweat of their brow had attained to the enviable munificence of an occasional repast of more than dry bread. Had this family been partitioned into separate units, the resultant families would have been the poorest in the village. United they were fairly well-to-do, but in reality they were poor.

The Government was opposed to breaking up these families into smaller units because their existence as koulaks furnished a good excuse for its propaganda. Later on, during the period of Kolkhozization, these Koulaks were made the scape goat. The persecution brought into play the worst traits in human nature — personal scores, hatred, revenge etc. Each Communist who had a grudge against a person settled his private score by accusing his victim of being a koulak. The family whose story I shall relate was such a victim.

— I am a party man, now accused of being a Trotskyite. My hatred of the peasantry is even greater than the orthodox Communists. And yet, I could not hold back my tears at sight of the misery and the suffering of those poor caravans of human beings in the cold of the winter.

— And what shall I say of the children? Is there any thing more heartrending in the world than seeing the suffering of children? Imagine a child who has had a more or less warm bed, crude toys, a piece of black bread to eat, and now deprived of all this, chilled by the blighting cold, his little paw clinging to his mother's hand, pattering with his little feet on the cold snow. Walking endlessly until he is exhausted. He is frozen and starving. He wants to return home, to his childhood world, his world of happiness. And he does not know why he is walking. He does not understand and he cries.

— Comrades, I don't think the whole world, with all its oceans and continents is worth the tears of a single innocent child.

"Mommy, I can't go on, Mommy, let's go home."

"Stop it, stop it!" suddenly cried one of the prisoners. And truly we had had enough. The narrator had forgotten that we all were slaves and needed something more cheerful to make us forget our misery.

But two days later the prisoners asked the Trotskyite to continue his story.

— Upon my arrival at the village — the Trotskyite continued —, I called a party meeting. The party members of the village already had formed a list of eight families who should be exiled as koulaks. I interrogated the families during the meeting and discovered that they were not koulaks, and yet they had to be exiled as "deviators." I wanted at least to diminish the number of the exiled but met with a stiff resistance by the Communists.

"Either all or none," said the party secretary, his rheumy eyes shining.

"Why?" I asked.

"Just because," he retorted, conscious of his power.

— At this junction one of the party members who had been silent during the meeting took the floor.

"Comrades," he said, "the party secretary in vain tried to expel Ivanov. You all know that Ivanov's farm is lower than the mediocre."

"Shut up!" the secretary shouted at him. "Don't let family ties interfere with the operation of the party. Comrade Instructor, let us settle this case here and now. The Comrade must be expelled from the party. We don't want such a party member. He is a koulak. He is defending Ivanov, therefore he has lost his party alertness."

"Wait a minute," I said, "one thing at a time. Let us first settle the question of why Ivanov must be expelled. The Comrade questions the procedure. Apparently he has good reasons. If he has not, we naturally will expel him from the party."

"There's not a single basis for not ex-

pellling him. He is defending Ivanov simply because Ivanov is his relative," the secretary protested.

"Yes, Ivanov is my relative, but you have inserted his name in the list because he refused to give his daughter to your brother in marriage," exploded Ivanov's defender.

"What? Who inserted the rest of the seven families in the list? So every one of you is settling his score with someone he does not like."

— The meeting broke into a pandemonium. I dismissed the meeting and asked for time to investigate the matter. I didn't sleep all night. Eight innocent families were to be driven away, would be ruined as a result of personal whims and hatreds. It was terrible. And what shall I say of the sight on the road? My God! Is there no way of rescuing some of them, I thought.

By morning I already had formulated my plan. First, it was necessary to save Ivanov. I thought this would be easy. After all, Ivanov's daughter would marry some one. What was the difference if she married the party secretary's brother or someone else? If I could bring about this marriage Ivanov could be saved. That's what mattered.

"Bring your brother to me," I ordered the party secretary.

"Why is that necessary?" he asked dryly.

— I must say that these illiterate peasant secretaries never fear city investigators like me because they can always destroy us by accusing us before the authorities. This particular secretary was a no good scoundrel. He had seen through my sympathy for the doomed families and he was openly impertinent toward me. He could easily call a meeting of the party and accuse me of defending the koulaks.

— To the devil with him, I thought. I had a wife and children and I did not want them thrown into the street because of my humane sentiments. Controlling my temper, I put a friendly hand on his shoulder and

said, "I want to bring about this marriage with Ivanov's daughter. I want to be the match-maker. I must see her."

— He threw a suspicious look at me. "If you succeed Ivanov won't be exiled," he sneered, spanning the walls of the room with his sickly eyes.

— I was startled at the observation. This man was bargaining with me, and what was most important, he did not regard me as a representative of the party but as a spokesman of the koulaks. I was trapped. But suddenly I felt determined to carry through my plan. I wanted to exile as few children as possible so that their frozen little feet would not tread on the winter snow.

"Children!"

The Trotskyite fell silent a moment and again rubbed his temples. I watched him and it seemed I read his innermost thoughts like a book. He was a humane being. He had become a Communist having trusted their grandiloquent and high-sounding slogans. He had thought that, by becoming a Communist, he had become a part of human progress — the emancipation of the workingmen and the equal distribution of the wealth of the earth. He had been disillusioned, however. When he spoke of the beautiful young bride, it was the man in him which was scandalized. When he spoke of the suffering children, he was in the glory of his humanitarianism. He would not kill, nor lie, nor steal. He had a conscience. That was the kind of man he was. That was the way I read the book of his soul, opened for a brief instance and instantly closed.

— I understand you, I said to the party secretary, tell your brother to come and see me — the Trotskyite resumed his story.

"It's not a case of understanding me; it's I who has understood you," the secretary shot back at me impudently.

"What did you understand, you loath-

some creature?" I no longer could restrain my temper.

"Loathsome! Ha, ha, ha! You're the one to be loathed for trying to go against the party line. You are defending the koulaks, you want to obstruct the peasants' wishes for kolkhosisation."

— I assure you, Comrades — the narrator turned to us — that I had never met a more contemptible creature than this secretary in all my life. And just now as I recall him he reminds me of the slimy black snake which crawls through the rocks looking for a victim. And when he finds him, he stings him and crawls on in search of fresh victims. He keeps crawling, the snakelike grin always on his face. This was the way he was grinning at me when he spoke to me.

"That's not true," I said calmly. "You must be joking. On what basis do you think I'm going against the party line? All I want is to see the kolkhozisation of our village with a minimum of hardships and that's what the interest of our party demands."

"The interest of the party demands the kolkhozisation of the village, no matter what the cost," he interrupted, unimpressed my conciliatory tone.

"I agree with you. But send your brother to me just the same."

— He was off in a nasty mood. His brother was the secretary of the village Comsomol — Communist Youth Organization. The minute he entered my room I saw that he was the image of his brother. He extended to me a cold damp hand which instantly made me recoil. Thereafter the slimy feeling lingered long in my hand.

"Do you love Ivanov's daughter?" I asked, dismissing the formalities.

He frowned. "Why do you ask?"

"I want to act as match maker. If she really is a good girl, it were better that she married one of our party members, rather than a stranger.

"Yes I love her."

"Perhaps it's passion speaking in you. Think well."

"What is passion?"

— I explained to him the difference between passion and love.

"No, I really love her."

"And does the girl love you?"

"She is under the spell of her anti-communist parents."

"Why are the parents anti-communist?"

"Otherwise they would have agreed to our marriage."

"Do you think their being anti-communist has anything to do in this matter?"

"It has."

"Take me to their home."

— We stopped in front of an ordinary village home.

"This is the house," he said.

"All right. You may go now. I want to be alone with them."

— As a field worker I had seen many peasant huts but this was the first time I was seeing such a poor but pleasant home. The place was immaculately clean, shiny like a silver tray which had been washed over and over and wiped clean. The walls, the floor, the ceiling, the chairs, the table, the images of the saints, the brass tea-boiler resting on a small stand, next to a golden ikon, — each object in its proper place, each in artistic taste, so clean and shiny.

— As I entered inside a little boy was seated at a desk, reading his school lessons out loud, while Ivanov and his wife, seated on a bench, their hands on their laps and their heads bent low, were deeply immersed in their thoughts. You could easily tell what they were thinking about.

— Comrades, in other countries the peasant apparently thinks about how to expand and improve his farm. And what do we do? Why are we what we are? Why is it that the Russian people which is European, which has a culture of its own, which has

a beautiful literature and music, which has its unique way of life, still is temperamentally different than other peoples? Always inviting the laughter of its equals, always insisting on remaining Asiatic, always some kind of distress, some kind scourge hanging over like a Damoclean sword?

— We who are a happy joyful people, why do we always want to think? Why do we create artificial thoughts to ruminate upon? We who are the greatest Christian people among the Christians of Europe, the greatest believers, and yet we sometimes do things which, pardon the analogy, only the Turk will do. We are not a people of philosophers but we philosophize more than the Germans who have given the world its greatest philosophers. We who are the most magnanimous people in the world sometimes plunge into such trivial matters which in their essence are so pitiful and so shameful.

— You all are educated men. Who among you is not filled with remorse and shame over Alexander the First's annexation of Finland for no cause at all? Did Russia need the annexation of that little, industrious and freedom-loving people? What need was there of the brutal partitions of fraternal Poland, the ruthless suppressions of their uprisings, and of filling Siberia with the Polish? Was it necessary to persecute that little Armenian people who looked upon us as their liberators from the Turkish hellish yoke? Did we have to close their national schools, and seize their church estates during the Armeno-Tartar encounters?

— And all of these were so small and so trivial as compared with the magnitude and the riches of our country, with the magnanimous spirit of our people that I feel ashamed to think of it, my Comrades.

— I feel ashamed when I recall the Jewish pogroms, ashamed at the pitiful screams of the poor Abrahams, the Moseys, the Sara's which the intoxicated Russian



rabble brought upon them. The same rabble which the next day was ready to share its last Kopek with the same Abraham!

— Shame, oh shame on us! What is more oppressive for the thinking man than shame itself which is the result of wrong, the trampling of justice?

— And now, this shame on my face, I had entered the hut of Ivanov. Seeing me, the little boy set aside his lessons and started to stare at me. Ivanov himself, who was seeing me for the first time, was startled at first, but he rose to his feet and smiled faintly to compose himself. Mrs. Ivanov likewise stood up, her hands folded in front. Apparently she was pregnant or sick, for her face was swollen and pale.

"How do you do? Please sit down, why are you standing up?" I said in a friendly tone.

"Please, be seated first," Ivanov pointed me to a seat. I sat beside the little boy and ruffled his carefully combed hair. "How are you?" I asked him. He straightened his hair, "Very well, thank you."

"Tell me now, how have you been?" I turned to the parents.

"We are quite all right, thank you," Ivanov smiled faintly. He was a man of about forty-five or fifty, well built, with a candid face and long mustaches. His square chin denoted a resolute disposition while the glitter in his blue eyes indicated a strong capacity to think and judge.

— We were silent for a long moment. What could I say? In my opinion every government should be the protector, the guardian of its people, the defender of its property. And now I was the representative of a government who had come to this village to take away the property of this good man, and to throw him and his family out into the street in the cold of the winter.

— How had we come to this pass? We renounced the Tsars and it was a good thing that we had the February Revolu-

tion. A democratic regime! All-embracing and free! We renounced this too and now we are experimenting on living men who want to keep on living. We are deporting, destroying our Ivanovs. We have created a Kolkhoz and we are forcing the remaining Ivanovs to conform to the new religion.

— The Ivanovs want tobacco but there's no tobacco. They want sugar, soap, kerosene, clothes, shoes, but there's none. And all this simply because we want to establish Communism. I can't understand it. Why live the Communistic life in order to live miserably? Don't we claim that all this is but the beginning of the world and for this we must pay the bill? The upshot is, we are incarcerating ourselves in order to save the world. We are self-called saviors. I say "self-called" because 99 percent of the workers of the world do not believe us, they laugh at us, and even are afraid of us. Even if our voluntary sacrifice is altruistic, why should we be the parenial suckers? Will the English act like this? Never! They will not do one quarter of what we are trying to do. They will not let one Englishman's nose bleed for the sake of millions.

— The girl who was the crux of the whole situation was not at home. I was about to inquire about her when she arrived. She had gone to fetch water. At the threshold of the door she greeted me as if we were old acquaintances. She gently released the lever from her shoulders and set the pales in their proper place.

"Marpha, put the boiler on the fire, we have a guest," the father ordered.

"If it's for me, please don't bother," I protested.

— The girl smiled. "Father, you forget that we are *Koulaks* and 'they' are not allowed to be entertained in our home. They might be expelled from the party."

— The reference was unmistakable. The word "they" was a direct dig at me, my party, my government.

"That's not true, Marpha," I tried to apologize. "I just am not hungry. I have had my breakfast. Thank you."

— The girl's lips twisted contemptuously, indicating she did not believe me. She was not a world beater. I mean, she was not a beautiful woman externally. She was skinny and her hands were large. One might say there was beauty in her black eyes, the beauty which denotes the woman. Boundless motherliness! You could sense that this girl would cherish her future husband like her own child. She would take care of him, would mend his socks, would keep his shirts clean. She would toil day and night to make him happy.

— As I thought of all this I felt a keen twinge that I had come to solicit the hand of this jewel of a girl for the Comsomol Secretary who was not worthy of touching her shoe strings. And yet I was the "match-maker" who had come to save this family from certain destruction. Who knows? Perhaps the girl really loved the fellow.

"Yes, we are Koulaks," Ivanov sighed hanging his head.

"Why are we Koulaks? With what? For what?" Mrs. Ivanov started to cry, wringing her hands.

— The girl who had been watching me intensely, seeing her mother cry, ran over and wrapped her arms around her. "There now, Mother, take it easy. Every thing will be all right." Ivanov himself turned sharply to his wife and told her to stop it. At this the woman again started to cry.

— Seeing her mother's misery the girl turned to her father and crossing herself begged him:

"Father, I beg of you, Father, I kiss your foot, but listen to me. Give me to 'them', deliver me to 'them.' Pity my mother, she is ill, she cannot walk to her exile in this cold."

— The mother put a hand on her daughter's lips. "Hush, Marpha. I can walk. I will go. I'm strong enough to walk."

— Ivanov calmly refilled his pipe. "You'll never be 'their' bride, never!"

"If you don't agree, I myself will go to them," the girl said defiantly. "Do you hear? I myself will go to them."

"Marphal" the mother screamed.

— Ivanov looked at his daughter and smiled. "If you are my daughter you'll never do such a thing."

"I'll be forced to do it, Father. It's the only way I can save you."

"How many times have I told you, Marpha, that we don't need that kind of salvation?"

— This poor family had worries of its own and no longer felt my presence. Perhaps they realized I was there but they scorned it. I too was one of "them." I had either to leave or take a hand in the conversation.

"Why not, citizen Ivanov? If with Marpha's marriage you can be free what is wrong with that? Don't be stubborn."

— Ivanov turned to me shocked. "Pardon me, Comrade . . . not citizen, a thousand pardons for my question. Who are you?"

"I am a party field worker," I coughed uneasily.

"You are a party field worker and yet you say a thing like that?" Ivanov was amazed even more.

"What did I say?"

"I don't presume to correct you. Who am I, after all? I am a mere illiterate peasant. My tools are the plow, the scythe and the horse. I mean, who am I to compare my brain to yours? I still can't understand, if I am a Koulak then I shall be exiled by the decision of our Government. If I am not a Koulak, I shall stay. What has my daughter's marriage got to do in this matter? Is being a Koulak determined by the existence of a girl, and not by her property? I don't understand it, I understand nothing."

— I blushed to the roots of my hair. I had never been in a more unenviable situa-

tion. My being a match-maker was plain folly. Sensible and proud, Ivanov was looking for justice and was ready to sacrifice himself and his family for that justice.

"You know what?" I expostulated, "let's not go too deep into such matters. Let's be realistic."

— He looked at me understandingly, and still he persisted. "I will go to my destruction."

"But it is not only you. You will take along with you three other souls."

"I'm not forcing them. They're accompanying me of their own will."

"Marpha has agreed, I'm surprised that you still persist."

"Marpha hates 'them.' If she wants to agree now it's only because she wants to save us. But that's no salvation for me. Do you understand? That's slavery. That's shame! I'm not a man who can live with shame."

— As I got up to leave Marpha intercepted me. "Will you take off your coat?"

"No, Marpha, I must go now. It's already too late."

"That's not it," she said. "I see one of the buttons on your coat is coming off. I will sew it for you."

— I could no longer restrain myself. I took that sweet girl in my arms, pressed her head against my breast, kissed her hair and flew out.

— The same day I returned to the Regional Headquarters, after having arranged with the village chiefs not to touch the eight families until they received fresh instructions. The Regional Secretary was a personal friend of mine. We had attended the same propaganda training school and we were close friends. I was hopeful that through him I might be able to save at least a few of the doomed families if not all of them.

It was dark when I reached the headquarters, but despite the lateness of the hour, the place was filled with people. It

was a meeting of the party chiefs of all the villages of the region. With animation and great pride they were giving their reports about the liquidation of the Koulaks and the establishment of collectives in their towns.

— The minute my friend saw me he seized me by the arm and pushed me into a private room. "What's this I hear you've been doing in the village?" he asked me alarmed.

"What have I done," I asked surprised.

— He told me the village Secretary had sent a letter in the morning, accusing me of defending the Koulaks and opposing the collectivists. I laughed, and told him exactly what had happened. I told him these families were being framed and asked for his intervention to save them.

"You are out of your mind," he exclaimed, "you are so far gone that you don't realize what you are saying. You've been carried away with bourgeois slogans of truth and justice and want to destroy both yourself and me. I want to keep on living."

"What on earth have I done?" I wanted to clear myself.

"Let's say no more of it. According to the rules I must now report you to the Cheka to come and pick you up."

"Go ahead," I said indifferently.

"There's still time. Just tell me, did they find out in the village that we two are friends?"

"No, I did not go there to tell them about our friendship," I replied biting.

— He breathed a little more easily. "You're still green in the party," he said patronizingly. "I am surprised you don't realize the seriousness of the moment."

"To realize the moment does not mean to destroy eight innocent families."

"To realize the moment means to destroy eight million families if need be, if that's what the moment demands." Saying it, he left the room.

— It seemed they had hit me with a club

on the head. I was beyond realizing anything. I did not know if I already was arrested. I approached the door and gently pushed it open. I had no heart to join the meeting in the hall. I sat at the window and stared blankly. It was cold winter; the snow was falling. The streets were dark and desolate. The terror-stricken villagers were cuddled in their huts. There was no light anywhere. There was no kerosene with which to light the lamps. But instead of kerosene there was plenty of propaganda, liquidation of the Koulaks and Kolkhoisation. There was boundless misery and want.

— Who knows? At that very hour perhaps Ivanov's family had been thrown out

of their house and were already on their way to exile. I could see Ivanov, his long mustaches exposed to the cold wind, supporting his sick wife as they trod on, and a few steps behind, Marpha holding her little brother's hand.

— And they were so plodding on, in all parts of the vast empire—Russians, Ukrainians, Armenians, Azerbaijanis, Uzbeks and Cossacks. The children all tired. The frozen and starving children who could not keep the pace. And yet they were forced to keep on walking, although their little feet refused to obey. And they were crying. And their tears were freezing on their little cheeks like pearls.

● A CATHOLICOS AND A LOCUM TENENS:

## TWO IMPORTANT RECENT CHURCH EVENTS

### **Prelate of Rumania-Bulgaria Chosen as Catholicos of all Armenians**

On September 30, 1955, at an "Electoral Consistory" held in ancient Etchmiadzin, Soviet Armenia, Bishop Vasgen Baljian, a virtual unknown with but twelve years of clerical service behind him, was chosen Catholicos of All Armenians, the supreme head of the Armenian Apostolic Church.

According to what has been learned of the Electoral Consistory proceedings, 137 "delegates", both lay and clerical, were in attendance. 125 of these are said to have cast votes in favor of the ascension of Bishop Baljian to the Armenian Church Throne. His ordination and investiture is said to have taken place at a special mass said at St. Etchmiadzin on October 2. Catholicos Baljian assumes the Throne vacant since the death of Catholicos Gevorg VI, in 1953.

The Armenian press abroad has been speculating widely about many aspects of the Catholicos' election. Up to this writing, no break-down has been given on the voting at the Consistory. It is being asked how many of the voting delegates represented Soviet Armenia, and sections elsewhere in the U. S. S. R., as compared to the number of actual parishes in Soviet Armenia and other soviet "republics." It is also being asked if Bishop Baljian's intense efforts in behalf of the Communist-inspired "Campaign for Peace" while the Prelate of the Armenian Church in Rumania-Bulgaria was a factor in an "election" which, in many ways, needs much explaining.

The new Catholicos was born in Rodosto, 1907, spent his childhood in Bucharest, graduated from the university there in 1936, was ordained a priest in 1943 and was named the same year vicar-patriarch of Rumania. He participated in the election of his predecessor at Etchmiadzin in 1945, was raised to Bishop in 1951, and served as regular Rumanian-Bulgarian Prelate from 1948 to the moment of his becoming Catholicos.

### ● **His Grace Bishop Khoren Partoyan Chosen Locum Tenens of the Antilias Catholicosate**

The announcement, made late in October, 1955, that his Grace, Bishop Khoren Partoyan, Prelate of the Armenian Apostolic Church in Beirut, Lebanon, has been elected as *locum tenens* of the Antilias (Sis) Catholicosate of the Armenian Apostolic Church has, for the moment at least, brought a modicum of peace and comfort to the Armenian Apostolic community of Syria, Lebanon and Cyprus, which the historic Catholicosate serves. Bishop Partoyan, an able, young and popular Armenian churchman, will continue to administer the responsibilities of the See until the election of a permanent Catholicos for Antilias which, shortly after Bishop Partoyan assumed his duties, was set for February 14, 1956.

Bishop Partoyan succeeds as *locum tenens* Archbishop Khat Atchabahian. Communist and fellow-traveling circles in Syria and Lebanon, Armenian and otherwise,



have been trying desperately to have the electoral consistory postponed indefinitely so as to allow them to machinate the election of a clergyman as Catholicos of Antilas who will be acceptable to the Soviet Union. Non Communist Armenian forces in the Middle East are determined to do everything in their power to retain the dignity of the Armenian church by preventing its use as a propaganda instrument of the

Kremlin. Archbishop Khat's resignation as locum tenens was marked by riots raised by Middle Eastern Reds. In one demonstration, the Communist hooligans entered the precincts of the Armenian Cathedral in Aleppo, seat of the city Prelacy of Bishop Zareh Payaslian, and desecrated it with their shouts and slogans directed against the Church Provincial Committee, known to be strongly anti-Communist.

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● THE IRONY OF FATE:

# THE HAVEN OF PERDITION

VAUGHAN HEKIMIAN

For a Cairene who is interested in meeting people of all types and nationalities, coming from the four corners of the globe, Port-Said is an ideal place, where all kinds of ships stop on their way to the East or to the West. I happened to be there one weekend. A ship had entered the harbor, and the Exchange Hotel was teeming with passengers who had come out for some fun.

At the bar, I approached several people, offered and accepted several drinks, but I met nobody who was of any importance. After dinner however the arrival of a P. and O. steamer was announced, and soon the cabaret of the hotel got crowded to the bursting point. That was too much of a good thing, I thought. There was barely enough room for the floor-show; and as to dancing, the congestion was such that one could not take a step without bumping or getting bumped. It was a pity, because there were many pretty women around with whom one could dance. It was however fun to watch those who were on the floor trying to keep time with the music.

At midnight, I decided to go to bed. As I rose from my seat, I upset a tray that a waiter was holding, and some of the drink was spilled on the coat of a middle-aged gentleman sitting behind me, for whom it had been intended.

He being an Englishman made no fuss about it, and laughingly accepted my offer to make good the drink I had spoilt. He asked me to do him the honor of joining

him, and in less than a quarter of an hour, we had not only introduced ourselves, but also were on the way to comparing notes about the fair sex.

"But your name sounds Armenian," said Mr. Davis, K. O. Davis of Birmingham, England.

"I am," I answered. "Why, have you known any Armenians?"

He laughed heartily, and unlike an Englishman became suddenly friendly and demonstrative. This resulted in two more rounds of drinks, during which he uttered several words in Armenian, beginning with *aghvores* and ending with *sirem kez*.

"As a rule," I remarked, "foreigners begin by learning swear words in Armenian."

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Davis with pride, "that depends on the class of Armenians they mix with. My case's different."

Well, he was different, and comparing him to the Englishmen I had met, both in England and abroad, he certainly was not true to type. I told him so; alcohol had loosened my tongue too. I even went as far as asking him what his business was, what his beliefs, other than religion, were, where he came from and where he was going.

He immediately seized my meaning of the word *beliefs*. Then he looked at his watch, as though to make sure that he had the necessary time to tell me everything. His ship was not due to sail until several hours.

He could be considered a handsome man.

except that he had a pug nose. His brow was that of a thinker, though he had thick hair, now of course graying.

There was no doubt that he was taking a serious view of my questions. He brought out two cigars and we lit them.

"Funny," he said, "that you should mention my beliefs! For a living, I manufacture machines, have been fairly successful in business, but as to my *beliefs*," here he sighed, "I'm afraid I've lately had to revise them."

From that moment on, Mr. Davis began to interest me. "If a man has the courage to revise his beliefs," I said, "and admits it, he must needs be a great man."

"It wasn't so much out of greatness," answered Mr. Davis without false modesty. "This is my first trip abroad. A few years ago, I'd started exporting, I'd agents everywhere. So I finally decided to come out of my shell and visit them."

He did not seem too happy about it, so I asked: "Aren't you glad you did?"

"In general, yes," he laughed, "but my beliefs, as you aptly called them, they were all smashed up. I don't know if you can understand me, of course you can, but I mean if you can put yourself in my place! You see, you believe in certain principles, you shape your life to serve them, you idealize them, you sort of make them part of your religion, and then one day you find out suddenly that you've been wrong, that you've all along been believing in false gods. It's like being let down by your most intimate friends. The injustices I must have committed, the punishments that I must have inflicted, the pleasures that I must have spoilt, the lives that I must have wasted, my own life too. . .!"

He looked away, as though he wanted to avoid some tragic scenes that had come before his eyes. He picked up his glass and emptied it.

"Can it be that serious?" I asked.

"It was a slight, insignificant-seeming

happening that I witnessed," he said, "or call it coincidence; which brought me face to face with the realities of life, with the beauties of tolerance and understanding; I'd so far missed them, because of my beliefs, as you call them — bigoted, inhuman beliefs, stupid prejudices!"

He made a grimace by way of self-pity, and went on: "You know what I used to call a cabaret? A haven of perdition. You know what I'd call a public-house? I'd better not tell you. And yet, here I am now, in a cabaret, and drinking too! I proudly used to call myself a confirmed bachelor, a teetotaler, a rigid moralist. I'd never hesitate to spend time and money to persecute any one who broke my so-called rules, or dared to challenge me, specially if he or she was dependent on me."

The waiter was passing by. He called him and ordered two more drinks. I looked at him surprised.

"What's wrong in having one or two drinks on special occasions like this?" he smiled, askance.

"No wrong at all," I answered. "I'm curious though to know what brought this sudden change in you. Did you fall in love?"

He gave out a dry laugh: "I called at Piraeus to meet a representative of mine who had done good work for me, and to whom I was allowing credit, so that he should keep a stock of spare-parts. I found Aram Masdikian to be a handsome young man, hardly twenty-five, intelligent, well-mannered, and charming in every way. His English was perfect, even too correct. He invited me to lunch at his flat in Athens, where he introduced me to his mother. There I tasted Armenian dishes for the first time, but what a cuisine! *Tarkana*, *mante*, *kebab*, stuffed vine leaves, *anouche abour*, dressings, salads, etc., and did I eat that day! After coffee and a cigarette, I was made to feel so much at home, that I thought I was one of the family — that's what I call real hospitality. Their furniture

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was inexpensive and simple, but of good taste, clean and bright, the atmosphere cozy and comfortable — the Armenian way."

"You're flattering us, Mr. Davis," I interrupted him.

"I'm merely stating facts," went on Mr. Davis. "The young man had to go to his work, the mother asked me to stay on. I didn't see why I shouldn't. She was a widow, still young, looked even younger than her age. No sooner had Aram left, than the mother approached me with tears in her eyes. She spoke Armeno-English, but in a delicate, sweet way, and she could make herself understood. She complained of her son."

"That's Armenian," I interpolated, "complaining of her son to a stranger."

Mr. Davis stood up for her. "She was quite right, the poor woman!" he said, articulating the last two words with deep tenderness. "She'd no one else to complain to. Besides, I was the right person, a moralist, wasn't I? Aram had lately been neglecting his business. He was keeping late hours, dancing at cabarets every night, and squandering his hard-earned money. I naturally sympathized with her. I told her I'd know exactly what to do, that it was in my line to see to such things. I could threaten to take my agency away from her son, if he didn't reform. She confided to me that my agency was the backbone of her son's business, that he owed me money. She was sure he'd listen to me. The poor woman fell on her knees and gratefully kissed my hand."

Typically Armenian, I reflected, a woman, kissing a man's hand but I said nothing.

Mr. Davis resumed: "I hailed a taxi and drove straight to Aram's office. He'd some interesting orders for me, but I'd worked myself up on the way. I, the strict moralist, wouldn't consider such things as material profits, at a moment where moral issues were at stake. I pushed the orders aside. I told Aram straight that what I cared for

most was the moral character of the people with whom I worked. I made him know that I'd heard all about his shameful doings, and I emptied over the poor boy's head my usual sermons. Aram listened with deference, but didn't take all lying down. He pleaded that there was surely nothing wrong in enjoying himself, in drinking a little, but I being his creditor, pulled my weight about. I had the upper hand. He gave in at last."

Mr. Davis paused. I thought perhaps he had come to the end of his story. It was late, the people around us were leaving. I was on the verge of calling the waiter for the check, when Mr. Davis seized my arm.

"But," he said, "Aram asked me for one concession. He wanted to go to the cabaret once more, that very night, for the last time. I hesitated a little, but finally gave in. That was to prove the kindest concession I ever made in my life.

"Right you are, my boy, I said, make your farewells by all means tonight, but from tomorrow on, it's finished. And no fooling. I won't leave Athens before I'm satisfied that you've mended your ways, see. Aram solemnly promised."

Mr. Davis crushed the stump of his cigar in the ashtray. He looked straight into my eyes. "I can still see Aram rubbing his hands, and looking forward to a last night of orgy, poor devil. He'd even the cheek to ask me to accompany him to the *Cabaret Parisiana*, so that I should see with my own eyes that there was nothing wrong in it. I had difficulty in suppressing my indignation.

"Look where the irony of fate comes in!" sighed Mr. Davis. "That young man's luck was in that cabaret, and I'd almost prevented him from meeting it. There can be nothing more immoral than influencing people, than interfering with their lives. And I went to bed early that night with the illusion that I'd done my duty.

"Early next morning, Aram came to my

hotel and knocked on my door. I asked him in. He looked yellowish. I could tell he hadn't had any sleep. He had a check in his hand, in drachmas, for the sum he owed me. He also showed me a contract. This is what had happened:

"At the *Cabaret Parisiana*, Aram had met a rope manufacturer from Tanganyka. It was there, in that haven of perdition, over a glass of champagne, that the rope manufacturer had taken a liking to Aram, and had engaged him as his manager at a salary of fifteen hundred Sterlings a year, plus a commission. He had also paid him an advance on his contract, by check, in Greek currency, to cover the sum Aram owed me.

"'Look at my face well, Mr. Davis,' Aram said to me tiredly, 'for you and your preachings may not see me again. I'm sailing tomorrow for good. I'm liquidating.' So saying he dashed away."

Mr. Davis lit another cigar, so again I could not tell if he had come to the end of his story. Suddenly an idea crossed my mind. It was perhaps an unfair question to ask, but my curiosity was overwhelming.

"And what happened to the poor, Armenian mother who could cook so well?" I said.

"Oh, the mother!" laughed the ex-moralist. "She's on board the ship with me. We're going to get married later in England."

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● "THE MOST SHINING EMBODIMENT  
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# EMPEROR JOHN ZIMISCES

(925-986)

ARMEN TELLANIAN

Emperor John I Zimisces of Byzantium inaugurated his reign with a crime. He seized the throne by assassinating Emperor Nicephorus Phocas. The Armenians naturally are intrigued by the psychological question. This ambitious man who was an Armenian by descent — did he remain an Armenian in spirit after he achieved his aim in ascending the highest throne of Christendom? Did his imperial splendor dazzle his mind and make him forget the remote past when, as simple Zimisces, he was growing in the bosom of Armenia's mountains, in a little town which later would be called Zimiscatsag after his name?

Let us look at this man through the eyes of a distinguished European, Gustav Schlumberger. This noted historian has dedicated a large volume to the memory of Zimisces in which, through the mists of antiquity, he delineates the complete image of the Armenian Emperor.

Schlumberger was the best qualified man for such a difficult task. He worked on his book for seven years, in which connection he writes: "I searched hundreds of volumes. I studied the Greek, Latin, Arab, Armenian, Georgian and Slavic sources. I visited the City of Ani, the celebrated ruins of the visionary royal city of Bagratid Kings."

From the outset the author emphasizes Zimisces' noble origin and his high moral virtues. In his former book dedicated to Phocas, he writes:

"I have described his (Zimisces') Armenian origin, his high noble birth, his militant family of the Gorguasses and the Gourgens which had given the Empire such illustrious soldiers. I have described his beautiful qualities of valor and chivalry, and his sound statesmanship which made him so popular, his admirable military sagacity and his matchless martial verve which rendered him the most shining embodiment of military talents of the time and the most illustrious defender of the empire, something which made his name a terror among the Arabs. Having culled these facts from the accounts of his contemporaries, I have clearly etched his physiognomy, so fascinating, so handsome and noble, with his blue eyes, his lively and gracious look, his red hair and beard . . . his delicately refined curved nose, his legendary strength, his agility, and his flexible body which made him the finest horseman of the empire, the finest bowman, and the finest lancer. He had such captivating qualities which made men forget great crimes. Manasses likens him to a new paradise from which flowed the four great rivers of justice, wisdom, precaution and virtue.

" 'If he had not polluted his hands with the murder of Nicephorus,' Manasses exclaims, 'he would have shone like a matchless star in the canopy of heaven.' And it was this very compelling, passionate and militant ideal which was needed to keep up the upward rise of the empire."

This wise leader who had assumed the historic mission of reviving the Byzantine civilization remained an Armenian all his life, despite his dizzying successes, and despite the fact that his affairs of the empire kept him away from the fatherland most of the time. Zimisce, whom his kinsmen historians called by the name of Gurzhan, writes Schlumberger, always remembered his Armenian origin.

Moreover, the author points out that the Armenian people and the Byzantine Emperor were closely linked together by the common bond of their national consciousness. Armenian battalions had always been Zimisce's most loyal and brave guardians. But when the Emperor was poisoned by a eunuch of the court, it was an Armenian, Bardas Scleros, who raised the banner of rebellion against the treacherous eunuch to avenge the Emperor's death.

In connection with the coronation of Scleros, Schlumberger writes: "The first to hail the new Emperor were the Armenian contingents, and this was quite natural, because Bardas was an Armenian by birth. We shall soon see that countless princes of that land (Armenia) marched under his banners. We must not fail to remember that John Zimisce himself was an Armenian by birth and was on best terms with his kinsmen to the end of his life. He signed a treaty of friendship with their King Ashot III and corresponded with him as late as the eve of his death, recounting his successes against the Arabs. To them, Bardas Scleros was the avenger of their kinsman Zimisce. Equally obvious is the friendly attitude of the Armenian people toward Scleros during the endless Byzantine civil wars. Bardas Scleros was hostile to the church who had been Zimisce's secret foe."

The observations of this authoritative European historian are significant, proving that in an era when greed and the thirst for power were the principal motives of political plots and divisions, the Armenians were

always directed by the ideal of patriotism, and the hearts of the Armenian soldier and the Armenian Emperor always beat in tune.

True, feudalistic rivalries had also degenerated the Armenian national solidarity, but these internal strifes became a thing of history while the national consciousness of the Armenian people remained unshakable.

However, how does the historian reconcile Zimisce's heinous crime with his high moral character? Schlumberger points out that the only smirch on Zimisce's good name in a reign of six stormy years was the murder of Nicephorus, whereas, on the other hand, Byzantine history was filled with similar palace murders.

"To the honor of John," Schlumberger writes, "there was not a single trace of tyranny or despotism in Zimisce's reign, a rare thing in a Byzantine revolt."

Zimisce's entire reign was characterized by the ideals of mercy and justice. Bardas Phocas hatches a plot against Zimisce. Two of the conspirators are caught. What was the usual procedure in the Middle Ages toward similar conspirators? Always torture and death. Zimisce requited them by commuting the death sentence to exile. And, as a manifestation of supreme chivalry, he hid from the culprits the authorship of mercy by making it appear that it was the executioner who showed clemency on his own personal responsibility.

At the same time Zimisce wrote a letter to the rebel, Bardas Phocas, offering his pardon if he surrendered, and death in case he refused. Phocas retaliated with a blasphemous answer. Seeing negotiations were futile, the Emperor was obliged to send his Armenian general Bardas Scleros against the rebel. But here again, exhibiting rare restraint, the Emperor instructed Scleros to win over Phocas with friendship, and resort to force only when all his means were exhausted.

Following the Emperor's instructions,

Scleros again wrote to his former friend but now his enemy Phocas. "Beware of arousing the sleeping lion," he warned him. "I beseech you, repent while there is yet time, while it is not too late."

But Scleros' importunities were of no avail. "Scleros' meekness," writes Schlumberger, "was taken for weakness and served only to inflame the rebel's arrogance. Leaving him to his blindness, the General marched against him. Phocas was badly defeated and was taken prisoner."

Despite his former threats of death, the Emperor again relented toward his inveterate foe. "Always merciful," write Schlumberger, "he ordered the prisoner shorn of his hair and exiled to the Island of Chios. This was an exceedingly mild punishment for such a crime."

The pardoned rebels abused the Emperor's generosity. Scarcely one year later when the Emperor, having left his capital, and at the head of his army, was waging a life and death struggle against the Slavic semi-barbarians who had inundated the empire, Phocas' son again raised the banner of rebellion in his back. The Emperor was out of patience now. He had Phocas' son arrested, blinded in both eyes, and sent to his exile.

This extreme clemency of the Armenian Emperor and his General Scleros, this boundless patience, this resort to force only when all other means were exhausted, remind us of another Armenian figure from the depths of history — King Artavasd. Having to deal with a stupid, arrogant and grasping Roman General Crassus, Artavasd exhibited the same traits of loyalty, patience and meekness toward his ill-fated ally, and deserted him only at the moment of a crisis for the security of his people.

Zimisces personally conducted one of the most brilliant victories of history against the Slavs and saved the Byzantine civilisation. The noted French historian, Lebeau, in describing this victory, writes:

"That victory was worthy of the most illustrious generals of ancient history, and gives us a clear idea of the Emperor's strategy and his personal bravery."

The Emperors return to his capital was converted into a triumphant processions. This is how Schlumberger describes the event.

"Emperor Zimisces had saved the Empire from such a great disaster, so brilliant was his success in recovering the Danubian frontier which had been lost for so many years, that it seems his victory had an extraordinary demonstration which owed itself to the spontaneity of a grateful people. The entire populace of the city adorned with floral garlands, and accompanied by the Patriarch, the Palace clergy, and the Senate, marched out of the city walls to hail their victorious Emperor, ringing his name, singing songs, and offering him golden crowns adorned with precious jewels and royal scepters. John Zimisces, as Emperor and as Conqueror, was obliged to accept such an homage. He had to enter the city through a Golden gate, mounted on a classical chariot driven by four white horses. He was offered this chariot outside the city gates, the highest dignitaries of the Empire presented him with their gifts, begging him, with the customary speeches, to mount the chariot to signalize the official celebrations.

"Zimisces accepted the golden crowns and the royal scepters and, according to the usual custom, bestowed upon his donors the commensurate rewards in a sum far superior in value. But no amount of importunity could induce that magnificent monarch to mount the chariot. Instead, he insisted that the chariot should carry only the worshipful icon of the Mother of God of Bulgaria to which image he ascribed his victory. All the objections of the courtiers were futile. Zimisces himself deposited the image in the resplendent chariot.

"And finally, the endless procession was

started as the triumphant chariot bearing the icon advanced. The people prostrated themselves before the image while behind it, mounted on a white steed, the Emperor followed devoutly."

Truly a remarkable demonstration of glory and humility!

The Emperor continued from victory to victory. He established friendly relations with Western Europe, the Empire of Otto. On the other hand, he turned to the East and subdued the Arab menace.

But Alas! His last eastern campaign was also his last. The Emperor again made his triumphant entry into his capital, but the people's jubilation was changed to consternation and mourning. The Emperor was close to death. According to the historians he had fallen victim of his goodness.

The historians relate that, on his return from the East, the Emperor had discovered that the best part of the eastern lands of the Empire was being used by the Palace Eunuch for his personal enrichment at the expense of the people. The Emperor who had always been a champion of justice, naturally could not be unconcerned about this abuse of power. His words had reached the ears of the eunuch. At the instructions of the cunning old man, one of his partisans had invited the Emperor to his Asiatic estate not far from Constantinople where he had been poisoned.

"It seems, however," writes Schlumberger, "that the Emperor was still strong enough to witness the demonstration on his triumphant return, but that magnificent reception, which had been prepared for him with so much affection and jubilation, suddenly was changed to mourning and universal despair."

The last thoughts of the dying Emperor were deeds of mercy. He divided his personal wealth among the poor and the sick.

Zimisce left behind him an imposing life

and work. "His valiant arm," writes Schlumberger, "restored the empire to its most glorious days of the Roman Empire. The conqueror of the Russians, the Bulgars, the Caliphs of Baghdad and Cairo, of Syria, Palestine and Mesopotamia, the pacifier of Germans, was as good a ruler as he was an illustrious soldier, generous, magnanimous and chivalrous. He knew how to give Byzantine history a new surge of glory at a time when the Carolingian Dynasty of France was dying under the long and miserable reign of King Lothair, the last of the Carolingians.

Zimisce's contemporary, the Greek chronicler Deacon Leontius, writes of him:

"He was an irrepressible fiery man of unseen courage despite his small stature. That little body of his contained heroic virtues, an extraordinary, irresistible dynamite. He was very handsome. They used to relate many an anecdote of his extraordinary physical prowess. At the same time he was mild-mannered, temperate and long-suffering. He was exceedingly magnanimous and generous, gloriously generous. No one knocked at his door in vain. Withall, he loved popularity. He was everything to all men, throwing away his gold and his promises lavishly. It was not difficult to have access to him. His greatest frailty was his prodigality."

Even his enemies bowed at his death. The Thirteenth Century Arab chronicler, Abule Faraj, wrote of Zimisce, the foe of Mohammedans: "He was always generous and noble, granting freedom to his prisoners. The great and the small mourned his death."

History marched on, and the wheel of Byzantine intrigues and palace revolutions kept whirling. Other figures were to come to light from the depths of the void. But Zimisce ever remained one of the greatest shining stars of the Byzantine Empire.

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● CHAPTERS FROM A NOVEL:

## DEADLY CARGO

JOHN MEGHRIAN

It was September in New York, October in a few days, and the weather had turned chilly and brisk. It was tough to be without warm clothes, a decent meal or a place to go. The almighty buck at work. I could remember better days, and here, sitting on the edge of a South Street pier with the smokies, the same thing day in and day out, up and down the streets, around in an aimless hub, the center of which was the doghouse at 25 South St. For me, it had been 18 months and the raw bite of the wound and the rotten after taste was still in my mouth. Well! it was no use going over it again, hell, I had rehashed and post mortemed it so many times I could recite it as a school boy his lessons. It still hurt!

What the hell was the use? I might get a gun and go out but what good was that? The smart boys didn't need a gun: they had brains and money, mostly money — and with it they could get all the gun-happy punks in the world to do their dirty work. I had come a long way down-the big time Chief Engineer who was going places — Yes that's what they had said. I still had my ticket but what good was it? There wasn't a lousy two-bit legitimate, bona-fide outfit that would touch me with a 10 foot pole. At first they had stalled me, Oh yea, they were polite as hell!

Yes Mr. Renzo, No Mr. Renzo. Try calling the first of the week.

Down on South St. it was Blackie. It had

been Blackie once before, a long time ago, when I was in the foc'sle. Then it was a distinguishing mark as an individual, now it was an anonymity. I guess you don't know it but that's the way things go. Funny I happened to think of that wise remark someone once made about being nice to people on the way up because you pass them again on the way down. I hadn't been nice and there were a few around the waterfront who hated my guts, hell! I couldn't blame them!

Lately I had been living in a flop house, over on the East side and I was in no hurry to get home. A lousy, seamy neighborhood over on 2nd Avenue. A big pot-pourri boiling over with all kinds of foreign smells and the sounds of different countries. Occasionally if you listened closely you could hear English, but very rarely. I was at home! Well hidden amongst all this rubble.

I drifted over toward Canal Street and into Pete's place. Pete is a big Brazilian, but here in this neighborhood he was classed as just another Spic, greaseball or a Puerto Rican. I liked Pete! It happens I can speak to Pete in his own tongue and can help him remember his beautiful Rio, and when he found out I liked Feijoada and Cochaca — well I was in like a burglar. Hell, you have to be practically a native to eat those beans, rice and pork with fari-



na and be able to drink that bottled T. N. T. Well — I was practically a native.

As I walked in Pete was cleaning glasses and caught my eye in the back mirror as I came in.

Que tall! Oh Juan? "How goes it?"

I answered and told him to shove it! Things were worse than bad and Pete knew it. He keeps his eyes and ears open, always to turn the fast buck, and he had been keeping me in cigarettes and coffee for the past 2 months.

Pete took no offense at my sour attitude, in fact he was smiling. When Pete smiles like that it means dough and maybe I was in for some of it?

I boosted myself onto the chrome-plated stool at the bar and looked at myself in the mirror. I didn't like what I saw, a beat up face topped with curly black hair that only a mother could love. A few wrens here and there had gone for it. What they could go for in a face like that is beyond me. Maybe its my eyes, their slate gray and straight forward look. Well, that's what they tell me anyway.

"Do you want to go to work Amigo?" Pete said.

"Doing what? selling popcorn in a burlycue, making book for some local wire? working two-percent for some lousy long-shore shylock? The hell with that crap, Pete."

"No! you get it all wrong Blackie! I know you don't go for that kind of graft, would I offer you something like that? You wrong me, John."

Pete was hurt, I could see it in his eyes, maybe I was too hasty — I mumbled something about being sorry. I could see Pete's eyes light up like a pinball machine about to pay off. Jeez, the guy really cared what happened to me.

"Hell, John, this job is right up your alley — You used to be a Chief Engineer on the big ships, right? Well, there is an

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



John Meghrian, the first two chapters of whose unpublished novel we present on these pages as this talented young writer's first contribution to THE REVIEW, is by profession a naval combustion engineer, and as such, has had extensive experience with the seafarer's life. A native of Brooklyn, he now lives—when at home—at New Rochelle, N. Y. He has studied at DeWitt Clinton High School, City College of New York, U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Points, the Maritime Turbo-Electric School, and Pennsylvania State College. As a King's Point trainee he made numerous wartime convoy crossings and participated in the initial beachhead landings at Normandy, France, winning the Merchant Marine Combat Medal. In February of 1945, he resigned from the Academy and took berth abroad various types of vessels as Junior Engineering Officer, and later received his Commission as Engineer U. S. N. R., and Ensign U. S. M. S. From 1945 to 1952 he advanced from the rank of Ensign to Lieutenant Commander and now holds an unlimited Chief Engineer's license. He is currently serving as Erection Superintendent for the Combustion Engineering Co. He has sailed 'round the world three times and has visited almost every major seaport from Canada to South America, and from Europe to Asia. During his long hours at sea, Meghrian took up writing as a hobby. The sea is his world, the men who sail ships his heroes, the ships themselves — his stage.

opening on a little one you could handle easy."

For a minute I felt wonderful again but it soon shattered around my ears. I had been black balled a long time ago, every bit of 18 months. Officially there is no such thing as a black ball, you see it's not legal

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But the word still gets around! Why do I know? Easy! I hadn't been able to get near another power plant since the investigation and trial. The only kind of jobs that came my way were the ones with a smell to them. Plus a pay off in some back alley or along Butte St. with a knife in the back instead of money at the commissioners office.

I went right back to feeling lousy again just like when a benny wears off. I said "What the heck, Pete, it can't be legit. You know none of the big outfits want anything to do with me and besides, where did you get this poop?"

"Two nights back 3 guys come in for drinks — one I know, a brasileiro, he is one they call Caceio. John — a few years back he was O.K. I hadn't seen him since then, now I ain't so sure. The other two were strangers, both of them plenty hard. Looked like latinos to me, but they only spoke English here."

"What else, Pete?"

"They told me they were looking for a good Marine Engineer who wasn't to choose about conditions. They thought you might take the job."

"How did they know I was around this section?"

"You know how the grapevine moves, John, especially on the docks. Make a score and every wino on South St. knows about it in 24 hours. Well anyway these birds said they would be back tonight. I was hoping you would come in. Anyone I like to see get a break it's you, kid!"

I didn't know, maybe it was on the level, God! did I need a break! Anything to be able to call myself a man again.

"What time they say they would be by, Pete?"

"Didn't say exact, but they were here the other time about 9:30, so maybe somewhere around there, Eh! You gonna talk to them?"

"What the hell! what have I got to lose, I'll be back later, Pete."

I had wandered around for a few hours, up and down the streets, just thinking about the whole thing. There was no use going home! Home, what a joke that was! What a prospect! I would have only got into a beef with this landlady, yea she had a name, it was Ann something or other. I guess at one time she must have been good but that was before I moved in. Now she was a has-been just like me — running a broken down flop-house, for guys just like me.

Now it was a quarter to ten and I was in front of Pete's place. Let's rub the rabbits foot a little, maybe we'll get lucky. I pushed open the door and slipped in like any self-respecting cash customer. Sharp-eyed Pete picked me up right away and flicked his head to the back booth. Sure enough there were three guys sitting over drinks and talking real low with their heads in a huddle. I gave them a fast looking over as I walked up to the booth, they didn't look too bad — but you never know. Who was it said the Japs were "push overs"?

"My name is John Renzo. Pete said you wanted to talk to me. What can I do for you?"

"How do you do Mr. Renzo!" that was the little dark one, I guess he had a name, he nodded to the empty seat. I slipped in and eased back into the seat, broke out a deck of Camels and dropped them on the table. All of them were looking at me like I was a prize heifer at the Jackson County fair. — Well it was their ball, I'd wait and let them carry it.

Finally the little dark guy said, "Mr. Renzo my name is Alexion Dematapolis, these are my associates Captain Alvaro Qwerio and Mr. Maceio John."

Neither one of the other two said a word, hell, they didn't even know how to smile. The Greek, he didn't do anything but smile. There was no doubt about it!

The Greek pulled the wires and the other two did a Charlie McCarthy act.

I waited for a while and when he saw I wasn't impressed he spread his smile out and called for drinks.

"What will you have, Mr. Renzo?"

"Bourbon and water."

Pete rushed the drinks over, and then he beat it, you couldn't help but admire a guy like Pete, real smart, he didn't want to know anything concerning these monkeys, even accidentally, which made me change my mind. These were real bad boys, somebody could get hurt. It might even be me?

"Mr. Renzo!" the little guy was talking again, he spoke excellent English, but I knew right off it wasn't his native tongue. Nothing you could put your finger on, you just felt it, he spoke too good. Native-born Americans don't speak like that, only foreigners who have had a lot of schooling abroad.

"Mr. Renzo, we have a proposition you may be interested in, it could prove quite lucrative. I hope you will be clever enough to see the many opportunities for a smart young man, one with ambition eh! It would be nice to have the reassurance of a friendly bank deposit to keep you warm during these approaching cold days, Hey Mr. Renzo?"

"What's your proposition Mr. Dematapolis?"

"I can see you are interested Mr. Renzo! That's good! I know we will be friends! I am certainly not the hardest man in the world to get along with."

I fired up a butt, leaned back, pulled in a lungful of smoke and thought. I'll bet, you cut-throat, small children and little dogs like you too Mr. Dematapolis, but I knew darn well he would cut out his mother's heart for a Peso. But I only nodded and said:

"Get off the pot; let's hear what you have to say."

"Your absolutely correct Mr. Renzo! I am

drawing it out. This is strictly a legitimate business venture. I represent the Inter-Allied Lebanon Trading Corp. This is a shipping Co. formed under the statutes and laws of the Republic of Panama with headquarters in Panama City. We have a few intercoastal freighters in the South American Trade and we also run to the middle East, mainly Syria through Egypt. Recently we acquired an American built war surplus vessel and therefore is it not logical that we seek someone to operate the machinery who is fully competent and capable of instructing the crew that will be aboard this vessel?"

So far it sounded like common sense to me. I asked, "what kind of ship?"

"A Moore built C-2" the captain replied.

This was the first time he had said anything. It made me take a closer look at him. He wouldn't win any Mr. Adonis prizes or man of distinction awards. He had one of those faces that somehow always make the Post Office displays. Two black shoe buttons for eyes, shining out from two mounds, with the complexion of the underside of a sick bloated fish.

I just got a little more respect for this outfit. Heck! that was a big ship. At one time it must have cost Uncle whiskers about two and a half million dollars, that was before the advent of the nine million dollar Mariners that were built about a year ago. I was expecting them to have a Hog-Island ship of World War I vintage with low-pressure turbines or an up and down re-iproccating engine. This was beginning to sound good. I could see where they would need some American to break in their crews for a while. I started to wonder what the catch was.

The Greek was talking again: "Would you be interested in the 2nd Engineer's job, Mr. Renzo?"

On foreign ships the 2nd assistant is on a level with the 1st assistant on American flag vessels, but its a far cry from being

Chief Engineer. In my books there's only one chief and the rest are Indians.

"How come you need me if you have a Chief Engineer?"

"Look, Mr. Renzo it is a matter of policy. Let us say that we are not sure of your unquestioned loyalty to the Company, therefore we have our own man as chief. Of course you will have a free hand and we will give you Chief Engineers' wages and bonus but our man has the final say."

I didn't know what to think, I might have taken the 2nds job, here they were throwing roses at me — that's when a little warning bell flashed its signal. I got to thinking about Greeks bearing gifts.

"Well!"

Just one word, now they were waiting for an answer. I needed a little time to think about it, I never like to buy a pig in the poke. I would have liked to look over the ship to see if she was seaworthy. Jesus I could think of a thousand items to check over before sticking my neck out. No use kidding myself, I was going to take it and they knew it. I could read it in their eyes. At that moment I hated the bastards. What could I lose, at least I would look the ship over, I could always get off before she sailed.

"O. K., Mr. Dematapolis, you just hired yourself an engineer. Get one thing straight — that's all I am in for. Anything else, no dice! Understand?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Renzo! We will only require of you to operate the engines efficiently and maintain the machinery."

"Shall we have another drink to seal our agreement?"

"Nope, I'll be taking off now. I'll want to get an early start in the morning. Where is the ship at now, and does it have a name?"

"I am certainly glad to see that you can pass up a drink Mr. Renzo, commendable! It speaks very favorably about your character. Possibly the Captain can give you more

specific information concerning the movements of the S/S Lebanon Trader." He smiled and nodded condescendingly to the skipper.

Now that the Regent had given his royal approval, the loyal subject could speak his little piece.

"She is laying over in Erie Basin, Pier 12, on leading berth, cargo outward bound for South America. Get abroad tomorrow morning and we'll sign you on the articles. Another thing she's under Panamanian flag so you'll need a Panamanian ticket. Ya got one?"

The way he said it you might think they were hard to come by. An American license you earned by examination before a tough board of grizzled Steamboat inspectors. Your American ticket, five dollars and the recording costs in front of the Panamanian Consul and he handed you the equivalent grade license for their ships. A lot of companies registered under Panama Law — that way they beat the tough inspection that American Operators have to contend with — all this added up to lousy working conditions for the men and more gravy for the owners. Just on an off chance I had picked one up as a gag a few years ago and I still had it. It didn't make much difference though except it would save me a trip up to the Consuls.

"Yep, I am the proud possessor of a Panamanian Chief Engineer's License."

The skipper looked at me without understanding the sarcasm behind this statement. What the hell, he just had no sense of humor!

The Greek reached into his pocket and pulled out a flat reptile wallet with gold corners, flicked out a bill and dropped it on the table. Then gently with his index finger he pushed it towards me, and said.

"Let us consider this as an advance against your salary, Mr. Renzo!"

A hundred dollars was a lot more than I had seen for some time and it was sense-

less to be proud. I thought I would swallow my pride and pocket the money, but instead I said.

"Shove it! I'll pick up my salary when I earn it."

That's the way I am, big and dumb — I was beginning to feel like a fool for refusing but I didn't say a damm word about changing my mind. I eased out from behind the table, stood up and looked at all three once more.

Not a peep out of the Greek. He just returned the bill and the wallet swallowed it whole. The bill plopped amongst its brothers, safe and sound.

"Goodnight, Mr. Renzo, till tomorrow."

I turned around and started out. On the way out I briefed Pete about the job and shook hands with him. That's when I felt the bill he had pressed into my palm. He looked into my eyes and said, "Not with me, too, Eh! John, We only call it a loan, O. K.?"

"O. K." nothing more was necessary.

Outside I looked at the bill. What do you know, it was a "C" note. What did I tell you? That Pete, he don't miss much. Boy if there was one debt I was going to pay, this one was going to be it.

For sure!

For darn sure!



● On the "cold moonlit night" of October 16, 1942, an United States Army private soldier, Pvt. Harry Komoorian, ASN 39391917, then attached to M. P. Section at Fort Ord, Calif., sat down on the edge of his barracks bunk and wrote the following letter in blank verse to President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Ten day later, Pvt. Komoorian received a letter signed by Mr. Edwin M. Watson, Sec. to the President, which read: "Thank you, in the President's behalf, for you and your letter. You may be sure that he will be gratified to learn that he has your prayers during these crucial days." Here is what the Private wrote the President:

## *My Dear President*

My Dear President:

It is strange, most strange,  
That this letter should be written now,  
For it belongs to the future.  
I write, and I write with confidence  
That this will reach you —  
For the TRUTH knows no death, no destruction.  
What have I to say?  
Just this, Sir:

There are some men who stand  
Head and shoulder above their contemporaries  
For a generation or for a lifetime.  
But there are few men — very few  
Who stand over and above all men  
On the horizon of Eternity.

There was Lincoln  
There was Wilson  
And now — we have you!  
The lot of Lincoln and the lot of Wilson  
Was not a happy one while they lived.  
But this must not happen in your case!

We mortals live too close to our age  
To realize the true greatness of a man  
Who belongs to posterity!

Though broad your shoulders,  
Heavy must be the burden and dark the night

Through which you must chart the course  
Of our country and the destiny of the world!

America is fortunate — most fortunate,  
To have such a Son in her hour of need!  
You have not only won the love and respect  
And the devotion of your countrymen  
But that of the entire  
Liberty loving people of the world!

And so — while you live and breathe, Sir,  
We want you to know that you are enshrined  
In the heart of every true American!

May God give you strength  
And spare you for us  
At least through this crisis!

I remain

Sincerely yours,  
— PVT. HARRY KOMOORIAN

# THE REVOLUTIONIST

PIERRE PAPAZIAN

Long ago a boy died in a period of history when dreams were still dreamt and ideals were more important than bread. The event might have occurred at any time during the two preceding millenia, but it actually happened only a few decades ago. Nationalism and other ideas had become quite respectable in most of Europe. Man was now seeking to conquer nature. On one side of the ocean, he had recently given himself wings, and on the other side, he was being warned against letting radium-atomic power fall into evil hands. Material progress occupied the minds of many men, but there were those who had yet to secure the blessing of liberty to themselves, let alone their posterity.

A group of such people lived in Asia Minor under the tyrannical rule of barbarian outlanders who, before migrating to the Anatolian plains, roamed the plains of Asia as nomads, while the people who became their subjects once defied the might of Rome, defended their Christian religion against pagan armies, and lost to the tide of history. These people believed that the tide had now turned. Throughout the Armenian Plateau these people now defied the Ottoman Empire as they had once defied the Roman Empire.

Across the high flat plains of eastern Turkey, the sun cast its fading light. The deep red ball of fire only a foot above the horizon. The low hills surrounding the valley were becoming masses of vermilion. In

the center of the valley the village squatted silently. No crickets chirped. No birds sang. No dogs barked. The air was still, as if the earth were holding its breath. Long, dark shadows formed and crept between the houses. The streets were empty and doors were closed.

At the end of the main street, which in reality was nothing but a wide dirt path, a dark, curly-haired boy loped along. He did not seem to be aware that the town seemed deserted. He went along looking straight ahead. His clothes did not fit well. The jacket especially looked small, as if made for someone ten years old instead of fifteen. The tightly fitting trousers were dun with dust as were his bare feet. Before he reached the other end of the street, he disappeared into an alley between two adobe houses. He waited quietly listening for the slightest sound. The only thing he heard was his own breathing. Then he turned and ran as fast as he could up the alley, around a corner, and up to the doorway of another adobe house located near the edge of the village. Like all other houses in the village, the door on this one was closed and bolted. Ordinarily doors in this town were wide open, but these were not ordinary times.

The boy stopped, looked around once,

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Pierre Papazian, a graduate of Brown and Columbia, is presently a member of the staff of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore, Md.

and then knocked on the door. The black muzzle of a Mauser rifle stuck out through the battered wooden shutters of a window. Either he did not see it or did not care. He knocked again and this time a voice answered his signal.

"Who is it?"

"*Tzer marduh*," replied the boy.

It was a password, but also a joke, for *tzer marduh* means "the old man". The door was opened only enough to let the boy squeeze through.

In the center of the room was a rough wooden table holding a lamp. On the other side of the table was a tall, burly man wearing what at first glance looked like a cosack's uniform. Around his waist he was wearing a bandolier of long rifle bullets. Around his torso from his left shoulder to his right hip was slung another bandolier. In his hand he held an automatic pistol pointed at the boy. There were three other men in the room, each one holding some sort of firearm. When they saw the boy, they relaxed their guard. The big, burly one put his pistol on the table and then sat down. The others closed in around the table. They all stared at the boy.

"Well, Tigran, what do you have for us this time?" the burly one asked the boy.

"They are pulling out the whole regiment," Tigran began. "But they are being replaced by Kurdish mercenaries. Same in numbers or possibly more. They will be ready to attack soon."

"If we let them," muttered the burly man.

"What can we do, Manook?" asked one of the other men of the burly one.

"We can go through with the original plans. There is no need to change now just because the Turks are being replaced by Kurds." He turned back to Tigran, the boy: "Is that all there was to the message?"

"Yes sir, that's all."

"Are you sure you didn't forget some of it when you stopped to see your girl friend?"

"I didn't stop to see her. She wasn't there anyway."

"Aha, now the truth comes out. So you have been playing around with a girl, at your age. Wait till her mother and father find out."

"They won't do anything to Anahit, will they?" the frightened boy asked.

"So it's Anahit, Karapet's daughter, is it? Why, she's only thirteen years old, you young scamp. Besides, I hear she's engaged to lame Poghos, the miller's son," Manook answered winking at the other men.

"No, she's not! You're a liar!" Tigran was on his feet and shouting.

The other men burst out laughing. Manook laughed so much that tears streamed down his cheeks. He took out a white rag to wipe his face.

"All right, *tzer mard*. All right. Here, have some wine." Manook reached for a jug on the sideboard and filled a cup for Tigran. "We were only joking. Now tell us. Is she beautiful? What color is her hair?"

"She is the most beautiful girl in all Armenia. Her hair is black as coal," Tigran managed to say with head lowered.

"And what color are her eyes, or haven't you gotten that close yet?"

"Her eyes are . . . I don't know." And his face turned almost as red as the wine he was drinking. He heard some more laughter in the room. One of the other men spoke.

"Fine lover he makes. Doesn't even know what color his sweetheart's eyes are. Don't let her find out. She'll never talk to you again."

"Well, you keep your mind off her," said Manook. "You've got important work to do. We can't have a love-sick lamb acting as our courier."

"I will not keep my mind off her. I'm going to marry her," Tigran blurted out.

"Oh, now you're going to marry her. Do you think she'll have you, a scamp, a rascal, a revolutionist, a terrorist, an outlaw like

you? And what will her father say?"

"I don't care. I'm going to marry her just the same." He was close to tears.

Manook became serious. "Yes, you will. She'll be proud of you because you are a revolutionary fighting for Armenia and for her. As for her father, we'll tan his hide if he doesn't consent. Now, are you through with your wine? It's just about sunset. I want you to deliver one more message, then you are to come right back to the village, go home and go to bed, you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"You go back to Nikol, and tell him the plans have not changed. The original orders are in effect."

One of the other men leaned forward and spoke to Manook.

"Don't you think we ought to consider the Russians in our plans?"

"We can't do everything! Let the Easterners fight the Russians. We here in the West have enough to do taking care of the Turks. All right, Tigran, you can go now. Be careful of the Turkish patrols in the hills. Good luck."

The boy stood up and cautiously stepped

out the door. The sun was already below the horizon. The sky was crimson and the clouds were violet. Tigran did not go back down the main street, but skirted the village. He quickly crossed the narrow valley and reached the hills. He walked at a deliberate pace, sweeping the rocks with his eyes, his eardrums aching for a tell-tale sound. He was still half a mile from the wooded section of the hills when a shot rang out crashing like thunder. Tigran leaped to a boulder and crouched behind it. The bullet ricocheted off a rock, whining its song across the valley. He had been seen by a Turkish patrol, or perhaps they were Kurds. He looked out from his hiding place. He saw nothing but the rocky hills. About thirty feet away was another boulder. He got ready and scrambled toward it. Another clap of thunder echoed throughout the hills and the valley. There was no whining this time. He felt a sharp pain in his chest and then nothing. He was still lying face down near the boulder when the Kurds came over to make sure he was dead.

Back in the village, Manook was planning a festive wedding to join Tigran and Anahit.



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## OUR NEW SERIAL FEATURE

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# THE CYCLONE THAT STRUCK OUR LAND

(MEMOIRS OF H. BAGDASARIAN)

VAHAN MINAKHORIAN

### Those Old Days

It was the dawn of spring. Everywhere the snow had melted and only in spots, in the shade of high walls, there were splotches of mixed mud and ice. Clear crystal brooks clambering over the jutting boulders in the crooked streets of the village were gliding on their course, gurgling and murmuring their merry song. Traffic had resumed on the beaten trails, the skies were smiling, and the crones were returning to their old homes. The village was slowly coming to life. Early in the morning the cattle and the sheep leisurely were pattering toward the green meadows. One could hear the voices of solitary peasants trodding along the main street of our village. This was our only street.

Behold the patriarch of our village Uncle Agop whom we called Agop Ami who every day had a couple of glasses of whiskey in his head.

Behold the self-educated philosopher and geographer of our village Petros Ami who was universally known by his distinguished sobriquet of "Ondan Sonra." When speaking Bedros Ami would prelude each sentence with his favorite "Ondan Sonra" which in the Turkish language means "After that," or "thereupon."

Behold our neighbor Muguertich Patveli, the protestant pastor, who knew the ritual of the Armenian church as much as any priest and who actually was the spiritual head of our village.

Behold the Scribe Grigor, the deacon with the yodeling voice.

Behold Kirakos Ami, the veterinarian of our village who knew all the ailments of the animals, as well as their psychology.

Behold Brother Sarkis, the "Hinku-Minku" of our village. When Brother Sarkis was at a loss for a word he merely supplied it with his favorite "Hinku-Minku" which in reality means nothing. It's merely a substitute for a missing word.

And lastly, behold our meek patriarch Tatos Ami, the Eritzentz Martiros, Vargentz Soghomon, etc. etc., who trudged their way to the fields for the toil of the day.

Theirs was a monotonous life, unexciting, peaceful and happy.

At noon, when the water of the stream was warm, the children in their short shirts would come out of their homes, shrieking, plunging into the water, then jumping out and racing up the main street with no purpose.

Just then Grandma Incheh would climb

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the hill, would sit down and stare at the church and the fields, for all her expectations came from God and the fields. In the evening the bleating of the herd returning from *Moroon Khor* would echo all around the corrals of *Parkhin Madt*. The toilers would return home with cheerful faces, happy with the consciousness that they had done their day's work.

We too, my father and I, would wend our way homeward, leisurely lashing at the oxen. We could hear the tolling of the church bells which sounded so sweet in our ears. On her way back from the church Grandma Incheh would greet us with the classical "God be merciful."

And my father would reply "God be merciful to the parents."

My grandmother was standing near a mound of dried animal dung in our yard, while our little girl Loosig would circle around the thick folds of her dress. In these folds there were deep pockets which served as a handy repository for my grandmother. In them you could find everything — dry fruits, raisins, a pair of scissors, a pruning knife, needle and thread, walnuts, patch-work, candy and all sort of bricabrac.

Under the sunrays you could now distinguish the lofty peaks of Mount Sipikor and Mount Chimen which, circling a vast distance, seemed to have enchained the whole universe. At that moment you could clearly see the remote Dersim range whose peaks were still covered with snow. Presently, the peaks would pale, enveloped in a heavy blanket of green mist. Then the gray clouds would cover everything. Darkness would descend and now it was the hour of the evil demons.

At that moment, behind the hills, in the valleys, in the deep caverns of *Kar Dsor*, and in the abysmal crevices of the *Devakars*, namely, the Boulders of the Demons, the demons would start their nocturnal orgies. Crossing herself, my grandmother would murmur the liturgical "*Hrajharimk*"

as she entered the home while we children followed her. "*Hrajharimk*" is an Armenian prayer of abnegation, or reconciling with the inevitable.

To the north-west of the Armenian range, in the northern basin of Western Euphrates, separated from the world, so to speak, was the Village of St. Nishan Monastery, proud of its antiquity. The present Turkish Barkoser, the Ukhtiks, and the Province of Muntsour to the north, as far as the Euphrates, were filled with the monuments of Tiridates and Gregory the Illuminator, the founder of the Armenian Church.

According to Muguertich Badveli the Sepouh Mountain, a distance of two days from our village, had been the cloister of Gregory the Illuminator. Presumably, it was here that the ark of Noah descended, but only its tip had touched the mountain peak, and the good Patriarch, when he first saw the land, had exclaimed "*gohanam uzkez*" (I thank Thee) from which expression the mountain took its name of "*gohanam*." So sure as if he had written it with his own hand, the Badveli would insist that the golden statue of Anahit, the pagan Goddess of the Armenians, was set up in this abbey which now, a little way up the village, was a heap of ruins and lost under a heap of broken trees and brush. As to the greatest shrine of our village, the Church of St. Nishan, this too, according to Muguerdich Badveli, was frunded by Vardapet Hovnan Bloose Dzordzoretzi, "who also lavishly decorated the palaces of Armenian kings."

However, if our forefathers lived in these memories, whether true or false, we children were attached to our country for the present life, its air, its water, the mountains, the abysmal canyons, the meadows and the verdure. Our little stream, for instance, started from the thickets of the Abbey and, scratching the basin of Buzdik Tzor, encircled the rear of *Parkhin Madt*, then it meandered swiftly through the upper

plains, circled around the hills of Sourb Karasounk, and entering the village, made a straight line along the main street until it reached our home where it branched into two, vitalizing the gardens on right and left. From here it merrily raced downward and joining the waters of the lower quarter, it irrigated the fields of Kar Kloukh and Babon Bostan. Its waters reached as far as the long and deep Valley of Kar Dzor, filling us children with admiration and wonder.

The waters from the upper heights sliced the eastern slope of the valley into two parts. On the right, the compounds for the animals — the stables, the corrals and the sheepfolds, while the left was a vast orchard of mulberry trees, newly-planted poplars, and freely scattered handkerchief-shaped tufts of tall grass. In this part was located my uncle's little but noisy gristmill which drew its waters from the creeks of Moroon Khor and the spring of Zara Dzor.

I knew every tree and plant in this place, as well as all the nests in them. In the winter I would relieve the branches of these striplings of their heavy weight of snow under which they groaned by shaking them down. I also knew almost all the birds which habitated the area and would often feed them with pellets of soft dough which I made from the flour of my uncle's gristmill. I even knew every nook and cranny of the sphinx-like hill called Kar Kloukh outside the range of the valley, and I was familiar with its boulders and crevices, the ant nests, and the spent lizzards which crawled over them in the summer heat.

But best of all I loved to watch the wooden wheel of my uncle's mill, furiously churning the waters which howled and chuckled at its torturous rage.

To the north of Kar Dzor, out in the open was the imposing figure of Medz Surt which in the winter resembled a gigantic pyramid but in the summer was like a leg-

endary cluster of meadow flowers. Farther on were the so-called Divakars, the demon ledges. This was the name given to the mountain — like gigantic serried ledges on the flanks of Metz Surt which, in all probability, was the lava emerging from the parallel mountains and which, viewed from the opposite abysmal chasms, seemingly had been petrified before they reached the bottom.

The demon boulders were rich in vegetation but the village herds never ventured beyond Medz Surt. A thousand and one supernatural anecdotes were associated with these demon boulders which awed the listener. According to one legend, one night these inverted-heeled demons had seized Agop Ami and had forced him to join their orgies, had made him drink wine, and had intoxicated that devout Christian man. Drinking had now become an incurable habit of Agop Ami all year long who, out of respect to the Armenian church ritual sang Sharakans — church hymns — on holidays and Turkish songs the rest of the time.

According to another legend it was in these demon boulders that Grandma Annig had lost her mind. The demons had seized her goat by the beard, had pulled and tortured the poor animal beyond cure. It was also rumored that it was here Brother Sarkis lost his speech from terror and adopted the use of the word "Hink" when he was a child. The rumor ran that one night the demons entered Brother Sarkis' corrals, had mounted the donkey, had driven him and tortured him and then had disappeared.

Our sturdy teacher Lazarus from Armtan waged a vigorous fight against these superstitions but to no avail.

As soon as the spring planting was over we children would clamber over mountain and valley with the animals which had strayed from the fold. In these excursions Akabi always accompanied me. Muguertich Patveli had no male children and the task

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of tending the herd had fallen to his only daughter Akabi, my childhood playmate whom I affectionately called Agik.

Those unforgettable mornings are still fresh in my mind. I still remember the sunrise, emerging from the base of Sourb Karasouk Hills, suddenly bathing the luxuriant verdure. The clear waters of the stream crawling from the Abbey meandered through the vast plain, scintillating in the sun like a silver cord. The mist was rising, crystallizing into tear drops on grass blades. Farther up the heavy fog was slowly lifting its skirts from the meadows. The clouds were shrivelling, opening a path for the sun. The whole living plain was redolent with the scent of fresh grass and wild flowers.

I can't say that Agik was very pretty. No, that honor went to Oddantz Satenik who was a rare eastern beauty. But Agik had a charm of her own as she wondered in the fields of our village, so abandoned and care free.

She had large clear eyes, her hair cascading over her shoulders, luxuriant and jet black, her cheeks aflame, thick but shapely lips, her chest high, her walk swaying like her mother's, and when she spoke, her words flowed with the force of a waterfall. She seemed to be in a hurry to live. Her irrepressible energy seemed to overflow from under her breasts which prematurely were daring and which ever so lightly rippled with her energetic and nervous gestures. Her head was always open and her hair blown by the wind.

She was fire and flame, a mere child this girl, and yet a boy in her movements. She was already fourteen and yet she did not blush from the gaze of the youths.

Our flock was not large and consisted largely of small animals. But the whole village knew of my budding Beshik and Agik's Cheyran. The latter was a large bull the size of a big buffalo who had shattered the horns of all the bulls in the village.

And yet, generally, Cheyran was a good natured magnanimous animal, suffice it no other bull dared to challenge his prowess. True, at times he attacked people, but only when goaded to desperation. Some six months before, during the planting of the fall crop, he had torn Kirakos Ami's thighs, who, at the request of Badveli Muguerdich, had tried to break the animal.

Thereafter Muguertich Patveli had tried to get rid of the animal by shipping him to Kemakh but had always given in to his beloved daughter's importunities.

Agik really worshipped Cheyran like the ancient Egyptian Isis. She had fed him with countless dough balls which she stole into the fields and had watched him grow. Cheyran, in turn, was wonderfully tender to Agik. Already Agik had succeeded in making the animal carry certain loads and she was hopeful he would soon be useful in field labors.

Our Beshik with the starry forehead was the constant object of our amusement. This fondling fast approaching his maturity was unique in our village for his sleek skin, his beauty, and especially for his sprightly disposition. The minute we reached the slopes of Buzdik Tzor and sat down for morning lunch he already was at his old antics. His first business was to spoil the grazing of Khalkhatoun, the familiar cow. Sometimes his playing would degenerate into a serious fight, calling for my or Agik's intervention. At other times he would chase the lambs. On such occasions our dog Djer-mak, too, would join the chase and howl a warning. But more often he loved to brace his head and circle the field over and over in a mad race. One day he circled the field five times, putting a meaning into his performance according to his animal logic.

That spring, the longer my association with Agik in the fields, the more I felt a sort of indefinable bitter-sweet happiness, a vague feeling which emanated from her womanly being and flowed toward me,

even as the flower turns to the sun.

Neither of us ever uttered a word which would betray our inner feelings. Agik was a proud girl, puritanical and cautious. Only once she unconsciously betrayed her soul. My father had written to me to pay special attention to my education because I would soon be sent to Belgrade for my "higher" education.

"So, you are going away," she said, scarcely restraining her emotion.

And although there was no power on earth which could have separated me from the village, I made a bold reply.

"Of course."

"And are you going to stay there?"

"It seems I will," I said and instantly regretted it, for Agik was on the verge of tears. That spoiled the day for both of us.

The next day our companionship already was at an end. It was quite late when Agik showed up at the slopes of Puztik Dzor with her flock. I noticed that she had been crying. What surprised me was the fact that she ignored me completely, as if I no longer existed. She threw a cold smile at me and started to play with Beshik. Then she followed Djermak to the neighboring hills, as if there was no room for her in the fields. Finally she reached the creek, crossed the water, and holding her knees she started to sway back and forth. Then she stretched herself on the turf face down.

Hours passed and the tedium and the sorrow filled my soul. So unusual was her behaviour that it made me think. What had I done that she shunned me thus, and why had she come at all? Her kids and lambs were scattered on the bank. Cheyran had crossed to the other side of the river and, staring in the water, was watching the magnificent horns on his stupid forehead.

I was so bitter. I did not want to call until she showed up, because she was a proud girl and so was I.

The sun sank behind Metz Surt. I could

not wait longer. I approached the stream and called her. Suddenly she sprang up, ready to fight me. I could scarcely control my laughter. She had gone to sleep, her eyes were swollen and her lids were moist.

It was so difficult to grasp the trouble of this budding soul that involuntarily I was stunned.

"What happened to you?"

"Why didn't you call me? We are late." She started to straighten her hair.

Together we walked homeward down the valley. She kept pushing back the thick curls of her hair with light, jerky movements of her hands.

"Looks like you didn't sleep last night."

"Yes."

"Did you have a dream just now?"

She did not care to reply. God be with her. Before we reached Parin Madt I noticed that we really were late. The flocks already were huddled at the corral. We were one hour late.

When we reached home my mother was angry at me. The minute Muguerdich Badveli saw his daughter he made a sign with the hand and led her home. That did not look good.

In the evening I accidentally heard the conversation of my mother and grandmother.

"All the neighbors are on to it that there's something between us. They are talking about us," my mother said.

"Why should they talk about us? The gold does not hold rust, my daughter," rejoined my grandmother.

The next day I was alone in the field, and returned home earlier than usual. In the evening I was seated at the window on the upper story of our home when presently Agik came down in their garden. Instantly I went down and reaching the fence I called her, I don't know why. She came to me. She was sad and pale.

"Why didn't you show up in the field today?"

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She was about to answer but she suddenly stopped.

"Will you come tomorrow?"

"No."

"Why?"

"My uncle has forbidden it."

"Because we were late last night?"

This was not the cause, of course. During the past year Agik had suddenly grown up and had become a beautiful candidate for marriage. She was no longer supposed to linger in the fields with boys.

Each passing day found the sun hotter than ever, clearer, and free of gray shrouds. The tops of Dersim Mountains were enveloped in a deep blue, although still covered with snow. From a distance they looked like white cloaked giants, as if charged with the supervision of vast stretches of land.

In those days there was talk in the village about the restoration of the Armenian kingdom. Presumably, the Sultan of his own volition was going to grant us independence. The news had been divulged by Abdullah Chavoush of Barkoser, on his way from Kemakh.

The news had made a sensation in the village, animating the children and the youth. Tiridates! Artashesh the Conqueror! Tigranes the Great!

Agop Ami used the occasion to bring out of his chest the velvet hat which he had received as a present from Faoud Pasha some three decades before when he was a Chavoush — an officer in the Turkish gendarmerie, and putting it on, he started to celebrate by drinking. People that day could hear him singing in his throaty but melodious voice:

Chalderum barlama,  
Keomur geozoum, aghlama;  
Ben burulu deyil im  
Bana Meyil baghlama. . .

*My instrument is the Baglama bandore,  
Do not cry, my black-eyed love;  
I'm a stranger to this town,  
Make no passes at my heart.*

This, of course, was a Turkish song. Agop Ami had a great desire to sing in Armenian but he did not know how. Sometimes, when out in the street, he would collar some student and would ask him.

"How does that song *Herik Vordiyagk* run, Huh? That song *Herik Vordiyagk*?"

Herik Vordiyagk were the opening words of the Armenian revolutionary song with the strain, "How long, sons of Armenia?"

"Ayskan tarvan tarapank" — "these many years of suffering" — they would supply the words.

"Ah, *Aferim*, Bravo, Bravo." "Ayskan tarvan tarapank!"

Among the elders, however, Agop Ami was an exception. The rest were really worried. First of all, that hypocrite Abdullah Chavoush was a frequent visitor in the village of late, and under pretext of resting on his way to Kemakh, he imposed on the people's hospitality for hours. Then, people knew from bitter experience that in the past all talk about freedom and independence to the Armenians had always ended in a calamity. Huddled there under the walls of the church, they would exchange views on the subject.

"Don't you think there's something at the bottom of this?" Bedros Ami turned to my father, shuffling the beads of his rosary.

"What do you think it is?"

"How should I know? Could it be that they will bring a disaster upon us under the pretext of granting us a *Beylik*?"

*Beylik* was the Turkish word for kingdom.

"Ondan sonra (then), when has it ever been heard that the Turks of their own volition, granted a *Beylik* to any nation? Ten years ago, too, there were such talks, and what was the result? The massacres of 1895-1896."

"I, too, see nothing good in this. There's surely some hidden evil underneath this," commented sadly Muguertich Badveli. The

Pastor supplemented his remark with a quotation from the Bible.

"It is plain that the Lord created everything for His purpose, and the wicked for the evil day. A man's heart invents his own road but it is the Lord who directs his steps. And now, if it is God's will, we shall have a Beylik and that's the way it will be. But if by doing so He will put a weapon into the wicked's hand for our evil day, He surely will direct our steps," said the meek Patriarch with the resignation of an apostle.

"It seems to me they will do nothing of the sort. How many times they dangled that Beylik before our eyes, and yet in all my long life I never saw them fulfill their promise," put in Kirakos Ami unobtrusively.

"What are you so het up over the words of that Ab . . . Ab . . . Abdullah Hink?" stammered Brother Sarkis. "Who knows how he sprung up that Be . . . Bey . . . Bey . . . Hink-Mink?"

"No, the question of the Beylik is nothing new," put in my father. "What is meant is not a Beylik, but a question of reforms."

"Why don't you say so, man alive? It means we shall again make a pilgrimage to Berlin," exclaimed Bedros Ami with the levity of choosing the lesser evil.

"I don't know what these new reforms are. I only remember that sometime ago, in a conversation with Tayi P'asha in Kemakh, I said to him, 'We are poor men, my Pasha, long live the *Padishah*. Whatever his will, that shall be.' It's up to us now not to be caught by surprise. It seems to me we must treat the matter as if it does not belong to us."

Two days later the mystery was cleared, with the arrival of Oddantz Khachatour Effendi from Istanbul. He was the oldest exile and every one was happy to see him back after these long years.

Educated at the Euphrates College of Harpoot, Khachatour Effendi was a universally beloved and respected person in

the village. Although he had a business in Istanbul, nevertheless we had heard that he occasionally contributed articles, poems and obituaries in the local Armenian papers. The report ran that he was a follower of Keri of Dersim and at one time he had co-operated with him.

Upon his arrival he gave a lecture in a double-story school building in the quarter of Soorb Karasounk. In a plain, unsophisticated and perfectly understandable language he explained to us the entire plan of Armenian reforms which had been signed by Grand Vizier Sayid Halim and the Russian Charge d'Affairs in Istanbul Goulkevich in the end of January.

According to that plan the Province of Trebizond would be annexed to the six Armenian provinces, the whole region would be divided into two Inspectorates. The first region consisted of the provinces of Erzeroum, Sivaz and Trebizond; the second region, Van, Bitlis, Harpoot and Tigranocerta.

The Inspector-Generals were to be Europeans. Their appointment was to be made by the Sublime Porte from among a set of candidates to be proposed by the Great Powers.

The Inspector-Generals would have charge of the administration of their respective regions — department of justice, the gendarmerie etc. They were to be endowed with the right to appoint, to dismiss, or to bring to trial their subordinated officials. Territorial disputes were to be resolved under the direct supervision of the Inspector-General. The laws were to be published in the local languages. Each nationality would receive from the federal budget a certain sum for education. Military service was to be restricted to each locality. The famous Hamidieh Regiment was to be reorganized. Administrative Councils, elected by the people, were to be established in all the provinces.

"Who are these Inspector-Generals?" asked Petros Ami.

"Europeans. One Dutchman and one Norwegian."

"Which one of those will be our Governor-General?"

"In all probability the Norwegian Hoff."

"Hoff?"

"Yes."

There was no end to our disappointment. Instead of a Tigranes the Great or a Tiri-dates we were going to have one Hoff.

But the youth of our village were enthusiastic while the seniors accepted the idea with reservations. At the proposal of Agop Ami who was soused as usual, we sang his revolutionary song "Herik Vordiyagk" and the meeting came to an end.

The next day was the Sunday *Tzaghkazard* — the Armenian Palm Sunday. Our village teacher Lazarus had gone to Artan for the spring planting and was to return after the autumn planting. We children had gone to the fields to gather gum flowers which we called *Bambos*. We used this flower together with willow twigs to decorate our ancient church.

There was a festive air in the village. Each man had donned his new suit, or had brushed up the old one. The church yard was crowded with the children who, kneeling, were murmuring a local prayer that the newly-born kid would be a she. Then they would whirl the *Bambos* tripod and would throw it over. According to the local superstition, the sex of the newly-born kid depended on the position of the fallen flower.

The sobbing strains of the bells of St. Nishan Church had been ringing since morning. The village sexton Agop Ami was sober that morning, although somewhat morose. Leaning his hoary head on one shoulder, he was pulling the rope of the "mother" bell, and his weight hung on that shoulder until he was sure that the tolling of the bell reached as far as the Hills of

Sourb Karasounk. Then he shifted his weight to the other side and pulled the rope of the "son" bell whose tolling seemed like the echo of the "mother" bell.

The sun's rays already had bathed the slopes of Metz Surt. Grandma Incheh had come out of her house, and with short cautious steps, was walking toward the church. Goodness and Godly devotion were flowing from her weak eyes. She knew all the church *Sharakans* (hymns) by heart and she always accompanied Deacon Grigor in the singing with her nasal chanting. She was the only one in the village who knew the exact time of the church ritual. Her departure was the signal for all villagers to go to church.

Presently the lane parallel to our home would be crowded with old women, young brides, old men, young girls and children. You could see among them our Agik, her sister Mariam, and Oddantz Satenik, the village belle.

The two sisters apparently had been with Satenik previously. They were dressed in their flowery, sumptuous dresses, befitting the occasion. All three were carefully combed and looked comely, except that their enhanced gayety ill became the occasion. They were talking out loud and giggling.

But presently, from a corner suddenly appeared Grandma Kheshim. From the tense expression on her face it was apparent that she was highly displeased with the girls. Mariam noticed it, and suddenly the girls became sober and gave way to Grandma Kheshim who passed through them like a wheel wobbling on its axis.

The church was crowded with worshippers. The mainstay of this fertility festival were the young brides who, in their colorful dresses, were lined up in the women's section. In their ever so lightly exposed hands they held the candles whose rays illuminated the dark church and inflamed the faces. Each new candle was a new

life which they would donate to the life of the community.

We had no priest. At his discretion Mu-guertich Badveli read the prayers while Deacon Grigor sang the Sharakans at the intervals.

"Let the hills rejoice before the Lord for He has come to judge the earth; to judge the earth with justice and the people with mercy," the Badveli intoned out loud.

It was the beginning of summer, the weather still cool. The fruits in the thick foliage of the trees quietly were ripening. The fields and the vineyards had a compelling attraction. The sweat and the toil of early spring was assuming color and form. The fields and the vineyards were bubbling with life and vitality.

It was early morning. The long arborway toward the vineyards of Tchay, still shadowy and damp at the moment, was turning blue. The moist of the night had not yet lifted. I was heading toward the Kar Tsor to harvest the first crop of the hay.

The clear sparkling waters of Louys Aghbur, having merged into a tributary of our stream, were joyously racing downward, ringing like bells as they intermittently dashed against the pebbles and, farther on, as they reached the rocky crevices of the Kar Tsor, gurgling onward with the music of a flute.

At that moment Kar Tsor had a unique fascination. The green, capricious branches of the willows which decorated the twin banks of the stream bent low over the water and carressed the ripples playfully. The swollen waters of the mill reservoir were beating furiously against the boulders, shattering themselves into a foamy crest. The newly-planted poplars, facing one another, were swaying lightly in the soft breeze. On one side was a small meadow where the pack animals stopped after unloading the grain for the grist mill and where my uncle's chickens lingered.

The villagers were milling their last supply of the grain. The second crop was not far off but until then there was much to be done. Irrigating the fields and harvesting the grapes and the vegetables was not a trifling matter. Moreover, one had to think of laying aside the fodder for the winter because in the fall, what with the harvest, the threshing and processing the grain, one would not have a moment's rest.

I was quite surprised seeing my cousin Almaste at the mill, smiling at me with her limpid, dreamy eyes. My Uncle Gevorg had gone to the Upper Village on an errand and this was how his daughter had been charged with a man's job. She seemed so helpless circling around the heavy sacks.

"You are a veritable Godsend, Arutik," she said to me delighted.

I pitched in joyfully dragging her flour sacks toward the stacks. Then I stepped outside to attend to my load when, suddenly, I saw Agik at the base of Kar Kloukh, leading her Djeyran loaded with two sacks of grain. Farther up the slope I saw Deacon Grigor accompanied by Oddantz Satenik, likewise leading a loaded donkey. My heart skipped several beats. There was no doubt that they all were headed for the mill.

From the day my association with Agik came to an end at Buzdik Tsor it seemed the secret of my heart was out. I no longer dared to be with her alone and yet I was attached to her by a much stronger bond. I used to see her occasionally in the company of Vardouhie, the attendant of our house bakery, who was specially fond of her.

I do not know how she felt toward me yet I could not fail to notice her affectionate glances. There seemed to be a silent but inspiring relationship between the two of us which united us and made us float in a mist of intoxication.

As she came near and greeted us I could scarcely recover my poise to acknowledge

the greeting. She was beaming at me, but this lasted only a moment. When she saw Almaste instead of my uncle she was quite surprised.

"Where is Uncle Gevorg?" she asked.

"He went to the Upper Village."

"And Almaste has taken his place?"

"Yes."

"Why not Khoren?"

"I don't know."

"And what are you doing here?"

I was taken back by her excitement. "I came to rustle up some fresh grass for Beshik," I said, "why do you ask?"

She breezed into the mill without answering me where she was met tumultuously by Almaste. Djeyran, who was alone at the door of the mill, wanted to follow his mistress, but in his impetuosity he hit against the low ceiling, and startled by the noise inside, he recoiled, throwing over his load.

Agik instantly flew out and hung from the animal's horns. Strangely enough the animal instantly calmed down. Agik started to caress his eyes. "It's all right, fool, it's only a mill, don't you know?"

After we had taken care of the new loads I left the mill to reap the grass for Beshik. The sun was up by now and the fields had become lively. The stems of the grass of Kar Tsor were trembling under the sun rays. I too was trembling from emotion. I had scarcely started when I saw Agik coming toward me.

"Don't think I knew you were here and deliberately came to see you," she taunted me.

"No, Agik, how could I?"

"My good brother, to tell the truth, I knew you were here but that wasn't what brought me here.

"Yes I know," I stammered confounded.

Suddenly she beamed at me, and brushing aside one of her lustrous locks, she whispered to me: "Tell me now, what will you do if I feed my Djeyran with your grass?"

"I will reap all the grass your Cheyran can eat."

She was highly pleased with my answer. And as if having wrenched something from me, she flew to Satenig who was seated beside the donkey under a mulberry tree, quietly grazing. Kneeling beside Satenig, she was panting her happy story.

When Deacon Grigor was through his work he rejoined the girls and they were off for the village. After their departure my hands went limp and I could no longer reap the grass.

"Agik, Agik," I sighed, standing there under the poplars. It seemed she heard me and suddenly looked back, her face lit with a sunlike smile.

That day remained unforgettable, for the next day, when my Uncle returned from the Upper Village, he brought the fateful news of the war — World War I.

Turkey had not yet joined the war but universal conscription already had been declared. The Turks were worried and mad. "This war is all about partitioning our hide," Dayib Pasha had said to my father in Kemakh. In the village the people instinctively felt the impending terror much the same as the camel feels the approaching storm in the desert.

Nor was this fear entirely unfounded. The neighboring Turks and even the Kurds of Koulán, with negligible exceptions, were mad at us, fearing the object of founding the new Armenian "Beylik" was to make them our *Rayah* slaves, as if we wanted to take advantage of the turmoil of war to seize their lands, as if the Armenians were hastily arming themselves to start a general revolt when the Russians attacked Turkey.

Already there were rumors of arrests and searches of Erzinka Armenians. Turkish gendarmes were in evidence in the village back and forth from Barkoser to Kemakh. The pock-marked-faced and beady-eyed tall



Abdulla Chavoush could be seen everywhere.

The last time he had been with Badveli Muguerdich, although he had comported himself most correctly, nevertheless Agik and Mariam had fled to our home by way of the garden fence. Having checked the house, the stables and the bee hives in the garden, he had spoken about the village draftees. Everyone knew that the Armenian draftees were not being supplied with arms nor were given military training, but were being forced into the so-called labor battalions of the Turkish Army in the interior of the country.

Referring to this grim fact Abdulla had offered Deacon Grigor his protection by making him a gendarme in his company. In parting he had given the villagers some friendly advice to hide their weapons.

When Muguerdich Badveli had assured him that there were no weapons in the village, Abdulla had replied blithely, "Whether or not you have weapons is immaterial; you just do what I'm telling you."

The next day there was an emergency meeting in our home to discuss the whole matter. The first item on the agenda was the question of village draftees. Their unique situation had complicated the matter. By its general behavior the Government had spread general distrust. The only thing left to them was the so-called *Bedel* — a substitute tax for military exemption. But not all of them could afford to pay this exorbitant sum. The village was so small and the villagers were so tied together with kinship bonds — close or distant relatives — that it was impossible to save one youth with money and to doom the other to the Labor Battalion.

And yet the discussion lasted a long time until they came to a decision as to how much each man could contribute to the general fund to make up for the deficit of the needy.

That same day my father decided to bury

our weapons. We had two hunting rifles, one Mannlicher, two ten-repeater Mausers, and a few old and new swords and cutlasses. These weapons had been accumulated by us after the massacre of 1896. They were hidden in a chest the location of which was known even to our little Lousik.

It was a cloudy but hot day. The gray clouds were gliding over the mountains like conspirators, rising and falling, shrinking, expanding and finally dissolving in the uniform blackness.

My father had tucked the weapons in two large sacks of wheat. At nightfall we packed the two sacks on the back of a mule and headed for Kar Tsor. We had scarcely started when a terrific bolt of lightning struck the top of the Abbey Forest and the ensuing thunder reverberated over mountain and valley.

At the base of Kar Kloukh we were caught in a mighty torrent, but we finally made the mill. My uncle was waiting for us. The wheels of the mill were grinding incessantly. The noise they made, combined with the rain outside and the churning waters of the mill propeller created an indescribable confusion. In this turmoil the only thing we could hear were the mighty crashes of the thunder.

The small kerosene lamp seemed to be speaking to us. Now its wick would hang over as if in search of the darkness at its feet, now it would sway its head as if chiding us, now fainting and threatening to close its eyes, leaving us in the darkness, but suddenly it would come to light, would fork itself like a field butterfly, projecting a line of ghosts on the wall and putting them into motion like a caravan.

My father carefully unpacked the wet sacks, pulled out the weapons which had been wrapped in old rags, and set them aside. Our dog Djermak was howling at the mill door.

"Where did that cursed dog come from?"

my father snapped exasperated, "take him in so he'll shut up."

The rain stopped. The caravans of the clouds outside were racing to the south. The moon peeped out intermittently.

My uncle stopped the mill and taking our mule headed for home. But Djermak would not go with him, he seemed to sense something extraordinary and would not part from us.

My father's stubbornness surprised me, as if the dog could give us away. He gave the dog a hefty kick on the side, the poor animal gave a piercing cry and ran after the mule.

The valley was dark. The river had overflowed and was roaring like a wild beast. Instead of the trees one could see only a general mass, dissolved in the darkness. The brush under my feet looked like men squatted on the ground. An owl hooted in the poplars. We heard the squeak of a little bird, at first shrill and piteous, then slowly died away in the darkness. The owl had caught the blackbird.

We reached the meadow. My father started to dig under a ledge which jutted out over the ravine like a roof. The top of the soil yielded easily but the bottom was hard. The blows of the pickaxe were resounding under the rock. The skies above were spotless now. It was a clear moonlit night. On the slopes the unharvested grass were swaying in the wind.

Finally the ditch was ready. My father carefully deposited the weapons in the hole. Suddenly I noticed a shadow on the ledge and a shiver ran down my spine. I looked up and lo, it was our Djermak squatted on his hind legs, attentively watching my father's movements. I thought it wise to say nothing about it.

My father ordered me to bring some stones from the river bank. Djermak followed my movements back and forth, directing me with his snout as it were. My father rolled the stones into the ditch,

covered it with earth, and trampled upon it.

Suddenly Djermak raised a shrill cry and my father reacted like a man who had been struck by a lightning. Whirling around he threw a stone at the dog who flew away like a hurricane up the hill, squatted on his haunches, and raising his snout started to howl. The scoundrel seemed to be advising the moon of our clandestine affair.

On our return home Djermak was gone. There was not a sound in the village. Mountain and valley and the hills were deep asleep and the sky, now starry and silent, seemed to be watching over all from its sublime height.

The copious rain was refreshing to our parched fields. Some time later, when the harvest began, Abdulla again was seen in the village. In his capacity of *Tekelifi Harbiyeh* — wartime requisition — he demanded of our village 20 sacks of flour and barley, and 50 head of cattle. This was an ungodly tax for a little village like ours but Abdulla assured us that the *Mudir*, the Governor of the county, had demanded twice the amount but had reduced the tax only at his strong intercession.

Toward the middle of August, when the caravan loaded with the tax headed for Kemakh, there was an eclipse of the sun. Agop Ami could not remember such an eclipse in all his long life. Muguerdich Badveli, based upon his knowledge of the calendar, made dire predictions for the future.

Trebling their energies the villagers were working day and night to store up their crops in their homes as soon as possible. Although the crop was in, nevertheless there were many other things to attend, such as the hay, the vegetables, the gardens and the bee hives. Fortunately, the weather was very favorable and the schools were closed. That year our school teacher Lazarus of Armtan did not show up.

In late autumn when Turkey already had joined the war there was an intensification of sinister rumors. There was talk of mass arrests in Erzerum, Van and Moush, as well as disarming the Armenians. The Armenians of Erzinka, Kemakh, the Upper and Lower Villages lived in terror.

In the evenings, under the pale starry skies of autumn, our neighbors would assemble in our courtyard and would discuss the situation in an atmosphere of intense fear.

"For ages war has been a scourge to us," commented Kirakos Ami, with an emphasis which identified war with scourge.

Muguerdich Badveli chanted a passage from the Scriptures confirming Kirakos Ami's words.

"The wa . . . wa . . . wa . . . war, the minute the Russian sets in motion his *hinks*, the Tu . . . Tu . . . Tu . . . Turks will curl up their tails and flee," comforted Sarkis Aghpar.

"Man alive, this is war, do you understand? No *hink-mink* about this. War breaks the back of a man," snapped Tatos Ami impatiently.

And as if always to quiet down the disturbed souls the Meek Patriarch, Muguerdich Badveli, had a reassuring word.

"The lot of man is in his bosom, but its direction is always from the Lord."

"You are quite right, Badveli, but we must always be ready against surprises," put in Oddantz Khachatour.

"To be prepared against surprises one must know what is in the offing," Agop Ami said wisely.

"It may be death, and *ondan sonra* — after that — paradise," this from Petros Ami.

The harvest was in and all the outdoor labor was over but the cold season set in early. The scent of wilted leaves was in the air. The vineyards were bare and desolate. I could never have guessed that our vineyards was so large. The withered leaves were swept off by the bleak wind and were scattered in the air. The silvery frost covered the pale grass of the meadows. On the slopes of Metz Surt the mist fell earlier than usual and thinned out. Our gurgling brook was rolling like a snake, like a snake.

(To be continued)

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For

# BOOKS AND AUTHORS

H. Kurdian, Reviewing Editor

**ARMENIAN ARCHITECTURAL MONUMENTS.** (In Russian) by Aroutiounian and Safarian. Quarto, cloth, and paper, Moscow, 1951, pp. 70 and 192 plates.

Only recently, I received this interesting book. Interesting as far as I am concerned for its pictures — because the text is in Russian.

Few of the pictures are new, others are from different angles; however all of them are interesting. The Armenian Architecture Monuments presented here on good paper and with clear cuts are something that are not usual in printings from Eriwan. I was gratified particularly with the interior of the monastery of Irivank, Horomoss, Khzkonk, Ampert, Koshavang, etc.

We heartily recommend this book to all those that would like to have at least a picture album of the great Armenian Architectural Monuments in the present so-called Armenian boundaries.

— H. KURDIAN

## THE PASSING OF CALOUSTE GULBENKIAN

Death came, as it will to all men, to famed and extremely wealthy Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian, 86, in a Lisbon, Portugal, Hotel suite where he had been residing since 1942.

Here we would not have had any need to speak of Calouste Gulbenkian as the wealthy, if not the wealthiest Armenian ever known. Nor do we think it would have interested us here that somehow the very silly and untrue journalistic "title" of "Mystery Man" had been given him. Our indifference simply would have been born from the fact that we could not hope or expect any benefit from Mr. Calouste Gulbenkian's wealth. I never met him personally and he did not know we existed. (And even if he did he would not have given a tinker's damn; much less a nickel.) He never was a mystery man except for cheap journalistic reasons. His life was or could have been well known if a little time were taken to know. *TIME*, the weekly news magazine, in its August 1 issue (1955), states that this so called mystery man was "Born in a suburb of Constantinople" (p. 58a.) when actually he was born in Talass, a suburb of Kaiseriah, Cappadocia (Majaca), hundreds of miles away from Constantinople, in Asia Minor. This could have been verified with little or no trouble at all by any newspaper or newsmagazine if they were not hell bent to write about a "Mystery Man" instead of a mere Calouste Gulbenkian. Some of Calouste Gulbenkian's school mates are well known in Paris or New York. For example the well known Armenian antique

dealer in New York, Hagop Kevorkian; another antique dealer in Paris, the late Hagop Indjoudjian and others that went to school with Calouste in Talas. They were still friends when death separated them.

It is not only inaccuracies of simple biographical data that makes one wonder about the news material he reads in the newsmagazines and newspapers. However there are other items that are insults to the intelligence of the readers, and show the utmost disrespect for facts. For example the stupid and assinine "story" according to which "Gulbenkian was said to have been smuggled into England by his father at the age of three, wrapped, like Cleopatra, in a rug." (*TIME* do.). . .

The simple facts are that Calouste Gulbenkian was born in Talas in 1869, grew up to school age and went to school in the same place receiving his primary school education. He eventually went to the Sorbonne in Paris for his higher education there, receiving his engineering degree. He visited Baku to study the oil industry, then went to London where his father had a business, and thus, step by step, Calouste Gulbenkian amassed knowledge, experience and ability to become one of the richest men of our present era. His activity and accumulation of wealth are not mysteries to any one who has an ordinary intelligence to follow the subject.

We may add here that we have no desire to write the biography of this man. Perhaps we are irked a little because so much inaccuracy is printed in his contemporary times, thus making it very difficult in future times to have a clear and concise picture of the man.

My interest and respect for Calouste Gulbenkian is simply the interest and respect any one would have for a GREAT COLLECTOR OF ART AND HISTORICAL ART. Thus Gulbenkian for me was a GREAT Armenian because he was one of the greatest and ablest art collectors of all time. His wealth had nothing to do with that because we know of many large fortunes that have left such a sordid conglomeration of art objects, and the wealth was wasted away with no benefits to humanity. Gulbenkian's collection has been exhibited in many famous museums in the world, thus giving an opportunity to those that had no chance to see, study or enjoy them.

Naturally we all have likes and dislikes as to the subject and range of collections. Calouste Gulbenkian however was considered by all authorities as a great and master collector, who ably used his fortune and his opportunities in securing the best in the international field of art. He might have had great experts to advise him.

However the fact, the indisputable truth, remains that he had to *make all final decisions* for each and every purchase.

This is why I respect him. This is why I bothered my readers by speaking of him in these pages when he was alive and now when he is dead. Not a single cent, not even one single subscription has come from him. Nevertheless Calouste Gulbenkian was an Armenian for the reasons of his art appreciation and art collection that we like to talk about during his life and honor him when he is dead.

As a wealthy Armenian man dispensing his wealth for Armenian charities or for other Armenian similar needs he does not interest me. It is true that many have expressed their disappointment that from his enormous wealth he left but little for his nation's needs.

However let us sit as an impartial judge on the matter of these accusations.

We have a very wealthy organization. The Armenian General Benevolent Union (Hai Barekortzagan Unthanour Miutian) that has cash wealth of a few millions . . . of which only a small part of the interest, what ever is left after paying ever mounting "costs of operations", is used for so-called Armenian needs. Thus there is no other conclusion for us to draw except the facts.

1. That our Armenian so-called needs are not so imperative that we are not using the millions that have been accumulated. Thus Mr. Calouste Gulbenkian, who was no fool, decided that it would not be wise to "bury" some more "capital" next to "buried" millions, as nothing would come out of it for the so-called Armenian needs.

2. For cultural needs, Mr. Calouste Gulbenkian did not give anything, except for a library building in St. James monastery in Jerusalem, which remained misused because it did not house the manuscripts. I personally can see and approve Mr. Calouste Gulbenkian's lack of interest and contribution to Armenian cultural needs. We have no intelligently organized international cultural institution. What is more we have no definite and intelligent plan of action.

It is true that we have some institutions such as the Mekhitharist monasteries in Venice and Vienna and the institutions of the monasteries of Antilias and Jerusalem. To practical men like Calouste Gulbenkian they remained unorganized and undependable institutions all of them far from being generally national. All of them with some small preferences that did not amount to anything worth while to be considered. Thus Calouste Gulbenkian could not find anything in our time solid enough and trustworthy enough to make a large and substantial donation. His experience with the Jerusalem Library was disappointing. The renovation of the historic Etchmiadzin Cathedral was unsuccessful (the Bolsheviks wanted to use the capitalist's money as they believed it should be and, not as the donor found necessary to use). He built a church only in his father's memory. He accepted the presidency of the Barekortzakan until he actually discovered the "inner workings" of the organization — and quit. A man with his intelligence could not have done any less then quit after seeing what ac-

tually he must have seen, even as we can see from where we are. It is ridiculous to say that he got mad and quit because the Dashnaks had "carped at him." Calouste Gulbenkian was no fool to quit for being carped at, particularly of all the people the Dashnaks, who were KNOWN before and after Gulbenkian became the President of the Barekortzakan, as "the enemies" of that organization. Besides why was it that Gulbenkian never made a donation or left anything to that organization? Most assuredly the Dashnaks could not have been responsible for THAT.

No, I firmly believe if Calouste Gulbenkian had seen any worth while organization which could have presented a good plan for general Armenian culture he would have contributed royally. But he did not see that organization, he did not see the plan, he did not see the trustworthy men. So what he did was the most logical thing to do. Forgot the whole kit and caboodle, and he behaved like any intelligent wealthy man should. Any wealthy man that saw what happened to the large Melkonian fund which degenerated to the deplorable stature of contributing to a school or two. Whose earmarked funds for publishing books vanished in thin air, etc. These things Calouste Gulbenkian could hear, see and know, for he knew Armenian, he knew Armenians, he was in touch with whatever was interesting for him.

No, we should not be in a great hurry to accuse Calouste Gulbenkian for not doing things for his national general needs. He would have done it if he could find the trustworthy man among us, the trustworthy cultural organization among us. If he only was sure that we knew what we needed and were willing to do our utmost with our means to do it.

Mr. Calouste Gulbenkian had ideas which no one in our nation bothered to discover. We should have "discovered" it if we wanted any of his wealth. He had ideas because he left every thing he had to "The Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation". He established this foundation for his ideas to be carried on.

Mr. Calouste Gulbenkian was not less intelligent than a devotedly nationalist friend of mine, the Los Angeles lawyer late M. G. Ferrahian, who departed this life without trusting his sizable wealth to Barekortzagan or for any other organization that I know of in this our headless and disorganized nation.

Let us not blame Calouste Gulbenkian for what are our very obvious faults.

— H. KURDIAN

#### FEW IMPRESSIONS FROM OUR 1955 TRIP TO EUROPE AND NEAR EAST

As usual our visits were pleasant and interesting. We had the good fortune to be present at the opening of the exhibition of Japanese Prints of Sir Chester Beatty collection at the rooms of the Trinity College.

A chance meeting on Grafton street with my good friend Mr. L. S. Gogan the keeper of Art and Industrial department of National Museum in Dublin, and we both go to the special opening. Soon the exhibition rooms are filled with the

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specially invited guests. The President of the Republic of Eire arrives and ceremonies are on. The exhibition is remarkably well arranged and interesting. Mr. Gogan introduces me to a number of people and I have the great honor of even meeting The President. Altho it was the first President that we ever had the great thrill of meeting in our dull and uninteresting life, still I seem to have survived the test and did not stumble in panic. The President was very kind so enquire about our stay in Dublin and wished us good Irish hospitality which we already were enjoying in every way when ever we had the good fortune of visiting Eire, which it may be too often as far as the room-short and so hard pressed charming ladies of the Hotel Shelbourn in Dublin reception are concerned.

Dr. Gogan had the idea of having me give a talk on Armenian miniatures etc. The idea could be good where at least an exhibition of Armenian manuscripts in Sir Beatty's splendid collection was concerned. The idea is in its embryonic stage, although everyone involved seems to be in favor of it. In my last telephone conversation with Sir Chester Beatty he was in agreement to exhibit his rich and numerous Armenian manuscript collection. He also informed me that he was intending to build another addition to his library in which exhibitions could be given as well as talks.

The Chester Beatty Library in Dublin on Shriwsbury road is newly built as well as up to date with all facilities. It is open to the public now, and it is one of the "must" visit spots in Dublin. The library has been entrusted to the care of an old and very experienced hand, the eminent Indian and Persian scholar Mr. J. V. S. Wilkinson. He was born in Clifton, Bristol in 1885. Went to Rugby school, University College, and received an Oxford B. A. Served in First world war, then retired from Indian Civil Service in 1922 became Assistant Keeper in the Department of Oriental Books and Manuscripts of the British Museum from 1924 to 1946. Then he went to Indian and Persian Dialects until, in 1952, he accepted the job of the Librarian of the famous library of Sir Alfred Chester Beatty.

Mr. Wilkinson has done a great deal of important research on Persian and Indian manuscripts as well as illuminations.

Here are a few of his more important works.

1. The monumental PERSIAN MINIATURE PAINTING in collaboration with two other well known great scholars, Laurence Binyon and Basil Gray (Published, London, Oxford Univ. press, 1933, quarto).

2. The Shah-Nameh of Firdausi (The XVth century Persian manuscript in Royal Asiatic Society Library). Published in London, Oxford Univ. Press, 1931.

3. THE LIGHTS OF CANOPUS (Anvar i Suhaili). With 36 coloured plates, published in The Studio, London, 1929.

4. MUGHAL PAINTING. With an introduction and notes (Published by The Faber and Faber, London, 1948).

Also many lesser articles etc.

Mr. Wilkinson does an excellent job as The

Librarian of the present Sir Chester Beatty library in Dublin. I am very grateful to him and to his able and charming assistant Miss Evanna MacGillian, B. A., for all the help and assistance they have given to me during my visits and researches at the library.

This year's visit to Cairo, Egypt, was a very pleasant one, although the weather was hotter than usual at that early in the season. Again I had the pleasure of being with my very dear friends Ardashes Orak, Alec Saroukhan, Dr. Hathanasian and Onnig Avedisian.

Onnig is still painting, but as far as I am concerned not with the fervor and zeal would I like to see him use. He is again spending much too much time on his pet (Or ONE of his pet) projects. Namely the reshaping of present Armenian Alphabets. No doubt we could not become a new St. Mesrop, but then Onnig is Onnig and he will do as he wishes. However I wish HE WOULD PAINT.

I had the pleasure of being a "guest" at the general meeting of The Friends of Armenian Culture Association in Cairo. They elected some new members and read the report of their activity. It really made me sad to see these intelligent, fine and able Armenians here together devotedly active with the cultural needs of their Nation and local Armenian community. . . While we in this great country of ours have NOTHING that could even begin to compare with the Cairo organization.

One hot afternoon Orak took me to a glamorous ice-cream parlor in the heart of Cairo. On the way he invited another Armenian, a photographer, with a fine pretentious studio on a main Cairo street. Soon his guest arrived to have an ice-cream with us. He was an amazing GREAT little Armenian, the owner and the operator of Alban studios, internationally famed in Near East just as Garo, Aram Kazanjian were in U. S. A., and Karsh is in Canada.

I had the most delightful half or more hour visit with this unusual man who seem to be most outspoken and philosophical. My dear friend Orak seemed to think highly of him, and we reluctantly separated from him on our way to Orak's office.

I had another surprise that was most pleasant. Mr. Ardashes Kardashian, another Armenian madly devoted to Armenian books particularly printed books took me to see the new Armenian public library that he had wiped into shape at one of the rooms of Armenian Prelacy in Cairo. The library I saw was the most methodical, neat, and orderly. not to say useful, library I ever have seen. But the most amazing part of the whole thing is that Kardashian has achieved this success solely with HIS OWN MEANS, and with little help (or appreciation) from the local authorities. He has dug the books out from musty corners, from heaps of dusty piles, cleaned them, dusted them, bound them, classified them, built or had the shelves built from scraps of lumber he has found, and thus he has organized a library that ANY Armenian community would be proud to own. As a book lover we can understand the motiva-

tions which has led Kardashian to go to all that trouble. Just book crazy that is all. But we can not understand the indifference, and callous attitude of the community officials and even so called "book lovers" of Cairo to this wonderful work and this miracle man. Kardashian has also salvaged a few Armenian manuscripts for the library.

I always depart from Cairo with the feeling that it is one place that I should have liked to have stayed longer. Perhaps that is why time and time again I revisit that almost out of my way Armenian center.

Here I am again in Istanbul.

Saw with a certain amount of sadness the burned part of the old bazaar. It is true that the bazaar was only a shadow of its former glorious days. It is true that one only occasionally could find anything worth his while to purchase from its so called "treasures". However, a very colorful part of Istanbul was now partly in ashes with butted walls.

I had one of my most exhilarating visits with my venerable great friend Patriarch Karekin, the titular head of all the Armenians in Turkey. Visited with him the Armenian Hospital (Sourp Prkitch) where under the guidance of the hospital director, Dr. Hairo Hairabetian, I visited every department of the huge sprawling Armenian institution with its sections for children, women, the aged, tubercular, insane, etc. We were very, very much pleased with the general cleanliness, order and presentable state of this large institution where well over five hundred people are taken care of by old and new donations. The kitchen, laundry, barn, drug store, etc., etc. all could stand modern fixtures etc., but without any doubt in their present condition they ARE as fine as could be expected under the conditions.

I would like to add that the hospital welcomes almost any one when they have free space. We saw Turks receiving the same care and lying next to Armenians. One would think that from many American hygienic, charitable etc. aid societies there would be some that would show some interest in the purely humanitarian activities of this old institution and contribute from the vast sums that American goodheartness pours into their coffers. I wish I knew a way to help this good and great institution in Istanbul — just for the sake of human suffering.

The Patriarch then took me to the almost new Armenian Theological Seminary on the Asiatic side of Istanbul (Scutary). We had lunch with them and a most pleasant visit. We felt proud to see these bunch of orphans learning so one day they would like their proper place in the cultural and religious leadership of their nation which needs them very badly at the present.

However we were VERY MUCH SHOCKED when we found out that the "good and great" Barekortsagan has cut its yearly contribution to the seminary from \$10,000 to \$5,000, as if the need of 60 odd students had decreased by half from last year. How ridiculously foolish and only self seeking they can get . . . they who do not hesitate to pay retirement pay to some of their big boys \$5,000 a year!

SOMETHING has to be done for the needs of the Seminary beside cutting the few pennies that "the great and charitable organization" wishes to "save" at the expense of the Seminary and the health as well as the welfare of the students.

In Istanbul there also are a small body of men Armenian and devoted who are active in the name of and for Armenian culture. One of the most active is Toros Azadian, a poet and a writer of merit, who seems to cherish the idea of digging up old books, papers, etc. from dusty attics, where they are subject to perils of man and mice, fire and rain. The Istanbul Armenian Cultural Organization has a few members, all active. Beside Toros Azadian, there are Nubar Tozan, former writer, now a druggist, Berge Erzian, etc. Their Honorary president was Mr. Said Fouad Ketchedgian, eminent Turkish art collector whose unfortunate death in his 63rd year was reported to me in a letter from Istanbul. At the same time I am told that his charming and linguistic daughter has accepted the same honorary position which her late father had.

This Istanbul organization gives concerts, will give lectures, exhibitions, and publishes a periodical as well as other books in the name and advancement of Armenian culture in Istanbul. We sincerely hope that they will be successful.

This is all we can remember for the present of our trip that would interest the readers of these pages. We have secured a number of manuscripts for our collection but in general the pickings were very meager.

— H. KURDIAN

*See your doctor*

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